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THE LIFE AND WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., LL.D.

LONDON:
BALDWIN & CRADOCK, PATERNOSTER ROW.
1853.

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

COMPRISING

HIS POEMS,

CORRESPONDENCE, AND TRANSLATIONS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY THE EDITOR,

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL. D.

POET LAUREATE, ETC.

VOL. XI.

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PATERNOSTER ROW.
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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER.

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE,

BY WILLIAM COWPER,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, ESQ.

VOL. I.

681650

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

EARL COWPER,

THIS

TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD,

THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH TO HIMSELF,

THE LATE LAMENTED EARL,

BENEVOLENT TO ALL,

AND ESPECIALLY KIND TO THE AUTHOR,

HAD NOT DISDAINED TO ACCEPT,

IS HUMBLY OFFERED,

AS A SMALL BUT GRATEFUL TRIBUTE,

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS FATHER,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN AND SERVANT,

WILLIAM COWPER.

June 4, 1791.

PREFACE.

WHETHER a translation of HOMER may be best executed in blank verse or in rhyme, is a question in the decision of which no man can find difficulty, who has ever duly considered what translation ought to be, or who is in any degree practically acquainted with those very different kinds of versification. I will venture to assert that a just translation of any ancient poet in rhyme, is impossible. No human ingenuity can be equal to the task of closing every couplet with sounds homotonous, expressing at the same time the full sense, and only the full sense of his original. The translator's ingenuity, indeed, in this case becomes itself a snare, and the readier he is at invention and expedient, the more likely he is to be betrayed into the widest departures from the guide whom he professes to follow. Hence it has happened, that although the public have long been in possession of an English HOMER by a poet whose writings have done immortal honour to his country, the demand of a new one, and especially in blank verse, has been repeatedly and loudly made by some of the best judges and ablest writers of the present day.

I have no contest with my predecessor. None is supposeable between performers on different instruments. Mr. Pope has surmounted all difficulties in his version of HOMER that it was possible to surmount in rhyme. But he was fettered, and his fetters were

his choice. Accustomed always to rhyme, he had formed to himself an ear which probably could not be much gratified by verse that wanted it, and determined to encounter even impossibilities, rather than abandon a mode of writing in which he had excelled every body, for the sake of another to which, unexercised in it as he was, he must have felt strong objections.

I number myself among the warmest admirers of Mr. Pope as an original writer, and I allow him all the merit he can justly claim as the translator of this chief of poets. He has given us the *Tale of Troy divine* in smooth verse, generally in correct and elegant language, and in diction often highly poetical. But his deviations are so many, occasioned chiefly by the cause already mentioned, that, much as he has done, and valuable as his work is on some accounts, it was yet in the humble province of a translator that I thought it possible even for me to follow him with some advantage.

That he has sometimes altogether suppressed the sense of his author, and has not seldom intermingled his own ideas with it, is a remark which, on this occasion, nothing but necessity should have extorted from me. But we differ sometimes so widely in our matter, that unless this remark, invidious as it seems, be premised, I know not how to obviate a suspicion, on the one hand, of careless oversight, or of factitious embellishment on the other. On this head, therefore, the English reader is to be admonished, that the matter found in me, whether he like it or not, is found also in HOMER, and that the matter not found in me, how much soever he may admire it, is found only in

Mr. Pope. I have omitted nothing; I have invented nothing.

There is indisputably a wide difference between the case of an original writer in rhyme and a translator. In an original work the author is free; if the rhyme be of difficult attainment, and he cannot find it in one direction, he is at liberty to seek it in another; the matter that will not accommodate itself to his occasions he may discard, adopting such as will. But in a translation no such option is allowable; the sense of the author is required, and we do not surrender it willingly even to the plea of necessity. Fidelity is indeed of the very essence of translation, and the term itself implies it. For which reason, if we suppress the sense of our original, and force into its place our own, we may call our work an *imitation*, if we please, or perhaps a *paraphrase*, but it is no longer the same author only in a different dress, and therefore it is not translation. Should a painter, professing to draw the likeness of a beautiful woman, give her more or fewer features than belong to her, and a general cast of countenance of his own invention, he might be said to have produced a *jeu d'esprit*, a curiosity perhaps in its way, but by no means the lady in question.

It will however be necessary to speak a little more largely to this subject, on which discordant opinions prevail even among good judges.

The free and the close translation have, each, their advocates. But inconveniences belong to both. The former can hardly be true to the original author's style and manner, and the latter is apt to be servile. The one loses his peculiarities, and the other his spirit. Were it possible, therefore, to find an exact medium,

a manner so close that it should let slip nothing of the text, nor mingle any thing extraneous with it, and at the same time so free as to have an air of originality, this seems precisely the mode in which an author might be best rendered. I can assure my readers from my own experience, that to discover this very delicate line is difficult, and to proceed by it when found, through the whole length of a poet voluminous as HOMER, nearly impossible. I can only pretend to have endeavoured it.

It is an opinion commonly received, but, like many others, indebted for its prevalence to mere want of examination, that a translator should imagine to himself the style which his author would probably have used, had the language into which he is rendered been his own. A direction which wants nothing but practicability to recommend it. For suppose six persons, equally qualified for the task, employed to translate the same Ancient into their own language, with this rule to guide them. In the event it would be found that each had fallen on a manner different from that of all the rest, and by probable inference it would follow that none had fallen on the right. On the whole, therefore, as has been said, the translation which partakes equally of fidelity and liberality, that is close, but not so close as to be servile, free, but not so free as to be licentious, promises fairest; and my ambition will be sufficiently gratified, if such of my readers as are able, and will take the pains to compare me in this respect with Homer, shall judge that I have in any measure attained a point so difficult.

As to energy and harmony, two grand requisites in a translation of this most energetic and most harmo-

nious of all poets, it is neither my purpose nor my wish, should I be found deficient in either, or in both, to shelter myself under an unfilial imputation of blame to my mother-tongue. Our language is indeed less musical than the Greek, and there is no language with which I am at all acquainted that is not. But it is musical enough for the purposes of melodious verse, and if it seem to fail, on whatsoever occasion, in energy, the blame is due, not to itself, but to the unskilful manager of it. For so long as Milton's works, whether his prose or his verse, shall exist, so long there will be abundant proof that no subject, however important, however sublime, can demand greater force of expression than is within the compass of the English language.

I have no fear of judges familiar with original Homer. They need not be told that a translation of him is an arduous enterprize, and as such, entitled to some favour. From these, therefore, I shall expect, and shall not be disappointed, considerable candour and allowance. Especially *they* will be candid, and I believe that there are many such, who have occasionally tried their own strength in this *bow of Ulysses.* They have not found it supple and pliable, and with me are perhaps ready to acknowledge that they could not always even approach with it the mark of their ambition. But I would willingly, were it possible, obviate uncandid criticism, because to answer it is lost labour, and to receive it in silence has the appearance of stately reserve, and self-importance.

To those, therefore, who shall be inclined to tell me hereafter that my diction is often plain and unelevated, I reply beforehand that I know it,—that it

would be absurd were it otherwise, and that Homer himself stands in the same predicament. In fact, it is one of his numberless excellencies, and a point in which his judgement never fails him, that he is grand and lofty always in the right place, and knows infallibly how to rise and fall with his subject. *Big words on small matters* may serve as a pretty exact definition of the burlesque; an instance of which they will find in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice, but none in the Iliad.

By others I expect to be told that my numbers, though here and there tolerably smooth, are not always such, but have, now and then, an ugly hitch in their gait, ungraceful in itself, and inconvenient to the reader. To this charge also I plead guilty, but beg leave in alleviation of judgement to add, that my limping lines are not numerous, compared with those that limp not. The truth is, that not one of them all escaped me, but, such as they are, they were all made such with a wilful intention. In poems of great length ther is no blemish more to be feared than sameness of numbers, and every art is useful by which it may be avoided. A line, rough in itself, has yet its recommendations; it saves the ear the pain of an irksome monotony, and seems even to add greater smoothness to others. Milton, whose ear and taste were exquisite, has exemplified in his Paradise Lost the effect of this practice frequently.

Having mentioned Milton, I cannot but add an observation on the similitude of his manner to that of Homer. It is such, that no person familiar with both, can read either without being reminded of the other; and it is in those breaks and pauses, to which the

numbers of the English poet are so much indebted both for their dignity and variety, that he chiefly copies the Greecian. But these are graces to which rhyme is not competent; so broken, it loses all its music; of which any person may convince himself by reading a page only of any of our poets anterior to Denham, Waller, and Dryden. A translator of Homer, therefore, seems directed by Homer himself to the use of blank verse, as to that alone in which he can be rendered with any tolerable representation of his manner in this particular. A remark which I am naturally led to make by a desire to conciliate, if possible, some, who, rather unreasonably partial to rhyme, demand it on all occasions, and seem persuaded that poetry in our language is a vain attempt without it. Verse, that claims to be verse in right of its metre only, they judge to be such rather by courtesy than by kind, on an apprehension that it costs the writer little trouble, that he has only to give his lines their prescribed number of syllables, and, so far as the mechanical part is concerned, all is well. Were this true, they would have reason on their side, for the author is certainly best entitled to applause who succeeds against the greatest difficulty, and in verse that calls for the most artificial management in its construction. But the case is not as they suppose. To rhyme, in our language, demands no great exertion of ingenuity, but is always easy to a person exercised in the practice. Witness the multitudes who rhyme, but have no other poetical pretensions. Let it be considered too, how merciful we are apt to be to unclassical and indifferent language for the sake of rhyme, and we shall soon see that the labour lies principally on

the other side. Many ornaments of no easy purchase are required to atone for the absence of this single recommendation. It is not sufficient that the lines of blank verse be smooth in themselves, they must also be harmonious in the combination. Whereas the chief concern of the rhymist is to beware that his couplets and his sense be commensurate, lest the regularity of his numbers should be (too frequently at least) interrupted. A trivial difficulty this, compared with those which attend the poet unaccompanied by his bells. He, in order that he may be musical, must exhibit all the variations, as he proceeds, of which ten syllables are susceptible; between the first syllable and the last there is no place at which he must not occasionally pause, and the place of the pause must be perpetually shifted. To effect this variety, his attention must be given, at one and the same time, to the pauses he has already made in the period before him, as well as to that which he is about to make, and to those which shall succeed it. On no lighter terms than these is it possible that blank verse can be written which will not, in the course of a long work, fatigue the ear past all endurance. If it be easier, therefore, to throw five balls into the air and to catch them in succession, than to sport in that manner with one only, then may blank verse be more easily fabricated than rhyme. And if to these labours we add others equally requisite, a style in general more elaborate than rhyme requires, farther removed from the vernacular idiom both in the language itself and in the arrangement of it, we shall not long doubt which of these two very different species of verse threatens the composer with most expense of study and contrivance. I feel it unpleasant to appeal

to my own experience, but, having no other voucher at hand, am constrained to it. As I affirm, so I have found. I have dealt pretty largely in both kinds, and have frequently written more verses in a day, with tags, than I could ever write without them. To what has been here said (which whether it have been said by others or not, I cannot tell, having never read any modern book on the subject) I shall only add, that to be poetical without rhyme, is an argument of a sound and classical constitution in any language.

A word or two on the subject of the following translation, and I have done.

My chief boast is that I have adhered closely to my original, convinced that every departure from him would be punished with the forfeiture of some grace or beauty for which I could substitute no equivalent. The epithets that would consent to an English form I have preserved as epithets; others that would not, I have melted into the context. There are none, I believe, which I have not translated in one way or other, though the reader will not find them repeated so often as most of them are in HOMER, for a reason that need not be mentioned.

Few persons of any consideration are introduced either in the Iliad or Odyssey by their own name only, but their patronymic is given also. To this ceremonial I have generally attended, because it is a circumstance of my author's manner.

HOMER never allots less than a whole line to the introduction of a speaker. No, not even when the speech itself is no longer than the line that leads it. A practice to which, since he never departs from it, he must have been determined by some cogent reason.

He probably deemed it a formality necessary to the majesty of his narration. In this article, therefore, I have scrupulously adhered to my pattern, considering these introductory lines as heralds in a procession; important persons, because employed to usher in persons more important than themselves.

It has been my point everywhere to be as little verbose as possible, though, at the same time, my constant determination not to sacrifice my author's full meaning to an affected brevity.

In the affair of style, I have endeavoured neither to creep nor to bluster, for no author is so likely to betray his translator into both these faults, as HOMER, though himself never guilty of either. I have cautiously avoided all terms of new invention, with an abundance of which, persons of more ingenuity than judgement have not enriched our language, but incumbered it. I have also everywhere used an unabbreviated fullness of phrase as most suited to the nature of the work, and, above all, have studied perspicuity, not only because verse is good for little that wants it, but because HOMER is the most perspicuous of all poets.

In all difficult places I have consulted the best commentators, and where they have differed, or have given, as is often the case, a variety of solutions, I have ever exercised my best judgement, and selected that which appears, at least to myself, the most probable interpretation. On this ground, and on account of the fidelity which I have already boasted, I may venture, I believe, to recommend my work as promising some usefulness to young students of the original.

The passages which will be least noticed, and possibly not at all, except by those who shall wish to find

me at a fault, are those which have cost me abundantly the most labour. It is difficult to kill a sheep with dignity in a modern language, to flay and to prepare it for the table, detailing every circumstance of the process. Difficult also, without sinking below the level of poetry, to harness mules to a waggon, particularizing every article of their furniture, straps, rings, staples, and even the tying of the knots that kept all together. HOMER, who writes always to the eye, with all his sublimity and grandeur, has the minuteness of a Flemish painter.

But in what degree I have succeeded in my version either of these passages, and such as these, or of others more buoyant and above-ground, and especially of the most sublime, is now submitted to the decision of the reader, to whom I am ready enough to confess that I have not at all consulted their approbation, who account nothing grand that is not turgid, or elegant that is not bedizened with metaphor.

I purposely decline all declamation on the merits of HOMER, because a translator's praises of his author are liable to a suspicion of dotage, and because it were impossible to improve on those which this author has received already. He has been the wonder of all countries that his works have ever reached, even deified by the greatest names of antiquity, and in some places actually worshipped. And to say truth, were it possible that mere man could entitle himself by preeminence of any kind to divine honours, Homer's astonishing powers seem to have given him the best pretensions.

I cannot conclude without due acknowledgements to the best critic in HOMER I have ever met with, the

learned and ingenious Mr. Fuseli. Unknown as he was to me when I entered on this arduous undertaking, (indeed to this moment I have never seen him) he yet voluntarily and generously offered himself as my revisor. To his classical taste and just discernment I have been indebted for the discovery of many blemishes in my own work, and of beauties, which would otherwise have escaped me in the original. But his necessary avocations would not suffer him to accompany me farther than to the latter books of the Iliad, a circumstance which I fear my readers, as well as myself. will regret with too much reason[1].

I have obligations likewise to many friends, whose names, were it proper to mention them here, would do me great honour. They have encouraged me by their approbation, have assisted me with valuable books, and have eased me of almost the whole labour of transcribing.

And now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the study, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed, as a Translator of Homer.

[1] Some of the few notes subjoined to my translation of the Odyssey are by Mr. Fuseli, who had a short opportunity to peruse the MSS. while the Iliad was printing. They are marked with his initial.

PREFACE

PREPARED BY MR. COWPER,

FOR A

SECOND EDITION.

Soon after my publication of this work, I began to prepare it for a second edition, by an accurate revisal of the first. It seemed to me, that here and there, perhaps, a slight alteration might satisfy the demands of some, whom I was desirous to please; and I comforted myself with the reflection, that if I still failed to conciliate all, I should yet have no cause to account myself in a singular degree unfortunate. To please an unqualified judge, an author must sacrifice too much; and the attempt to please an uncandid one were altogether hopeless. In one or other of these classes may be ranged all such objectors, as would deprive blank verse of one of its principal advantages, the variety of its pauses; together with all such as deny the good effect, on the whole, of a line, now and then, less harmonious than its fellows.

With respect to the pauses, it has been affirmed with an unaccountable rashness, that Homer himself has given me an example of verse without them. Had this been true, it would by no means have concluded

against the use of them in an English version of Homer; because, in one language, and in one species of metre, that may be musical, which in another would be found disgusting. But the assertion is totally unfounded. The pauses in Homer's verse are so frequent and various, that to name another poet, if pauses are a fault, more faulty than He, were, perhaps, impossible. It may even be questioned, if a single passage of ten lines flowing with uninterrupted smoothness could be singled out from all the thousands that he has left us. He frequently pauses at the first word of the line, when it consists of three or more syllables; not seldom when of two; and sometimes even when of one only. In this practice he was followed, as was observed in my Preface to the first Edition, by the Author of the Paradise Lost. An example inimitable indeed, but which no writer of English heroic verse without rhyme can neglect with impunity.

Similar to this is the objection which proscribes absolutely the occasional use of a line irregularly constructed. When Horace censured Lucilius for his lines *incomposito pede currentes*, he did not mean to say, that he was chargeable with such in some instances, or even in many, for then the censure would have been equally applicable to himself; but he designed by that expression to characterize all his writings. The censure therefore was just; Lucilius wrote at a time when the Roman verse had not yet received its polish, and instead of introducing artfully his rugged lines, and to serve a particular purpose, had probably seldom, and never but by accident, composed a smooth one. Such has been the versification of the earliest poets in every

country. Children lisp, at first, and stammer; but, in time, their speech becomes fluent, and, if they are well taught, harmonious.

Homer himself is not invariably regular in the construction of his verse. Had he been so, Eustathius, an excellent critic and warm admirer of Homer, had never affirmed, that some of his lines want a head, some a tail, and others a middle. Some begin with a word that is neither Dactyl nor Spondee, some conclude with a Dactyl, and in the intermediate part he sometimes deviates equally from the established custom. I confess that instances of this sort are rare; but they are surely, though few, sufficient to warrant a sparing use of similar license in the present day.

Unwilling, however, to seem obstinate, in both these particulars, I conformed myself in some measure to these objections, though unconvinced myself of their propriety. Several of the rudest and most unshapely lines I composed anew; and several of the pauses least in use I displaced for the sake of an easier enunciation.—And this was the state of the work after the revisal given it about seven years since.

Between that revisal and the present a considerable time intervened, and the effect of long discontinuance was, that I became more dissatisfied with it myself, than the most difficult to be pleased of all my judges. Not for the sake of a few uneven lines or unwonted pauses, but for reasons far more substantial. The diction seemed to me in many passages either not sufficiently elevated, or deficient in the grace of ease, and in others I found the sense of the original either not adequately expressed or misapprehended. Many

elisions still remained unsoftened; the compound epithets I found not always happily combined, and the same sometimes too frequently repeated.

There is no end of passages in Homer, which must creep unless they are lifted; yet in such, all embellishment is out of the question. The hero puts on his clothes, or refreshes himself with food and wine, or he yokes his steed, takes a journey, and in the evening preparation is made for his repose. To give relief to subjects prosaic as these without seeming unseasonably tumid is extremely difficult. Mr. Pope much abridges some of them, and others he omits; but neither of these liberties was compatible with the nature of my undertaking. These, therefore, and many similar to these, have been new-modelled; somewhat to their advantage I hope, but not even now entirely to my satisfaction. The lines have a more natural movement, the pauses are fewer and less stately, the expression as easy as I could make it without meanness, and these were all the improvements that I could give them.

The elisions, I believe, are all cured, with only one exception. An alternative proposes itself to a modern versifier, from which there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil. I mean in the instance of the particle *(the)*. When this particle precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the *hiatus* open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear. The particle absorbed occasions harshness, and the open vowel a vacuity equally inconvenient. Sometimes, therefore, to leave it open, and

sometimes to ingraft it into its adjunct seems most adviseable; this course Mr. Pope has taken, whose authority recommended it to me; though of the two evils I have most frequently chosen the elision as the least.

Compound epithets have obtained so long in the poetical language of our country, that I employed them without fear or scruple. To have abstained from them in a blank verse translation of Homer, who abounds with them, and from whom our poets probably first adopted them, would have been strange indeed. But though the genius of our language favours the formation of such words almost as much as that of the Greek, it happens sometimes, that a Greecian compound either cannot be rendered in English at all, or, at best, but awkwardly. For this reason, and because I found that some readers much disliked them, I have expunged many; retaining, according to my best judgement, the most eligible only, and making less frequent the repetitions even of these.

I know not that I can add any thing material on the subject of this last revisal, unless it be proper to give the reason why the Iliad, though greatly altered, has undergone much fewer alterations than the Odyssey. The true reason I believe is this. The Iliad demanded my utmost possible exertions; it seemed to meet me like an ascent almost perpendicular, which could not be surmounted at less cost than of all the labour that I could bestow on it. The Odyssey on the contrary seemed to resemble an open and level country, through which I might travel at my ease. The latter, therefore, betrayed me into some negligence, which, though

little conscious of it at the time, on an accurate search, I found had left many disagreeable effects behind it.

I now leave the work to its fate. Another may labour hereafter in an attempt of the same kind with more success; but more industriously, I believe, none ever will.

PREFACE

BY

J. JOHNSON, LL.B.

CHAPLAIN TO THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

I HAVE no other pretensions to the honourable name of Editor on this occasion, than as a faithful transcriber of the Manuscript, and a diligent corrector of the Press, which are, doubtless, two of the very humblest employments in that most extensive province. I have wanted the ability to attempt any thing higher; and, fortunately for the Reader, I have also wanted the presumption. What, however, I can do, I will. Instead of critical remark, I will furnish him with anecdote. He shall trace from beginning to end the progress of the following Work; and in proportion as I have the happiness to engage his attention, I shall merit the name of a fortunate Editor.

It was in the darkest season of a most calamitous depression of his spirits, that I was summoned to the house of my inestimable friend the Translator, in the month of January, 1794. He had happily completed a revisal of his Homer, and was thinking of the Preface to his new Edition, when all his satisfaction in

the one, and whatever he had projected for the other, in a moment vanished from his mind. He had fallen into a deplorable illness; and though the foremost wish of my heart was to lessen the intenseness of his misery, I was utterly unable to afford him any aid.

I had however a pleasing though a melancholy opportunity of tracing his recent footsteps in the Field of Troy, and in the Palace of Ithaca. He had materially altered both the Iliad and Odyssey; and, so far as my ability allowed me to judge, they were each of them greatly improved. He had also, at the request of his bookseller, interspersed the two Poems with copious Notes; for the most part translations of the ancient Scholia, and gleaned, at the cost of many valuable hours, from the pages of Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. It has been a constant subject of regret to the admirers of "The Task," that the exercise of such marvellous, original powers, should have been so long suspended by the drudgery of Translation; and, in this view, their quarrel with the illustrious Greek will be, doubtless, extended to his Commentators[1].

[1] Very few signatures had at this time been affixed to the Notes; but I afterward compared them with the Greek, note by note, and endeavoured to supply the defect; more especially in the last three Volumes, where the Reader will be pleased to observe that all the notes without signatures are Mr. Cowper's, and that those marked B. C. V. are respectively found in the Editions of Homer by Barnes, Clarke, and Villoisson. But the employment was so little to the taste and inclination of the Poet, that he never afterward revised them, or added to their number more than these which follow:—In the Odyssey, Vol. I. Book xi., the note 32.—Vol. II. Book xv., the note 13.—The note 10, Book xvi., of that volume, and the note 14, Boox xix., of the same.

During two long years from this most anxious period, the Translation continued as it was; and though, in the hope of its being able to divert his melancholy, I had attempted more than once to introduce it to its Author, I was every time painfully obliged to desist. But in the summer of ninety-six, when he had resided with me in Norfolk twelve miserable months, the introduction, long wished for, took place. To my inexpressible astonishment and joy, I surprised him, one morning, with the Iliad in his hand; and with an excess of delight, which I am still more unable to describe, I the next day discovered that he had been writing.—Were I to mention one of the happiest moments of my life, it might be that which introduced me to the following lines:—

Mistaken meanings corrected,
admonente G. Wakefield.

B. XXIII.

L. 429. that the nave
Of thy neat wheel seem e'en to grind upon it.

L. 865. As when (the North wind freshening) near the bank
Up springs a fish in air, then falls again
And disappears beneath the sable flood,
So at the stroke, he bounded.

L. 1018. Thenceforth Tydides o'er his ample shield
Aim'd and still aim'd to pierce him in the neck.

Or better thus—

Tydides, in return, with spear high-poised
O'er the broad shield, aim'd ever at his neck,

Or best of all—

Then Tydeus' son, with spear high-poised above
The ample shield, stood aiming at his neck.

He had written these lines with a pencil, on a leaf at the end of his Iliad; and when I reflected on the cause which had given them birth, I could not but admire its disproportion to the effect. What the voice of persuasion had failed in for a year, accident had silently accomplished in a single day. The circumstance I allude to was this: I received a copy of the Iliad and Odyssey of Pope, then recently published by the Editor above-mentioned, with illustrative and critical notes of his own. As it commended Mr. Cowper's Translation in the Preface, and occasionally pointed out its merits in the Notes, I was careful to place it in his way; though it was more from a habit of experiment which I had contracted, than from well-grounded hopes of success. But what a fortunate circumstance was the arrival of this Work! and by what name worthy of its influence shall I call it? In the mouth of an indifferent person it might be Chance; but in mine, whom it rendered so peculiarly happy, common gratitude requires, that it should be Providence.

As I watched him with an indescribable interest in his progress, I had the satisfaction to find, that, after a few mornings given to promiscuous correction, and to frequent perusal of the above-mentioned Notes, he was evidently settling on the sixteenth Book. This he went regularly through, and the fruits of an application so happily resumed were, one day with another, about sixty new lines. But with the end of the sixteenth Book he had closed the corrections of the year. An excursion to the Coast, which immediately followed, though it promised an accession of strength to the body, could not fail to interfere with the pursuits of

the mind. It was therefore with much less surprise than regret, that I saw him relinquish the "*Tale of Troy Divine.*"

Such was the prelude to the Last Revisal, which, in the month of January, ninety-seven, Mr. Cowper was persuaded to undertake; and to a faithful copy, as I trust, of which, I have at this time the honour to conduct the Reader. But it may not be amiss to observe, that with regard to the earlier Books of the Iliad, it was less a revisal of the altered text, than of the text as it stands in the first Edition. For though the interleaved copy was always at hand, and in the multitude of its altered places could hardly fail to offer some things worthy to be preserved, but which the ravages of illness and the lapse of time might have utterly effaced from his mind, I could not often persuade the Translator to consult it. I was therefore induced, in the course of transcribing, to compare the two Revisals as I went along, and to plead for the continuance of the first correction, when it forcibly struck me as better than the last. This, however, but seldom occurred; and the practice, at length, was completely left off, by his consenting to receive into the number of the Books which were daily laid open before him, the interleaved Copy to which I allude.

At the end of the first six Books of the Iliad, the arrival of Spring brought the usual interruptions of exercise and air, which increased as the Summer advanced to a degree so unfavourable to the progress of Homer, that in the requisite attention to their salutary claims, the Revisal was, at one time, altogether at a stand. Only four Books were added in the course of

nine months; but opportunity returning as the Winter set in, there were added, in less than seven weeks, four more: and thus ended the year ninety-seven.

As the Spring that succeeded was a happier Spring, so it led to a happier Summer. We had no longer air and exercise alone, but exercise and Homer hand in hand. He even followed us thrice to the Sea; and whether our walks were

> " on the margin of the land,
> O'er the green summit of the" cliffs, " whose base
> Beats back the roaring surge,"
> " or on the shore
> Of the untillable and barren Deep,"

they were always within hearing of his magic Song. About the middle of this busy summer, the revisal of the Iliad was brought to a close; and on the very next day, the 24th of July, the correction of the Odyssey commenced,—a morning rendered memorable by a kind and unexpected visit from the Patroness of that Work, the Dowager Lady Spencer!

It is not my intention to detain the Reader with a progressive account of the Odyssey revised, as circumstantial as that of the Iliad, because it went on smoothly from beginning to end, and was finished in less than eight months.

I cannot deliver these Volumes to the Public without feeling emotions of gratitude towards Heaven, in recollecting how often this corrected Work has appeared to me an instrument of divine mercy, to mitigate the sufferings of my excellent Relation. Its progress in our private hours was singularly medicinal to his mind: may its presentment to the Public prove

not less conducive to the honour of the departed Author, who has every claim to my veneration! As a copious Life of the Poet is already in the Press, from the pen of his intimate friend Mr. Hayley, it is unnecessary for me to enter on such extensive commendation of his character, as my own intimacy with him might suggest; but I hope the Reader will kindly allow me the privilege of indulging, in some degree, the feelings of my heart, by applying to Him, in the close of this Preface, an expressive verse (borrowed from Homer) which He inscribed Himself, with some little variation, on a Bust of his Grecian Favourite.

Ὡς τε πατὴρ ᾧ παιδί, καὶ ὅποτε λήσομαι αὐτῆ.

Loved as his Son, in him I early found
A Father, such as I will ne'er forget.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is incumbent upon the present Editor to state the reasons which have induced him, between two editions of Cowper's Homer, differing so materially from each other that they might almost be deemed different versions, to prefer the first.

Whoever has perused the translator's letters must have perceived that he had considered with no ordinary care the scheme of his versification, and that when he resolved upon altering it in a second edition, it was in deference to the opinion of others.

It seems to the Editor that Cowper's own judgement is entitled to more respect than that of any, or all his critics; and that the version which he composed when his faculties were most active and his spirits least subject to depression,—indeed in the happiest part of his life,—ought not to be superseded by a revisal, or rather reconstruction, which was undertaken three years before his death,—not like the first translation as "a pleasant work, an innocent luxury," the cheerful and delightful occupation of hope and ardour and ambition,—but as "a hopeless employment," a task

to which he gave "all his miserable days, and often many hours of the night," seeking to beguile the sense of utter wretchedness, by altering as if for the sake of alteration.

The Editor has been confirmed in this opinion by the concurrence of every person with whom he has communicated on the subject. Among others he takes the liberty of mentioning Mr. Cary, whose authority upon such a question is of especial weight, the Translator of Dante being the only one of our countrymen who has ever executed a translation of equal magnitude and not less difficulty, with the same perfect fidelity and admirable skill.

In support of this determination, the case of Tasso may be cited as curiously in point. The great Italian poet altered his Jerusalem like Cowper, against his own judgement, in submission to his critics: he made the alteration in the latter years of his life, and in a diseased state of mind; and he proceeded upon the same prescribed rule of smoothing down his versification, and removing all the elisions. The consequence has been that the reconstructed poem is utterly neglected, and has rarely, if ever, been reprinted, except in the two great editions of his collected works; while the original poem has been and continues to be in such demand, that the most diligent bibliographer might vainly attempt to enumerate all the editions through which it has passed.

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THE

ILIAD OF HOMER,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

The book opens with an account of a pestilence that prevailed in the Grecian camp, and the cause of it is assigned. A council is called, in which fierce altercation takes place between Agamemnon and Achilles. The latter solemnly renounces the field. Agamemnon by his heralds demands Brisëis, and Achilles resigns her. He makes his complaint to Thetis, who undertakes to plead his cause with Jupiter. She pleads it, and prevails. The book concludes with an account of what passed in Heaven on that occasion.

The English reader will be pleased to observe, that by Achaians, Argives, Danaï, are signified Greecians. Homer himself having found these various appellatives both graceful and convenient, it seemed unreasonable that a Translator of him should be denied the same advantage.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK I.

Achilles sing, O Goddess! Peleus' son;
His wrath pernicious, who ten thousand woes
Caused to Achaia's host, sent many a soul
Illustrious into Ades premature,
And Heroes gave (so stood the will of Jove)
To dogs and to all ravening fowls a prey,
When fierce dispute had separated once
The noble Chief Achilles from the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, King of men.
Who them to strife impell'd? What power divine?
Latona's son and Jove's. For He, incensed
Against the King, a foul contagion raised
In all the host, and multitudes destroy'd,
For that the son of Atreus had his priest
Dishonoured, Chryses. To the fleet he came
Bearing rich ransom glorious to redeem
His daughter, and his hands charged with the wreath
And golden sceptre of the God shaft-arm'd.
His supplication was at large to all
The host of Greece, but most of all to two,
The sons of Atreus, highest in command.
Ye gallant Chiefs, and ye their gallant host,
(So may the Gods who in Olympus dwell

Give Priam's treasures to you for a spoil
And ye return in safety,) take my gifts
And loose my child, in honour of the son
Of Jove, Apollo, archer of the skies.
At once the voice of all was to respect
The priest, and to accept the bounteous price;
But so it pleased not Atreus' mighty son,
Who with rude threatenings stern him thence dismiss'd.
Beware, old man! that at these hollow barks
I find thee not now lingering, or henceforth
Returning, lest the garland of thy God
And his bright sceptre should avail thee nought.
I will not loose thy daughter, till old age
Steal on her. From her native country far,
In Argos, in my palace, she shall ply
The loom, and shall be partner of my bed.
Move me no more. Be gone; hence while thou may'st.
He spake, the old priest trembled and obey'd.
Forlorn he roamed the ocean's sounding shore,
And, solitary, with much prayer his King
Bright-hair'd Latona's son, Phœbus, implored.
God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos and Cilla the divine,
Sminthian[1] Apollo! If I e'er adorned
Thy beauteous fane, or on thy altar burn'd
The fat acceptable of bulls or goats,
Grant my petition. With thy shafts avenge
On the Achaian host thy servant's tears.

[1] So called on account of his having saved the people of Troas from a plague of mice, sminthos in their language meaning a mouse.

Such prayer he made, and it was heard. The God,
Down from Olympus with his radiant bow
And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
Marched in his anger; shaken as he moved
His rattling arrows told of his approach.
Gloomy he came as night; sat from the ships
Apart, and sent an arrow. Clang'd the cord
[2]Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow.
Mules first and dogs he struck, but at themselves
Dispatching soon his bitter arrows keen,
Smote them. Death-piles on all sides always blazed.
Nine days throughout the camp his arrows flew;
The tenth, Achilles from all parts convened
The host in council. Juno the white-armed,
Moved at the sight of Greecians all around
Dying, imparted to his mind the thought.
The full assembly, therefore, now convened,
Uprose Achilles ardent, and began.

Atrides! Now, it seems, no course remains
For us, but that the seas roaming again,
We hence return; at least if we survive;
But haste, consult we quick some prophet here
Or priest, or even interpreter of dreams,
(For dreams are also of Jove,) that we may learn
By what crime we have thus incensed Apollo,
What broken vow, what hecatomb unpaid
He charges on us, and if soothed with steam

[2] For this singular line the Translator begs to apologize, by pleading the strong desire he felt to produce an English line, if possible, somewhat resembling in its effect the famous original one.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γενετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

Of lambs or goats unblemish'd, he may yet
Be won to spare us, and avert the plague.
He spake and sat, when Thestor's son arose
Calchas, an augur foremost in his art,
Who all things, present, past, and future knew,
And whom his skill in prophecy, a gift
Conferr'd by Phœbus on him, had advanced
To be conductor of the fleet to Troy;
He, prudent, them admonishing, replied.
Jove-loved Achilles! Would'st thou learn from me
What cause hath moved Apollo to this wrath,
The shaft-arm'd King? I shall divulge the cause.
But thou, swear first and covenant on thy part
That speaking, acting, thou wilt stand prepared
To give me succour; for I judge amiss,
Or he who rules the Argives, the supreme
O'er all Achaia's host, will be incensed.
Woe to the man who shall provoke the King!
For if, to-day, he smother close his wrath,
He harbours still the vengeance, and in time
Performs it. Answer, therefore, wilt thou save me?
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
What thou hast learn'd in secret from the God,
That speak, and boldly. By the son of Jove,
Apollo, whom thou, Calchas, seek'st in prayer
Made for the Danaï, and who thy soul
Fills with futurity, in all the host
The Grecian lives not, who while I shall breathe,
And see the light of day, shall in this camp
Oppress thee; no, not even if thou name
Him, Agamemnon, sovereign o'er us all.
Then was the seer embolden'd, and he spake.

Nor vow nor hecatomb unpaid on us
He charges, but the wrong done to his priest
Whom Agamemnon slighted when he sought
His daughter's freedom, and his gifts refused.
He is the cause. Apollo for his sake
Afflicts and will afflict us, neither end
Nor intermission of his heavy scourge
Granting, 'till unredeem'd, no price required,
The black-eyed maid be to her father sent,
And a whole hecatomb in Chrysa bleed.
Then, not before, the God may be appeased.
He spake and sat; when Atreus' son arose,
The Hero Agamemnon, throned supreme.
Tempests of black resentment overcharged
His heart, and indignation fired his eyes.
On Calchas louring, him he first address'd.
Prophet of mischief! from whose tongue no note
Of grateful sound to me, was ever heard;
Ill tidings are thy joy, and tidings glad
Thou tell'st not, or thy words come not to pass.
And now among the Danaï thy dreams
Divulging, thou pretend'st the Archer-God
For his priest's sake, our enemy, because
I scorn'd his offer'd ransom of the maid
Chrysëis, more desirous far to bear
Her to my home, for that she charms me more
Than Clytemnestra, my own first espoused,
With whom, in disposition, feature, form,
Accomplishments, she may be well compared.
Yet, being such, I will return her hence
If that she go be best. Perish myself,—
But let the people of my charge be saved!

Prepare ye, therefore, a reward for me,
And seek it instant. It were much unmeet
That I alone of all the Argive host
Should want due recompense, whose former prize
Is elsewhere destined, as ye all perceive.
To whom Achilles, matchless in the race.
Atrides, glorious above all in rank,
And as intent on gain as thou art great,
Whence shall the Greecians give a prize to thee?
The general stock is poor; the spoil of towns
Which we have taken, hath already passed
In distribution, and it were unjust
To gather it from all the Greeks again.
But send thou back this Virgin to her God,
And when Jove's favour shall have given us Troy,
A threefold, fourfold share shall then be thine.
To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.
Godlike Achilles, valiant as thou art,
Would'st thou be subtle too? But me no fraud
Shall overreach, or art persuade, of thine.
Would'st thou, that thou be recompensed, and I
Sit meekly down defrauded of my due?
And did'st thou bid me yield her? Let the bold
Achaians give me competent amends,
Such as may please me, and it shall be well.
Else, if they give me none, I will command
Thy prize, the prize of Ajax, or the prize
It may be of Ulysses to my tent,
And let the loser chafe. But this concern
Shall be adjusted at convenient time.
Come,—Launch we now into the sacred deep
A bark with lusty rowers well supplied;

Then put on board Chrysëis, and with her
The sacrifice required. Go also one
High in authority, some counsellor,
Idomeneus, or Ajáx, or thyself,
Thou most untractable of all mankind;
And seek by rites of sacrifice and prayer
To appease Apollo on our host's behalf.
Achilles eyed him with a frown, and spake.
Ah! cloathed with impudence as with a cloak,
And full of subtlety, who, thinkest thou—
What Greecian here will serve thee, or for thee
Wage covert war, or open? Me thou know'st,
Troy never wronged; I came not to avenge
Harm done to me; no Trojan ever drove
My pastures, steeds or oxen took of mine,
Or plunder'd of their fruits the golden fields
Of Phthia the deep-soil'd. She lies remote,
And obstacles are numerous interposed,
Vale-darkening mountains, and the dashing sea.
No, [3]Shameless Wolf! For thy good pleasure sake
We came, and, [4]Face of flint! to avenge the wrongs
By Menelaus and thyself sustain'd,
On the offending Trojan—service kind,
But lost on thee, regardless of it all.
And now—What now? Thy threatening is to seize
Thyself, the just requital of my toils,
My prize hard-earn'd, by common suffrage mine.
I never gain, what Trojan town soc'er
We ransack, half thy booty. The swift march
And furious onset,—these I largely reap,
But, distribution made, thy lot exceeds

[3] Κυνῶπα. [4] μεγάναιδὲς.

Mine far; while I, with any pittance pleased,
Bear to my ships the little that I win
After long battle, and account it much.
But I am gone, I and my sable barks
(My wiser course) to Phthia, and I judge,
Scorn'd as I am, that thou shalt hardly glean
Without me, more than thou shalt soon consume.
He ceased, and Agamemnon thus replied.
Fly, and fly now; if in thy soul thou feel
Such ardour of desire to go—begone!
I woo thee not to stay; stay not an hour
On my behalf, for I have others here
Who will respect me more, and above all
All-judging Jove. There is not in the host
King or commander whom I hate as thee,
For all thy pleasure is in strife and blood,
And at all times; yet valour is no ground
Whereon to boast, it is the gift of Heaven.
Go, get ye back to Phthia, thou and thine!
There rule thy Myrmidons. I need not thee,
Nor heed thy wrath a jot. But this I say,
Sure as Apollo takes my lovely prize
Chryseïs, and I shall return her home
In mine own bark, and with my proper crew,
So sure the fair Briseïs shall be mine.
I shall demand her even at thy tent.
So shalt thou well be taught, how high in power
I soar above thy pitch, and none shall dare
Attempt, thenceforth, comparison with me.
He ended, and the big disdainful heart
Throbbed of Achilles; racking doubt ensued
And sore perplex'd him, whether forcing wide

A passage through them, with his blade unsheathed
To lay Atrides breathless at his foot,
Or to command his stormy spirit down.
So doubted he, and undecided yet
Stood drawing forth his falchion huge; when lo!
Down sent by Juno, to whom both alike
Were dear, and who alike watched over both,
Pallas descended. At his back she stood
To none apparent, save himself alone,
And seized his golden locks. Startled, he turned,
And instant knew Minerva. Flashed her eyes
Terrific; whom with accents on the wing
Of haste, incontinent he questioned thus.

Daughter of Jove, why comest thou? that thyself
May'st witness these affronts which I endure
From Agamemnon? Surely as I speak,
This moment, for his arrogance, he dies.

To whom the blue-eyed Deity. From heaven
Mine errand is, to sooth, if thou wilt hear,
Thine anger. Juno the white-arm'd, alike
To him and thee propitious, bade me down:
Restrain thy wrath. Draw not thy faulchion forth.
Retort, and sharply, and let that suffice.
For I foretell thee true. Thou shalt receive,
Some future day, thrice told, thy present loss
For this day's wrong. Cease, therefore, and be still.

To whom Achilles. Goddess, although much
Exasperate, I dare not disregard
Thy word, which to obey is always best.
Who hears the Gods, the Gods hear also him.

He said; and on his silver hilt the force
Of his broad hand impressing, sent the blade

Home to its rest, nor would the counsel scorn
Of Pallas. She to heaven well-pleased return'd,
And in the mansion of Jove Ægis[5]-armed
Arriving, mingled with her kindred Gods.
But though from violence, yet not from words
Abstained Achilles, but with bitter taunt
Opprobrious, his antagonist reproached.
Oh charged with wine, in stedfastness of face
Dog unabashed, and yet at heart a deer!
Thou never, when the troops have taken arms,
Hast dared to take thine also; never thou
Associate with Achaia's Chiefs, to form
The secret ambush. No. The sound of war
Is as the voice of destiny to thee.
Doubtless the course is safer far, to range
Our numerous host, and if a man have dared
Dispute thy will, to rob him of his prize.
King! over whom? Women and spiritless—
Whom therefore thou devourest; else themselves
Would stop that mouth that it should scoff no more.
But hearken. I shall swear a solemn oath.
By this same sceptre, which shall never bud,
Nor boughs bring forth as once, which having left
Its stock on the high mountains, at what time
The woodman's axe lopped off its foliage green,
And stript it's bark, shall never grow again;
Which now the judges of Achaia bear,
Who under Jove, stand guardians of the laws,
By this I swear (mark thou the sacred oath)
Time shall be, when Achilles shall be missed;

[5] The shield of Jupiter, made by Vulcan, and so called from its covering, which was the skin of the goat that suckled him.

When all shall want him, and thyself the power
To help the Achaians, whatsoe'er thy will;
When Hector at your heels shall mow you down;
The Hero-slaughtering Hector! Then thy soul,
Vexation-stung, shall tear thee with remorse,
That thou hast scorn'd, as he were nothing worth,
A Chief, the soul and bulwark of your cause.
So saying, he cast his sceptre on the ground
Studded with gold, and sat. On the other side
The son of Atreus all impassion'd stood,
When the harmonious orator arose
Nestor, the Pylian oracle, whose lips
Dropped eloquence—the honey not so sweet.
Two generations past of mortals born
In Pylus, coëtaneous with himself,
He govern'd now the third—amid them all
He stood, and thus, benevolent, began.
Ah! what calamity hath fall'n on Greece!
Now Priam and his sons may well exult,
Now all in Ilium shall have joy of heart
Abundant, hearing of this broil, the prime
Of Greece between, in council and in arms.
But be persuaded; ye are younger both
Than I, and I was conversant of old
With Princes your superiors, yet from them
No disrespect at any time received.
Their equals saw I never; never shall;
Exadius, Cœneus, and the God-like son
Of Ægeus, mighty Theseus; men renown'd
For force superior to the race of man.
Brave Chiefs they were, and with brave foes they fought,
With the rude dwellers on the mountain-heights

The Centaurs, whom with havock such as fame
Shall never cease to celebrate, they slew.
With these men I consorted erst, what time
From Pylus, though a land from theirs remote,
They called me forth, and such as was my strength,
With all that strength I served them. Who is he?
What Prince or Chief of the degenerate race
Now seen on earth who might with these compare?
Yet even these would listen and conform
To my advice in consultation given,
Which hear ye also; for compliance proves
Oft times the safer and the manlier course.
Thou, Agamemnon! valiant as thou art,
Seize not the maid, his portion from the Greeks,
But leave her his; nor thou, Achilles, strive
With our imperial Chief; for never King
Had equal honour at the hands of Jove
With Agamemnon, or was throned so high.
Say thou art stronger, and art Goddess-born,
How then? His territory passes thine,
And he is Lord of thousands more than thou.
Cease, therefore, Agamemnon; calm thy wrath;
And it shall be mine office to entreat
Achilles also to a calm, whose might
The chief munition is of all our host.

To whom the sovereign of the Greeks replied,
The son of Atreus. Thou hast spoken well,
Old Chief, and wisely. But this wrangler here—
Nought will suffice him but the highest place;
He must controul us all, reign over all,
Dictate to all; but he shall find at least
One here, disposed to question his commands.

If the eternal Gods have made him brave,
Derives he thence a privilege to rail?
Whom thus Achilles interrupted fierce.
Could I be found so abject as to take
The measure of my doings at thy lips,
Well might they call me coward through the camp,
A vassal, and a fellow of no worth.
Give law to others. Think not to controul
Me, subject to thy proud commands no more.
Hear yet again! And weigh what thou shalt hear.
I will not strive with thee in such a cause,
Nor yet with any man; I scorn to fight
For her, whom having given, ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board;
Of those take none away without my leave.
Or if it please thee, put me to the proof
Before this whole assembly, and my spear
Shall stream that moment, purpled with thy blood.
Thus they long time in opposition fierce
Maintained the war of words; and now, at length,
(The grand consult dissolved,) Achilles walked,
(Patroclus and the Myrmidons his steps
Attending) to his camp and to his fleet.
But Agamemnon order'd forth a bark,
A swift one, manned with twice ten lusty rowers;
He sent on board the Hecatomb: he placed
Chryseis with the blooming cheeks, himself,
And to Ulysses gave the freight in charge.
So all embarked, and plow'd their watery way.
Atrides, next, bade purify the host;
The host was purified, as he enjoin'd,
And the ablution cast into the sea.

Then to Apollo, on the shore they slew,
Of the untillable and barren deep,
Whole Hetacombs of bulls and goats, whose steam
Slowly in smoky volumes climbed the skies.
Thus was the camp employed ; nor ceased the while
The son of Atreus from his threats denounced
At first against Achilles, but command
Gave to Talthybius and Eurybates
His heralds, ever faithful to his will.
Haste—Seek ye both the tent of Peleus' son
Achilles. Thence lead hither by the hand
Blooming Briseis, whom if he withhold,
Not her alone, but other spoil myself
Will take in person—He shall rue the hour.
With such harsh message charged he them dismissed.
They, sad and slow, beside the barren waste
Of Ocean, to the galleys and the tents
Moved of the Myrmidons. Him there they found
Beneath the shadow of his bark reclined,
Nor glad at their approach. Trembling they stood,
In presence of the royal Chief, awe-struck,
Nor questioned him or spake. He not the less
Knew well their embassy, and thus began.
Ye heralds, messengers of Gods and men,
Hail, and draw near ! I bid you welcome both.
I blame not you ; the fault is his alone
Who sends you to conduct the damsel hence
Brisëis. Go Patroclus, generous friend !
Lead forth, and to their guidance give the maid.
But be themselves my witnesses before
The blessed Gods, before mankind, before
The ruthless king, should want of me be felt

To save the host from havoc[6]—Oh, his thoughts
Are madness all; intelligence or skill
Forecast or retrospect, how best the camp
May be secured from inroad, none hath he.
He ended, nor Patroclus disobey'd,
But leading beautiful Brisëis forth
Into their guidance gave her; loth she went
From whom she loved, and looking oft behind.
Then wept Achilles, and apart from all,
With eyes directed to the gloomy Deep
And arms outstretch'd, his mother suppliant sought.
Since, mother, though ordain'd so soon to die,
I am thy son, I might with cause expect
Some honour at the Thunderer's hands, but none
To me he shows, whom Agamemnon, Chief
Of the Achaians, hath himself disgraced,
Seizing by violence my just reward.
So prayed he weeping, whom his mother heard
Within the gulfs of Ocean where she sat
Beside her ancient sire. From the gray flood
Ascending sudden, like a mist, she came,
Sat down before him, stroaked his face, and said.
Why weeps my son? and what is thy distress?
Hide not a sorrow that I wish to share.
To whom Achilles, sighing deep, replied.
Why tell thee woes to thee already known?
At Thebes, Eëtion's city we arrived,
Smote, sack'd it, and brought all the spoil away.
Just distribution made among the Greeks,
The son of Atreus for his lot received

[6] The original is here abrupt, and expresses the precipitancy of the speaker by a most beautiful aposiopesis.

Blooming Chryseïs. Her, Apollo's priest
Old Chryses followed to Achaia's camp,
That he might loose his daughter. Ransom rich
He brought, and in his hands the hallow'd wreath
And golden sceptre of the Archer God
Apollo, bore; to the whole Greecian host,
But chiefly to the foremost in command
He sued, the sons of Atreus; then, the rest
All recommended reverence of the Seer,
And prompt acceptance of his costly gifts.
But Agamemnon might not so be pleased,
Who gave him rude dismission; he in wrath
Returning, prayed, whose prayer Apollo heard,
For much he loved him. A pestiferous shaft
He instant shot into the Greecian host,
And heap'd the people died. His arrows swept
The whole wide camp of Greece, 'till at the last
A Seer, by Phœbus taught, explain'd the cause.
I first advised propitiation. Rage
Fired Agamemnon. Rising, he denounced
Vengeance, and hath fulfilled it. She, in truth,
Is gone to Chrysa, and with her we send
Propitiation also to the King
Shaft-arm'd Apollo. But my beauteous prize
Briseïs, mine by the award of all,
His Heralds, at this moment, lead away.
But thou, wherein thou canst, aid thy own son!
Haste hence to Heaven, and if thy word or deed
Hath ever gratified the heart of Jove,
With earnest suit press him on my behalf.
For I, not seldom, in my father's hall
Have heard thee boasting, how when once the Gods,

With Juno, Neptune, Pallas at their head,
Conspired to bind the Thunderer, thou did'st loose
His bands, O Goddess! calling to his aid
The Hundred-handed warrior, by the Gods
Briareus, but by men Ægeon named.
For he in prowess and in might surpassed
His father Neptune, who, enthroned sublime,
Sits second only to Saturnian Jove,
Elate with glory and joy. Him all the Gods
Fearing from that bold enterprise abstained.
Now, therefore, of these things reminding Jove,
Embrace his knees; entreat him that he give
The host of Troy his succour, and shut fast
The routed Greecians, prisoners in the fleet,
That all may find much solace[7] in their King,
And that the mighty sovereign o'er them all,
Their Agamemnon, may himself be taught
His rashness, who hath thus dishonour'd foul
The life itself, and bulwark of his cause.
To him, with streaming eyes, Thetis replied.
Born as thou wast to sorrow, ah, my son!
Why have I rear'd thee! Would that without tears,
Or cause for tears (transient as is thy life,
A little span) thy days might pass at Troy!
But short and sorrowful the fates ordain
Thy life, peculiar trouble must be thine,
Whom, therefore, oh that I had never borne!
But seeking the Olympian hill snow-crown'd,
I will myself plead for thee in the ear
Of Jove, the Thunderer. Meantime at thy fleet
Abiding, let thy wrath against the Greeks

[7] ἐπαύρωνται.

Still burn, and altogether cease from war.
For to the banks of the Oceanus[8],
Where Æthiopia holds a feast to Jove,
He journey'd yesterday, with whom the Gods
Went also, and the twelfth day brings them home.
Then will I to his brazen-floor'd abode,
That I may clasp his knees, and much misdeem
Of my endeavour, or my prayer shall speed.
So saying, she went; but him she left enraged
For fair Briseïs sake, forced from his arms
By stress of power. Meantime Ulysses came
To Chrysa with the Hecatomb in charge.
Arrived within the haven[9] deep, their sails
Furling, they stowed them in the bark below.
Then by its tackle lowering swift the mast
Into its crutch, they briskly push'd to land,
Heaved anchors out, and moor'd the vessel fast.
Forth came the mariners, and trod the beach;
Forth came the victims of Apollo next,
And, last, Chryseïs. Her Ulysses led
Toward the altar, gave her to the arms
Of her own father, and him thus address'd.
O Chryses! Agamemnon, King of men,
Hath sent thy daughter home, with whom we bring
An Hecatomb on all our host's behalf
To Phœbus, hoping to appease the God
By whose dread shafts the Argives now expire.

[8] A name by which we are frequently to understand the Nile in Homer.

[9] The original word (πολυβενθέος) seems to express variety of soundings, an idea probably not to be conveyed in an English epithet.

So saying, he gave her to him, who with joy
Received his daughter. Then, before the shrine
Magnificent in order due they ranged
The noble Hecatomb. Each laved his hands
And took the salted meal, and Chryses made
His fervent prayer with hands upraised on high.
God of the silver bow, who with thy power
Encirclest Chrysa, and who reign'st supreme
In Tenedos, and Cilla the divine!
Thou prov'dst propitious to my first request,
Hast honour'd me, and punish'd sore the Greeks;
Hear yet thy servant's prayer; take from their host
At once the loathsome pestilence away!
So Chryses prayed, whom Phœbus heard well-pleased;
Then prayed the Greecians also, and with meal
Sprinkling the victims, their retracted necks
First pierced, then flay'd them; the disjointed thighs
They, next, invested with the double cawl,
Which with crude slices thin they overspread.
The priest burned incence, and libation poured
Large on the hissing brands, while, him beside,
Busy with spit and prong, stood many a youth
Trained to the task. The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slashed the remnant, pierced it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Their whole task thus accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all sufficed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remained
Unsatisfied, boys crown'd the beakers high
With wine delicious, and from right to left

Distributing the cups, served every guest.
Thenceforth the youths of the Achaian race
To song propitiatory gave the day,
Pæans to Phœbus, Archer of the skies,
Chaunting melodious. Pleased, Apollo heard.
But, when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
They on the beach beside their hawsers slept;
And, when the day-spring's daughter rosy-palm'd
Aurora look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
Apollo sent them; quick they rear'd the mast,
Then spread the unsullied canvass to the gale,
And the wind filled it. Roared the sable flood
Around the bark, that ever as she went
Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away.
Thus reaching soon the spacious camp of Greece,
Their galley they updrew sheer o'er the sands
From the rude surge remote, then propp'd her sides
With scantlings long, and sought their several tents.
But Peleus' noble son, the speed-renown'd
Achilles, he, his well-built bark beside,
Consumed his hours, nor would in council more,
Where wise men win distinction, or in fight
Appear, to sorrow and heart-withering woe
Abandon'd; though for battle, ardent, still
He panted, and the shout-resounding field.
But when the twelfth fair morrow streak'd the East,
Then all the everlasting Gods to Heaven
Resorted, with the Thunderer at their head,
And Thetis, not unmindful of her son
From the salt flood emerged, seeking betimes
Olympus and the boundless fields of heaven.

High, on the topmost eminence sublime
Of the deep-fork'd Olympian she perceived
The Thunderer seated, from the Gods apart.
She sat before him, clasped with her left hand
His knees, her right beneath his chin she placed,
And thus the King, Saturnian Jove, implored.
Father of all, by all that I have done
Or said that ever pleased thee, grant my suit.
Exalt my son, by destiny short-lived
Beyond the lot of others. Him with shame
The King of men hath overwhelm'd, by force
Usurping his just meed; thou, therefore, Jove,
Supreme in wisdom, honour him, and give
Success to Troy, till all Achaia's sons
Shall yield him honour more than he hath lost!
She spake, to whom the Thunderer nought replied,
But silent sat long time. She, as her hand
Had grown there, still importunate, his knees
Clasp'd as at first, and thus her suit renew'd.
Or grant my prayer, and ratify the grant,
Or send me hence, (for thou hast none to fear,)
Plainly refused; that I may know and feel
By how much I am least of all in heaven.
To whom the cloud-assembler at the last
Spake, deep-distress'd. Hard task and full of strife
Thou hast enjoined me; Juno will not spare
For gibe and taunt injurious, whose complaint
Sounds daily in the ears of all the Gods,
That I assist the Trojans; but depart,
Lest she observe thee; my concern shall be
How best I may perform thy full desire.
And to assure thee more, I give the sign

Indubitable, which all fear expels
At once from heavenly minds. Nought, so confirmed,
May, after, be reversed or render'd vain.
He ceased, and under his dark brows the nod
Vouchsafed of confirmation. All around
The Sovereign's everlasting head his curls
Ambrosial shook, and the huge mountain reeled.
Their conference closed, they parted. She, at once,
From bright Olympus plunged into the flood
Profound, and Jove to his own courts withdrew.
Together all the Gods, at his approach,
Uprose; none sat expectant till he came,
But all advanced to meet the Eternal Sire.
So on his throne he sat. Nor Juno him
Not understood; she, watchful, had observed,
In consultation close with Jove engaged
Thetis, bright-footed daughter of the deep,
And keen the son of Saturn thus reproved.
Shrewd as thou art, who now hath had thine ear?
Thy joy is ever such, from me apart
To plan and plot clandestine, and thy thoughts,
Think what thou may'st, are always barred to me.
To whom the father, thus, of heaven and earth.
Expect not, Juno, that thou shalt partake
My counsels at all times, which oft in height
And depth, thy comprehension far exceed,
Jove's consort as thou art. When aught occurs
Meet for thine ear, to none will I impart
Of Gods or men more free than to thyself.
But for my secret thoughts, which I withhold
From all in heaven beside, them search not thou
With irksome curiosity and vain.

Him answer'd then the Goddess ample-eyed.
What word hath passed thy lips, Saturnian Jove,
Thou most severe! I never search thy thoughts,
Nor the serenity of thy profound
Intentions trouble; they are safe from me:
But now there seems a cause. Deeply I dread
Lest Thetis, silver-footed daughter fair
Of Ocean's hoary Sovereign, here arrived
At early dawn to practise on thee, Jove!
I noticed her a suitress at thy knees,
And much misdeem or promise-bound thou stand'st
To Thetis past recall, to exalt her son,
And Greeks to slaughter thousands at the ships.
To whom the cloud-assembler God, incensed.
Ah subtle! ever teeming with surmise,
And fathomer of my concealed designs,
Thy toil is vain, or (which is worse for thee,)
Shall but estrange thee from mine heart the more.
And be it as thou sayest,—I am well pleased
That so it should be. Be advised, desist,
Hold thou thy peace. Else, if my glorious hands
Once reach thee, the Olympian Powers combined
To rescue thee, shall interfere in vain.
He said,—whom Juno, awful Goddess, heard
Appall'd, and mute submitted to his will.
But through the courts of Jove the heavenly Powers
All felt displeasure; when to them arose
Vulcan, illustrious artist, who with speech
Conciliatory interposed to sooth
His white-arm'd mother Juno, Goddess dread.
Hard doom is ours, and not to be endured,
If feast and merriment must pause in heaven

While ye such clamour raise tumultuous here
For man's unworthy sake: yet thus we speed
Ever, when evil overpoises good.
But I exhort my mother, though herself
Already warn'd, that meekly she submit
To Jove our father, lest our father chide
More roughly, and confusion mar the feast.
For the Olympian Thunderer could with ease
Us from our thrones precipitate, so far
He reigns to all superior. Seek to assuage
His anger therefore; so shall he with smiles
Cheer thee, nor thee alone, but all in heaven.
So Vulcan, and, upstarting, placed a cup
Full-charged between his mother's hands, and said,
My mother, be advised, and, though aggrieved,
Yet patient; lest I see thee whom I love
So dear, with stripes chastised before my face,
Willing, but impotent to give thee aid.
Who can resist the Thunderer? Me, when once
I flew to save thee, by the foot he seized
And hurl'd me through the portal of the skies.
"From morn to eve I fell, a summer's day,"
And dropped, at last, in Lemnos. There half-dead
The Sintians found me, and with succour prompt
And hospitable, entertained me fallen.
So He; then Juno smiled, Goddess white-arm'd,
And smiling still, from his unwonted hand [10]
Received the goblet. He from right to left

[10] The reader, in order that he may partake with the Gods in the drollery of this scene, should observe that the crippled and distorted Vulcan had thrust himself into an office at all other times administered either by Hebe or Ganymede.

Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert
Distributed to all the powers divine.
Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable
Peal after peal, such pleasure all conceived
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.
So spent they in festivity the day,
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built
By the lame matchless Architect, withdrew.
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,
His couch ascending as at other times
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene,
With golden-sceptred Juno at his side.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Jupiter, in pursuance of his purpose to distress the Greecians in answer to the prayer of Thetis, deceives Agamemnon by a dream. He, in consequence of it, calls a council, the result of which is that the army shall go forth to battle. Thersites is mutinous, and is chastised by Ulysses. Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon harangue the people; and preparation is made for battle. An exact account follows of the forces on both sides.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK II.

All night both Gods and Chiefs equestrian slept,
But not the Sire of all. He, waking soon,
Mused how to exalt Achilles, and destroy
No few in battle at the Greecian fleet.
This counsel, at the last, as best he chose
And likeliest; to dispatch an evil Dream
To Agamemnon's tent, and to his side
The phantom summoning, him thus addressed.
Haste, evil Dream! Fly to the Greecian fleet,
And, entering royal Agamemnon's tent,
His ear possess thou thus, omitting nought
Of all that I enjoin thee. Bid him arm
His universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The request
Of Juno hath prevail'd; now, Woe to Troy!
So charged, the Dream departed. At the ships
Well-built arriving of Achaia's host,
He Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sought.
Him sleeping in his tent he found, immersed
In soft repose ambrosial. At his head
The shadow stood, similitude exact

Of Nestor, son of Neleus; sage, with whom
In Agamemnon's thought might none compare.
His form assumed, the sacred Dream began.
O son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
And in the race! Sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged, as thou art, with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host, for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Awaking from thy dewy slumbers, hold
In firm remembrance all that thou hast heard.
So spake the Dream, and vanishing, him left
In false hopes occupied and musings vain.
Full sure he thought, ignorant of the plan
By Jove design'd, that day the last of Troy.
Fond thought! For toils and agonies to Grecks
And Trojans both, in many a bloody field
To be endured, the Thunderer yet ordain'd.
Starting he woke, and seeming still to hear
The warning voice divine, with hasty leap
Sprang from his bed, and sat. His fleecy vest
New-woven he put on, and mantle wide;
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet
He braced, and slung his argent-studded sword.

Then, incorruptible for evermore
The sceptre of his sires he took, with which
He issued forth into the camp of Greece.
Aurora now on the Olympian heights
Proclaiming stood new day to all in heaven,
When he his clear-voiced heralds bade convene
The Greeks in council. Went the summons forth
Into all quarters, and the throng began.
First, at the ship of Nestor, Pylian King,
The senior Chiefs for high exploits renown'd
He gather'd, whom he prudent thus address'd.
My fellow-warriors, hear! A dream from heaven,
Amid the stillness of the vacant night
Approach'd me, semblance close in stature, bulk,
And air, of noble Nestor. At mine head
The shadow took his stand, and thus he spake.
Oh son of Atreus the renown'd in arms
And in the race, sleep'st thou? It ill behoves
To sleep all night the man of high employ,
And charged as thou art with a people's care.
Now, therefore, mark me well, who, sent from Jove,
Inform thee, that although so far remote,
He yet compassionates and thinks on thee
With kind solicitude. He bids thee arm
Thine universal host; for that the time
When the Achaians shall at length possess
Wide Ilium, hath arrived. The Gods above
No longer dwell at variance. The requests
Of Juno have prevail'd. Now, woe to Troy
From Jove himself! Her fate is on the wing.
Charge this on thy remembrance. Thus he spake,

Then vanished suddenly, and I awoke.
Haste therefore, let us arm, if arm we may[1],
The warlike sons of Greece; but first, myself
Will prove them, recommending instant flight
With all our ships, and ye throughout the host
Dispersed, shall, next, encourage all to stay.
He ceased, and sat; when in the midst arose
Of highest fame for wisdom, Nestor, King
Of sandy Pylus, who them thus bespake.
Friends, Counsellors, and Leaders of the Greeks!
Had any meaner Argive told his dream,
We had pronounced it false, and should the more
Have shrunk from battle; but the dream is his
Who boasts himself our highest in command.
Haste, arm we, if we may, the sons of Greece.
So saying, he left the council; him, at once,
The sceptred Chiefs, obedient to his voice,
Arising, follow'd; and the throng began.
As from the hollow rock bees stream abroad,
And in succession endless seek the fields,
Now clustering, and now scattered far and near,
In spring-time, among all the new-blown flowers,
So they to council swarm'd, troop after troop,
Grecians of every tribe, from camp and fleet
Assembling orderly o'er all the plain
Beside the shore of Ocean. In the midst
A kindling rumour, messenger of Jove,
Impell'd them, and they went. Loud was the din
Of the assembling thousands; groan'd the earth

[1] Agamemnon seems to entertain some doubts lest the army should so resent his treatment of their favourite Achilles, as to be indisposed to serve him.

When down they sat, and murmurs ran around.
Nine heralds cried aloud—Will ye restrain
Your clamours, that your heaven-taught Kings may speak?
Scarce were they settled, and the clang had ceased,
When Agamemnon, sovereign o'er them all,
Sceptre in hand, arose. (That sceptre erst
Vulcan with labour forged and to the hand
Consign'd it of the King, Saturnian Jove;
Jove to the vanquisher[2] of Ino's[3] guard,
And he to Pelops; Pelops in his turn,
To royal Atreus; Atreus at his death
Bequeath'd it to Thyestes rich in flocks,
And rich Thyestes left it to be borne
By Agamemnon, symbol of his right
To empire over Argos and her isles)
On that he lean'd, and, rapid, thus began.
Friends, Grecian Heroes, ministers of Mars!
Ye see me here entangled in the snares
Of unpropitious Jove. He promised once,
And with a nod confirm'd it, that with spoils
Of Ilium laden, we should hence return;
But now, devising ill, he sends me shamed,
And with diminished numbers, home to Greece.
So stands his sovereign pleasure, who hath laid
The bulwarks of full many a city low,
And more shall level, matchless in his might.
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears)
Will make us vile with ages yet to come.

[2] Mercury. [3] Argus.

For should we now strike truce, till Greece and Troy
Might number each her own, and were the Greeks
Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,
Our banded decads should exceed so far
Their units, that all Troy could not supply
For every ten, a man, to fill us wine;
So far the Achaians, in my thought, surpass
The native Trojans. But in Troy are those
Who baffle much my purpose; aids derived
From other states, spear-arm'd auxiliars, firm
In the defence of Ilium's lofty towers.
Nine years have passed us over, nine long years;
Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,
And all our wives and little-ones at home
Sit watching our return, while this attempt
Hangs still in doubt, for which that home we left.
Accept ye then my counsel. Fly we swift
With all our fleet back to our native land,
Hopeless of Troy, not yet to be subdued.
So spake the King, whom all the concourse heard
With minds in tumult toss'd; all, save the few,
Partners of his intent. Commotion shook
The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
Of the Icarian Deep, when South and East
Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove.
And as when vehement the West-wind falls
On standing corn mature, the loaded ears
Innumerable bow before the gale,
So was the council shaken. With a shout
All flew toward the ships; upraised, the dust
Stood o'er them; universal was the cry,
"Now clear the passages, strike down the props,

Set every vessel free, launch, and away!"
Heaven rang with exclamation of the host
All homeward bent, and launching glad the fleet.
Then baffled Fate had the Achaians seen
Returning premature, but Juno thus,
With admonition quick to Pallas spake.
Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
Ah foul dishonour! Is it thus at last
That the Achaians on the billows borne,
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?
Haste! Seek the mail-arm'd multitude, by force
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.
She spake, nor did Minerva not comply,
But darting swift from the Olympian heights,
Reach'd soon Achaia's fleet. There, she perceived
Prudent as Jove himself, Ulysses; firm
He stood; he touch'd not even with his hand
His sable bark, for sorrow whelm'd his soul.
The Athenæan Goddess azure-eyed
Beside him stood, and thus the Chief bespake.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Why seek ye, thus precipitate, your ships?
Intend ye flight? And is it thus at last,
That the Achaians on the billows borne,
Shall seek again their country, leaving here,
To be the vaunt of Ilium and her King,
Helen of Argos, in whose cause the Greeks
Have numerous perish'd from their home remote?

Delay not. Rush into the throng; by force
Detain them of thy soothing speech, ere yet
All launch their oary barks into the flood.
She ceased, whom by her voice Ulysses knew,
Casting his mantle from him, which his friend
Eurybates the Ithacensian caught,
He ran; and in his course meeting the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, from his hand
The everlasting sceptre quick received,
Which bearing, through Achaia's fleet he pass'd.
What King soever, or distinguish'd Greek
He found, approaching to his side, in terms
Of gentle sort he stay'd him. Sir, he cried,
It is unseemly that a man renown'd
As thou, should tremble. Go—Resume the seat
Which thou hast left, and bid the people sit.
Thou know'st not clearly yet the monarch's mind.
He proves us now, but soon he will chastize.
All were not present; few of us have heard
His speech this day in council. Oh, beware,
Lest in resentment of this hasty course
Irregular, he let his anger loose.
Dread is the anger of a King; he reigns
By Jove's own ordinance, and is dear to Jove.
But what plebeian base soe'er he heard
Stretching his throat to swell the general cry,
He lay'd the sceptre smartly on his back,
With reprimand severe. Fellow, he said,
Sit still; hear others; thy superiors hear.
For who art thou? A dastard and a drone,
Of none account in council, or in arms.
By no means may we all alike bear sway

At Ilium; such plurality of Kings
Were evil. One suffices. One, to whom
The son of politic Saturn hath assign'd
The sceptre, and inforcement of the laws,
That he may rule us as a monarch ought.
With such authority the troubled host
He sway'd; they, quitting camp and fleet again,
Rush'd back to council; deafening was the sound
As when a billow of the boisterous deep
Some broad beach dashes, and the ocean roars.
The host all seated, and the benches fill'd,
Thersites only of loquacious tongue
Ungovern'd, clamour'd mutinous; a wretch
Of utterance prompt, but in coarse phrase obscene
Deep learn'd alone, with which to slander Kings.
Might he but set the rabble in a roar,
He cared not with what jest; of all from Greece
To Ilium sent, his country's chief reproach.
Cross-eyed he was, and halting moved on legs
Ill-pair'd; his gibbous shoulders o'er his breast
Contracted, pinch'd it; to a peak his head
Was moulded sharp, and sprinkled thin with hair
Of starveling length, flimsy and soft as down.
Achilles and Ulysses had incurr'd
Most his aversion; them he never spared;
But now, imperial Agamemnon 'self
In piercing accents stridulous he charged
With foul reproach. The Grecians with contempt
Listen'd, and indignation, while with voice
At highest pitch, he thus the monarch mock'd.
What would'st thou now? Whereof is thy complaint
Now, Agamemnon? Thou hast fill'd thy tents

With treasure, and the Greecians, when they take
A city, chuse the loveliest girls for thee.
Is gold thy wish? More gold? A ransom brought
By some chief Trojan for his son's release
Whom I, or other valiant Greek may bind?
Or would'st thou yet a virgin, one, by right
Another's claim, but made by force thine own?
It was not well, great Sir, that thou shouldst bring
A plague on the Achaians, as of late.
But come, my Greecian sisters, soldiers named
Unfitly, of a sex too soft for war,
Come, let us homeward: let him here digest
What he shall gorge, alone; that he may learn
If our assistance profit him or not.
For when he shamed Achilles, he disgraced
A Chief far worthier than himself, whose prize
He now withholds. But tush,—Achilles lacks
Himself the spirit of a man; no gall
Hath he within him, or his hand long since
Had stopp'd that mouth [4], that it should scoff no more.
Thus, mocking royal Agamemnon, spake
Thersites. Instant starting to his side,
Noble Ulysses with indignant brows
Survey'd him, and him thus reproved severe.
Thersites! Railer!—peace. Think not thyself,
Although thus eloquent, alone exempt
From obligation not to slander Kings.
I deem thee most contemptible, the worst
Of Agamemnon's followers to the war;

[4] The extremest provocation is implied in this expression, which Thersites quotes exactly as he had heard it from the lips of Achilles.

Presume not then to take the names revered
Of Sovereigns on thy sordid lips, to asperse
Their sacred character, and to appoint
The Greeks a time when they shall voyage home.
How soon, how late, with what success at last
We shall return, we know not: but because
Achaia's heroes numerous spoils allot
To Agamemnon, Leader of the host,
Thou therefore from thy seat revilest the King.
But mark me. If I find thee, as even now,
Raving and foaming at the lips again,
May never man behold Ulysses' head
On these my shoulders more, and may my son
Prove the begotten of another Sire,
If I not strip thee to that hide of thine
As bare as thou wast born, and whip thee hence
Home to thy galley. sniveling like a boy.
He ceased, and with his sceptre on the back
And shoulders smote him. Writhing to and fro,
He wept profuse, while many a bloody whelk
Protuberant beneath the sceptre sprang.
Awe-quell'd he sat, and from his visage mean,
Deep-sighing, wiped the rheums. It was no time
For mirth, yet mirth illumined every face,
And laughing, thus they spake. A thousand acts
Illustrious, both by well-concerted plans
And prudent disposition of the host
Ulysses hath achieved, but this by far
Transcends his former praise, that he hath quell'd
Such contumelious rhetoric profuse.
The valiant talker shall not soon, we judge,
Take liberties with royal names again.

So spake the multitude. Then, stretching forth
The sceptre, city-spoiler Chief, arose
Ulysses. Him beside, herald in form,
Appeared Minerva. Silence she enjoined
To all, that all Achaia's sons might hear,
Foremost and rearmost, and might weigh his words.
He then his counsel, prudent, thus proposed.
Atrides! Monarch! The Achaians seek
To make thee ignominious above all
In sight of all mankind. None recollects
His promise more in steed-famed Argos pledged,
Here to abide till Ilium wall'd to heaven
Should vanquish'd sink, and all her wealth be ours.
No—now, like widow'd women, or weak boys,
They whimper to each other, wishing home.
And home, I grant, to the afflicted soul
Seems pleasant[5]. The poor seaman from his wife
One month detain'd, cheerless his ship and sad
Possesses, by the force of wintry blasts,
And by the billows of the troubled deep
Fast lock'd in port. But us the ninth long year
Revolving, finds camp'd under Ilium still.
I therefore blame not, if they mourn beside
Their sable barks, the Greecians. Yet the shame
That must attend us after absence long
Returning unsuccessful, who can bear?
Be patient, friends! wait only till we learn
If Calchas truly prophecied, or not;
For well we know, and I to all appeal,
Whom Fate hath not already snatch'd away,

[5] Some for πόνος here read πόθος; which reading I have adopted for the sake both of perspicuity and connexion.

(It seems but yesterday, or at the most
A day or two before,) that when the ships
Woe-fraught for Priam, and the race of Troy,
At Aulis met, and we beside the fount
With perfect hecatombs the Gods adored
Beneath the plane-tree, from whose root a stream
Ran crystal-clear, there we beheld a sign
Wonderful in all eyes. A serpent huge,
Tremendous spectacle! with crimson spots
His back all dappled, by Olympian Jove
Himself protruded, from the altar's foot
Slipp'd into light, and glided to the tree.
There on the topmost bough, close-cover'd sat
With foliage broad, eight sparrows, younglings all,
Then newly feather'd, with their dam, the ninth.
The little ones lamenting shrill he gorged,
While, wheeling o'er his head, with screams the dam
Bewail'd her darling brood. Her also, next,
Hovering and clamouring, he by the wing
Within his spiry folds drew, and devoured.
All eaten thus, the nestlings and the dam,
The God who sent him, signalized him too,
For him Saturnian Jove transform'd to stone.
We wondering stood, to see that strange portent
Intrude itself into our holy rites,
When Calchas, instant, thus the sign explain'd.
Why stand ye, Greeks, astonish'd? Ye behold
A prodigy by Jove himself produced,
An omen, whose accomplishment indeed
Is distant, but whose fame shall never die.
E'en as this serpent in your sight devour'd
Eight youngling sparrows, with their dam, the ninth,

So we nine years must war on yonder plain,
And in the tenth, wide-bulwark'd Troy is ours.
So spake the seer, and as he spake, is done.
Wait, therefore, brave Achaians! go not hence
Till Priam's spacious city be your prize.
He ceased, and such a shout ensued, that all
The hollow ships the deafening roar return'd
Of acclamation, every voice the speech
Extolling of Ulysses, glorious Chief.
Then Nestor the Gerenian, warrior old,
Arising, spake; and, by the Gods, he said,
Ye more resemble children inexpert
In war, than disciplined and prudent men.
Where now are all your promises and vows,
Councils, libations, right-hand covenants?
Burn them, since all our occupation here
Is to debate and wrangle, whereof end
Or fruit though long we wait, shall none be found.
But, Sovereign, be not thou appall'd. Be firm.
Relax not aught of thine accustomed sway,
But set the battle forth as thou art wont.
And if there be a Grecian, here and there,
One[6], adverse to the general voice, let such
Wither alone. He shall not see his wish
Gratified, neither will we hence return
To Argos, ere events shall yet have proved
Jove's promise false or true. For when we climb'd
Our gallant barks full-charged with Ilium's fate,
Saturnian Jove omnipotent, that day,
(Omen propitious!) thunder'd on the right.
Let no man therefore pant for home, till each

[6] Nestor is supposed here to glance at Achilles.

Possess a Trojan spouse, and from her lips
Take sweet revenge for Helen's pangs of heart.
Who then? What soldier languishes and sighs
To leave us? Let him dare to lay his hand
On his own vessel, and he dies the first.
But hear, O King! I shall suggest a course
Not trivial. Agamemnon! sort the Greeks
By districts and by tribes, that tribe may tribe
Support, and each his fellow. This performed,
And with consent of all, thou shalt discern
With ease what Chief, what private man deserts,
And who performs his part. The base, the brave.
Such disposition made, shall both appear;
And thou shalt also know, if heaven or we,
The Gods, or our supineness, succour Troy.
To whom Atrides, King of men, replied.
Old Chief! Thou passest all Achaia's sons
In consultation; would to Jove our Sire,
To Athenæan Pallas, and Apollo!
That I had ten such coadjutors, wise
As thou art, and the royal city soon
Of Priam, with her wealth, should all be ours.
But me the son of Saturn, Jove supreme
Himself afflicts, who in contentious broils
Involves me, and in altercation vain.
Thence all that wordy tempest for a girl
Achilles and myself between, and I
The fierce aggressor. Be that breach but heal'd!
And Troy's reprieve thenceforth is at an end.
Go—take refreshment now that we may march
Forth to our enemies. Let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk

High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war.
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle. Pause there shall be none
Till night divide us. Every buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, every hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and every steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain.
Woe then to whom I shall discover here
Loitering among the tents; let him escape
My vengeance if he can. The vultures' maw
Shall have his carcase, and the dogs his bones.
He spake; whom all applauded with a shout
Loud as against some headland cliff the waves
Roll'd by the stormy South o'er rocks that shoot
Afar into the deep, which in all winds
The flood still overspreads, blow whence they may.
Arising, forth they rush'd, among the ships
All scatter'd; smoke from every tent arose,
The host their food preparing; next, his God
Each man invoked (of the Immortals him
Whom he preferr'd) with sacrifice and prayer
For safe escape from danger and from death.
But Agamemnon to Saturnian Jove
Omnipotent, an ox of the fifth year
Full-flesh'd devoted, and the Princes call'd
Noblest of all the Grecians to his feast.
First, Nestor with Idomeneus the King,
Then either Ajax, and the son he call'd
Of Tydeus, with Ulysses sixth and last,
Jove's peer in wisdom. Menelaus went,

Heroic Chief! unbidden, for he knew
His brother's mind with weight of care oppress'd.
The ox encircling, and their hands with meal
Of consecration fill'd, the assembly stood,
When Agamemnon thus his prayer preferred.
Almighty Father! Glorious above all!
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in heaven thy throne sublime,
Let not the sun go down, till Priam's roof
Fall flat into the flames; till I shall burn
His gates with fire; till I shall hew away
His hack'd and riven corslet from the breast
Of Hector, and till numerous Chiefs, his friends,
Around him, prone in dust, shall bite the ground.
So prayed he, but with none effect. The God
Received his offering, but to double toil
Doom'd them, and sorrow more than all the past.
They then, the triturated barley grain,
First duly sprinkling, the sharp steel infix'd
Deep in the victim's neck reversed, then stripp'd
The carcase, and divided at their joint
The thighs, which in the double cawl involved
They spread with slices crude, and burn'd with fire
Ascending fierce from billets sere and dry.
The spitted entrails next they o'er the coals
Suspended held. The thighs with fire consumed,
They gave to each his portion of the maw,
Then slash'd the remnant, piereed it with the spits,
And managing with culinary skill
The roast, withdrew it from the spits again.
Thus, all their task accomplish'd, and the board
Set forth, they feasted, and were all suffieed.
When neither hunger more nor thirst remain'd
Unsatisfied, Gerenian Nestor spake.

Atrides! Agamemnon! King of men!
No longer waste we time in useless words,
Nor to a distant hour postpone the work
To which heaven calls thee. Send thine heralds forth.
Who shall convene the Achaians at the fleet,
That we, the Chiefs assembled here, may range,
Together, the imbattled multitude,
And edge their spirits for immediate fight.
He spake, nor Agamemnon not complied.
At once he bade his clear-voiced heralds call
The Greeks to battle. They the summons loud
Gave forth, and at the sound the people throng'd.
Then Agamemnon and the Kings of Greece
Dispatchful drew them into order just,
With whom Minerva azure-eyed advanced,
The inestimable Ægis on her arm,
Immortal, unobnoxious to decay.
An hundred braids, close twisted, all of gold,
Each valued at an hundred beeves[7], around
Dependent fringed it. She from side to side
Her eyes cærulean rolled, infusing thirst
Of battle endless into every breast.
War won them now, war sweeter now to each
Than gales to waft them over ocean home.
As when devouring flames some forest seize
On the high mountains, splendid from afar
The blaze appears, so, moving on the plain,
The steel-clad host innumerous flash'd to heaven.
And as a multitude of fowls in flocks
Assembled various, geese, or cranes, or swans
Lithe-neck'd, long hovering o'er Caÿster's banks
On wanton plumes, successive on the mead

[7] Money stamped with the figure of an ox.

Alight at last, and with a clang so loud
That all the hollow vale of Asius rings;
In number such from ships and tents effused,
They cover'd the Scamandrian plain; the earth
Rebellow'd to the feet of steeds and men.
They overspread Scamander's grassy vale,
Myriads, as leaves, or as the flowers of spring.
As in the hovel where the peasant milks
His kine in spring-time, when his pails are fil'ld,
Thick clouds of humming insects on the wing
Swarm all around him, so the Grecians swarm'd
An unsumm'd multitude o'er all the plain,
Bright arm'd, high crested, and athirst for war.
As goat-herds separate their numerous flocks
With ease, though fed promiscuous, with like ease
Their leaders them on every side reduced
To martial order glorious; among whom
Stood Agamemnon "with an eye like Jove's,
To threaten or command," like Mars in girth,
And with the port of Neptune. As the bull
Conspicuous among all the herd appears,
For He surpasses all, such Jove ordain'd
That day the son of Atreus, in the midst
Of Heroes, eminent above them all.

Tell me, (for ye are heavenly, and beheld
A scene, whereof the faint report alone
Hath reached our ears, remote and ill-informed,)
Tell me, ye Muses, under whom, beneath
What Chiefs of royal or of humbler note
Stood forth the embattled Greeks? The host at large;
They were a multitude in number more
Then with ten tongues, and with ten mouths, each mouth

Made vocal with a trumpet's throat of brass,
I might declare, unless the Olympian nine,
Jove's daughters, would the chronicle themselves
Indite, of all assembled, under Troy.
I will rehearse the Captains and their fleets.
Bœotia's sturdy sons Peneleus led,
And Leïtus, whose partners in command
Arcesilaus and Prothoenor came,
And Clonius. Them the dwellers on the rocks
Of Aulis followed, with the hardy clans
Of Hyrie, Schoenos, Scholos, and the hills
Of Eteon; Thespia, Græa, and the plains
Of Mycalessus them, and Harma served,
Eleon, Erythræ, Peteon; Hyle them,
Ilesius and Ocalea, and the strength
Of Medeon; Copæ also in their train
Marched, with Eutresis and the mighty men
Of Thisbe famed for doves; nor pass unnamed
Whom Coronæa, and the grassy land
Of Haliartus added to the war,
Nor whom Platæa, nor whom Glissa bred,
And Hypothebæ[8], and thy sacred groves
To Neptune, dark Onchestus. Arne claims
A record next for her illustrious sons,
Vine-bearing Arne. Thou wast also there
Mideia, and thou Nissa; nor be thine
Though last, Anthedon, a forgotten name.
These in Bœotia's fair and gallant fleet
Of fifty ships, each bearing o'er the waves
Thrice forty warriors, had arrived at Troy.

[8] Some say Thebes the less, others, the suburbs of Thebes the greater. It is certain that Thebes itself sent none.

In thirty ships deep-laden with the brave,
Aspledon and Orchomenos had sent
Their chosen youth; them ruled a noble pair,
Sons of Astyoche; she, lovely nymph,
Received by stealth, on Actor's stately roof,
The embraces of a God, and bore to Mars
Twins like himself, Ascalaphus the bold,
And bold Iälmenus, expert in arms.
Beneath Epistrophus and Schedius, took
Their destined station on Bœotia's left,
The brave Phocensians; they in forty ships
From Cyparissus came, and from the rocks
Of Python, and from Crissa the divine;
From Anemoria, Daulis, Panopeus,
And from Hyampolis, and from the banks
Of the Cephissus, sacred stream, and from
Lilæa, seated at its fountain-head.
Next from beyond Eubœa's happy isle
In forty ships conveyed, stood forth well armed
The Locrians; dwellers in Augeia some
The pleasant, some of Opoëis possessed,
Some of Calliarus; these Scarpha sent,
And Cynus those; from Bessa came the rest,
From Tarpha, Thronius, and from the brink
Of loud Boagrius; Ajax them, the swift,
Son of Oileus led, not such as he
From Telamon, big-boned and lofty built,
But small of limb, and of an humbler crest;
Yet he, competitor had none throughout
The Grecians of what land soe'er, for skill
In ushering to its mark the rapid lance.
Elphenor brought (Calchodon's mighty son)
The Eubœans to the field. In forty ships

From Histriæa for her vintage famed,
From Chalcis, from Iretria, from the gates
Of maritime Cerinthus, from the heights
Of Dios rock-built citadel sublime,
And from Caristus and from Styra came
His warlike multitudes, all named alike
Abantes, on whose shoulders fell behind
Their locks profuse, and they were eager all
To split the hauberk with the pointed spear.

Nor Athens had withheld her generous sons,
The people of Erectheus. Him of old
The teeming glebe produced, a wonderous birth!
And Pallas rear'd him: her own unctuous fane
She made his habitation, where with bulls
The youth of Athens, and with slaughter'd lambs
Her annual worship celebrate. Them led
Menestheus, whom, (sage Nestor's self except,
Thrice school'd in all events of human life,)
None rivall'd ever in the just array
Of horse and man to battle. Fifty ships
Black-prowed, had borne them to the distant war.

Ajax from Salamis twelve vessels brought,
And where the Athenian band in phalanx stood
Marshall'd compact, there station'd he his powers.

The men of Argos and Tyrintha next,
And of Hermione, that stands retired
With Asine, within her spacious bay;
Of Epidaurus, crown'd with purple vines,
And of Trœzena, with the Achaian youth
Of sea-begirt Ægina, and with thine,
Maseta, and the dwellers on thy coast,
Wave-worn Eïonæ; these all obeyed
The dauntless Hero Diomede, whom served

Sthenelus, son of Capaneus, a Chief
Of deathless fame, his second in command,
And Godlike man, Euryalus, the son
Of King Mecisteus, Talaüs' son, his third.
But Diomede controll'd them all, and him
Twice forty sable ships their leader own'd.
Came Agamemnon with a hundred ships,
Exulting in his powers; more numerous they,
And more illustrious far than other Chief
Could boast, whoever. Clad in burnish'd brass,
And conscious of pre-eminence, he stood.
He drew his host from cities far renown'd,
Mycenæ, and Corinthus, seat of wealth,
Orneia, and Cleonæ bulwark'd strong,
And lovely Aræthyria; Sicyon, where
His seat of royal power held at the first
Adrastus: Hyperesia, and the heights
Of Gonoëssa; Ægium, with the towns
That sprinkle all that far-extended coast,
Pellene also and wide Helice
With all their shores, were number'd in his train.
From hollow Lacedæmon's glen profound,
From Phare, Sparta, and from Messa, still
Resounding with the ring-dove's amorous moan,
From Brysia, from Augeia, from the rocks
Of Laas, from Amyela, Otilus,
And from the towers of Helos, at whose foot
The surf of Ocean falls, came sixty barks
With Menelaus. From the monarch's host
The royal brother ranged his own apart,
And panted for revenge of Helen's wrongs,
And of her sighs and tears. From rank to rank,

Conscious of dauntless might he pass'd, and sent
Into all hearts the fervour of his own.
Gerenian Nestor in thrice thirty ships
Had brought his warriors; they from Pylus came,
From blythe Arene, and from Thryos, built
Fast by the fords of Alpheus, and from steep
And stately Æpy. Their confederate powers
Sent Amphigenia, Cyparissa veiled
With broad redundance of funereal shades,
Pteleos and Helos, and of deathless fame
Dorion. In Dorion erst the Muses met
Threïcian Thamyris, on his return
From Eurytus, Oechalian Chief, and hush'd
His song for ever; for he dared to vaunt
That he would pass in song even themselves
The Muses, daughters of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
They, therefore, by his boast incensed, the bard
Struck blind, and from his memory dash'd severe
All traces of his once celestial strains.
Arcadia's sons, the dwellers at the foot
Of mount Cyllene, where Æpytus sleeps
Intomb'd; a generation bold in fight,
And warriors hand to hand; the valiant men
Of Pheneus, of Orchomenos by flocks
Grazed numberless, of Ripe, Stratia, bleak
Enispe; Mantinea city fair,
Stymphelus and Parrhasia, and the youth
Of Tegea; royal Agapenor these,
Ancæus' offspring, had in sixty ships
To Troy conducted; numerous was the crew,
And skilled in arms, which every vessel brought,
And Agamemnon had with barks himself

Supplied them, for, of inland realms possessed,
They little heeded maritime employs.
The dwellers in Buprasium, on the shores
Of pleasant Elis, and in all the land
Myrsinus and the Hyrminian plain between,
The rock Olenian, and the Alysian fount;
These all obey'd four Chiefs, and galleys ten
Each Chief commanded, with Epeans filled.
Amphimachus and Thalpius govern'd these,
This, son of Cteatus, the other, sprung
From Eurytus, and both of Actor's house.
Diores, son of Amarynceus, those
Led on, and, for his godlike form renown'd,
Polyxenus was Chieftain o'er the rest,
Son of Agasthenes, Augeias' son.
Dulichium, and her sister sacred isles
The Echinades, whose opposite aspect
Looks toward Elis o'er the curling waves,
Sent forth their powers with Meges at their head,
Brave son of Phyleus, warrior dear to Jove.
Phyleus in wrath, his father's house renounced,
And to Dulichium wandering, there abode.
Twice twenty ships had follow'd Meges forth.
Ulysses led the Cephallenians bold.
From Ithaca, and from the lofty woods
Of Neritus they came, and from the rocks
Of rude Ægilipa. Crocylia these,
And those Zacynthus own'd; nor yet a few
From Samos, from Epirus join'd their aid,
And from the opposite Ionian shore.
Them, wise as Jove himself, Ulysses led
In twelve fair ships, with crimson prows adorn'd.
From forty ships, Thoas, Andræmon's son,

Had landed his Ætolians; for extinct
Was Meleager, and extinct the house
Of Oeneus all, nor Oeneus self survived;
To Thoas therefore had Ætolia fallen;
Him Olenos, Pylene, Chalcis served,
With Pleuro, and the rock-bound Calydon.
Idomeneus, spear-practised warrior, led
The numerous Cretans. In twice forty ships
He brought his powers to Troy. The warlike bands
Of Cnossus, of Gortyna wall'd around,
Of Lyctus, of Lycastus chalky-white,
Of Phæstus, of Miletus, with the youth
Of Rhytius him obeyed; nor these were all,
But others from her hundred cities Crete
Sent forth, all whom Idomeneus the brave
Commanded, with Meriones in arms
Dread as the God of battles blood-imbrued.
Nine ships Tlepolemus, Herculean-born,
For courage famed and for superior size,
Fill'd with his haughty Rhodians. They, in tribes
Divided, dwelt distinct. Jelyssus these,
Those Lindus, and the rest the shining soil
Of white Camirus occupied. Him bore
To Hercules, (what time he led the nymph
From Ephyre, and from Sellea's banks,
After full many a city laid in dust,)
Astyocheia. In his father's house
Magnificent, Tlepolemus spear-famed
Had scarce up-grown to manhood's lusty prime,
When he his father's hoary uncle slew
Lycimnius, branch of Mars. Then built he ships,
And, pushing forth to sea, fled from the threats
Of the whole house of Hercules. Huge toil

And many woes he suffer'd, till at length
At Rhodes arriving, in three separate bands
He spread himself abroad. Much was he loved
Of all-commanding Jove, who bless'd him there,
And shower'd abundant riches on them all.
Nireus of Syma, with three vessels came;
Nireus, Aglæa's offspring, whom she bore
To Charopus the King; Nireus in form,
(The faultless son of Peleus sole except,)
Loveliest of all the Grecians call'd to Troy.
But he was heartless and his men were few.
Nisyrus, Casus, Crapathus, and Cos
Where reign'd Eurypylus, with all the isles
Calydnæ named, under two valiant Chiefs
Their troops disposed; Phidippus one, and one,
His brother Antiphus, begotten both
By Thessalus, whom Hercules begat.
In thirty ships they sought the shores of Troy.
The warriors of Pelasgian Argos next,
Of Alus, and Alope, and who held
Trechina, Phthia, and for women fair
Distinguish'd, Hellas; known by various names
Hellenes, Myrmidons, Achæans, them
In fifty ships embark'd, Achilles ruled.
But these were deaf to the hoarse-throated war,
For there was none to draw their battle forth,
And give them just array. Close in his ships
Achilles, after loss of the bright-hair'd
Brisëis, lay, resentful; her obtained
Not without labour hard, and after sack
Of Thebes and of Lyrnessus, where he slew
Two mighty Chiefs, sons of Evenus both,
Epistrophus and Mynes, her he mourn'd,

And for her sake self-prison'd in his fleet
And idle lay, though soon to rise again.
From Phylace, and from the flowery fields
Of Pyrrhasus, a land to Ceres given
By consecration, and from Iton green,
Mother of flocks; from Antron by the sea,
And from the grassy meads of Pteleus, came
A people, whom while yet he lived, the brave
Protesilaüs led; but him the earth
Now cover'd dark and drear. A wife he left,
To rend in Phylace her bleeding cheeks,
And an unfinish'd mansion. First he died
Of all the Greeks; for as he leap'd to land
Foremost by far, a Dardan struck him dead.
Nor had his troops, though filled with deep regret,
No leader; them Podarces led, a Chief
Like Mars in battle, brother of the slain,
But younger born, and from Iphiclus sprung
Who sprang from Phylacus the rich in flocks.
But him Protesilaüs, as in years,
So also in desert of arms excell'd
Heroic, whom his host, although they saw
Podarces at their head, still justly mourn'd;
For he was fierce in battle, and at Troy
With forty sable-sided ships arrived.
Eleven galleys, Pheræ on the lake,
And Boebe, and Iölchus, and the vale
Of Glaphyræ supplied with crews robust
Under Eumelus; him Alcestis, praised
For beauty above all her sisters fair,
In Thessaly to King Admetus bore.
Methone, and Olizon's craggy coast,
With Melibœa and Thaumasia sent

Seven ships; their rowers were good archers all,
And every vessel dipped into the wave
Her fifty oars. Them Philoctetes, skill'd
To draw with sinewy arm the stubborn bow,
Commanded; but he suffering anguish keen
Inflicted by a serpent's venom'd tooth,
Lay sick in Lemnos; him the Grecians there
Had left sore-wounded, but were destined soon
To call to dear remembrance whom they left.
Meantime, though sorrowing for his sake, his troops
Yet wanted not a Chief; them Medon ruled,
Whom Rhena to the far-famed conqueror bore
Oïleus, fruit of their unsanction'd loves.
From Tricca, from Ithome rough and rude
With rocks and glens, and from Oechalia, town
Of Eurytus Oechalian-born, came forth
Their warlike youth by Podalirius led
And by Machaon, healers both expert
Of all disease, and thirty ships were theirs.
The men of Ormenus, and from beside
The fountain Hypereia, from the tops
Of chalky Titan, and Asteria's band;
Them ruled Eurypylus, Evæmon's son
Illustrious, whom twice twenty ships obeyed.
Orthe, Gyrtone, Oloösson white,
Argissa and Helone; they their youth
Gave to control of Polypœtes, son
Undaunted of Pirithoüs, son of Jove.
Him, to Pirithoüs, (on the self-same day,
When he the Centaurs punish'd and pursued
Sheer to Æthicæ driven from Pelion's heights
The shaggy race) Hippodamia bore.
Nor he alone them led. With him was join'd

Leonteus dauntless warrior, from the bold
Coronus sprung, who Cænens call'd his sire.
Twice twenty ships awaited their command.
Guneus from Cyphus twenty and two ships
Led forth; the Enienes him obey'd,
And the robust Perœbi, warriors bold,
And dwellers on Dodona's wintry brow.
To these were join'd who till the pleasant fields
Where Titaresius winds; the gentle flood
Pours into Peneus all his limpid stores,
But with the silver-eddied Peneus flows
Unmixt as oil; for Stygian is his stream,
And Styx is the inviolable oath.
Last with his forty ships, Tenthredon's son,
The active Prothoüs came. From the green banks
Of Peneus his Magnesians far and near
He gather'd, and from Pelion forest-crown'd.
These were the princes and the Chiefs of Greece.
Say, Muse, who most in personal desert
Excell'd, and whose were the most warlike steeds
And of the noblest strain. Their hue, their age,
Their height the same, swift as the winds of heaven
And passing far all others, were the mares
Which drew Eumelus; on Pierian hills
The heavenly Archer of the silver bow,
Apollo, bred them. But of men, the chief
Was Telamonian Ajax, while wrath-bound
Achilles lay; for he was worthier far,
And more illustrious were the steeds which bore
The noble son of Peleus; but revenge
On Agamemnon leader of the host
Was all his thought, while in his gallant ships
Sharp-keel'd to cut the foaming flood, he lay.

Meantime, along the margin of the deep
His soldiers hurled the disk, or bent the bow,
Or to its mark dispatch'd the quivering lance.
Beside the chariots stood the unharness'd steeds
Cropping the lotus, or at leisure browzed
On celery wild, from watery freshes gleaned.
Beneath the shadow of the sheltering tent
The chariot stood, while they, the charioteers
Roam'd here and there the camp, their warlike lord
Regretting sad, and idle for his sake.
As if a fire had burnt along the ground,
Such seem'd their march; earth groan'd their steps beneath;
As when in Arimi, where fame reports
Typhoëus stretch'd, the fires of angry Jove
Down darted, lash the ground, so groan'd the earth
Beneath them, for they traversed swift the plain.
And now from Jove, with heavy tidings charged,
Wind-footed Iris to the Trojans came.
It was the time of council, when the throng
At Priam's gate assembled, young and old:
Them, standing nigh, the messenger of heaven
Accosted with the voice of Priam's son,
Polites. He, confiding in his speed
For sure deliverance, posted was abroad
On Æsyeta's tomb, intent to watch
When the Achaian host should leave the fleet.
The Goddess in his form thus them address'd.
Oh, ancient Monarch! Ever, evermore
Speaking, debating, as if all were peace:
I have seen many a bright-embattled field,
But never one so throng'd as this to-day.
For like the leaves, or like the sands they come
Swept by the winds, to gird the city round.

But Hector! chiefly thee I shall exhort.
In Priam's spacious city are allies
Collected numerous, and of nations wide-
Disseminated various are the tongues.
Let every Chief his proper troop command,
And marshal his own citizens to war.
She ceased; her Hector heard intelligent,
And quick dissolved the council. All took arms.
Wide flew the gates; forth rush'd the multitude,
Horsemen and foot, and boisterous stir arose.
In front of Ilium, distant on the plain,
Clear all around from all obstruction, stands
An eminence high-raised, by mortal men
Call'd Batiea, but the Gods the tomb
Have named it of Myrinna swift in fight.
Troy and her aids there set the battle forth.
Huge Priameian Hector, fierce in arms,
Led on the Trojans; with whom march'd the most
And the most valiant, dexterous at the spear.
Æneas, (on the hills of Ida him
The lovely Venus to Anchises bore,
A Goddess by a mortal man embraced)
Led the Dardanians; but not he alone;
Archilochus with him and Acamas
Stood forth, the offspring of Antenor, each,
And well instructed in all forms of war.
Fast by the foot of Ida, where they drank
The limpid waters of Æsepus, dwelt,
The Trojans of Zeleia. Rich were they
And led by Pandarus, Lycaon's son,
Whom Phœbus self graced with the bow he bore.
Apæsus, Adrastea, Terie steep,
And Pitueia—them, Amphius clad

In mail thick-woven, and Adrastus, ruled.
They were the sons of the Percosian seer
Merops, expert in the sooth-sayers' art
Above all other; he his sons forbad
The bloody fight, but disobedient they
Still sought it, for their destiny prevailed.
The warriors of Percote, and who dwelt
In Praetius, in Arisba, city fair,
In Sestus, in Abydus, march'd behind
Princely Hyrtaeides; his tawny steeds,
Strong-built and tall, from Selleentes' bank
And from Arisba, had him borne to Troy.
Hippothous and Pilæus, branch of Mars,
Both sons of Lethus the Pelasgian, they,
Forth from Larissa for her fertile soil
Far-famed, the spear-expert Pelasgians brought.
The Thracians (all whom Hellespont includes
Within the banks of his swift-racing tide)
Heroic Acamas and Pirous led.
Euphemus, offspring of Trœzenus, son
Of Jove-protected Ceas, was the Chief
Whom the spear-arm'd Ciconian band obey'd.
Pæonia's archers follow'd to the field
Pyræchmes; they from Amydon remote
Were drawn, where Axius winds; broad Axius, stream
Diffused delightful over all the vale.
Pylæmenes, a Chief of giant might
From the Eneti for forest-mules renowned
March'd with his Paphlagonians; dwellers they
In Sesamus and in Cytorus were,
And by the stream Parthenius; Cromna these
Sent forth, and those Ægialus on the lip

And margin of the land, and some, the heights
Of Erythini, rugged and abrupt.
  Epistrophus and Odius from the land
Of Alybe, a region far remote,
Where veins of silver wind, led to the field
The Halizonians. With the Mysians came
Chromis their Chief, and Ennomus; him skill'd
In augury, but skill'd in vain, his art
Saved not, but by Æacides the swift,
With others in the Xanthus slain, he died.
  Ascanius, lovely youth, and Phorcis, led
The Phrygians from Ascania far remote,
Ardent for battle. The Mœonian race,
(All those who at the foot of Tmolus dwelt,)
Mesthles and Antiphus, fraternal pair,
Sons of Pylæmenes commanded, both
Of the Gygæan lake in Lydia born.
  Amphimachus and Nastes led to fight
The Carians, people of a barbarous speech,
With the Milesians, and the mountain-race
Of wood-crown'd Phthira, and who dwelt beside
Mæander, or on Mycale sublime.
Them led Amphimachus and Nastes, sons
Renown'd of Nomion. Like a simple girl
Came forth Amphimachus with gold bedight,
But him his trappings from a woeful death
Saved not, when whirled beneath the bloody tide
To Peleus' stormy son his spoils he left.
  Sarpedon with the noble Glaucus led
Their warriors forth from farthest Lycia, where
Xanthus deep-dimpled rolls his oozy tide.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The armies meet. Paris throws out a challenge to the Grecian Princes. Menelaus accepts it. The terms of the combat are adjusted solemnly by Agamemnon on the part of Greece, and by Priam on the part of Troy. The combat ensues, in which Paris is vanquished, whom yet Venus rescues. Agamemnon demands from the Trojans a performance of the covenant.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK III.

Now marshall'd all beneath their several chiefs,
With deafening shouts, and with the clang of arms,
The host of Troy advanced. Such clang is heard
Along the skies, when from incessant showers
Escaping, and from winter's cold, the cranes
Take wing, and over Ocean speed away;
Woe to the land of dwarfs! prepared, they fly
For slaughter of the small Pygmæan race.
Not so the Greeks; they breathing valour came,
But silent all, and all with faithful hearts
On succour mutual to the last, resolved.
As when the south wind wraps the mountain top
In mist the shepherd's dread, but to the thief
Than night itself more welcome, and the eye
Is bounded in its ken to a stone's cast,
Such from beneath their footsteps dun and dense
Uprose the dust, for swift they cross the plain.
When, host to host opposed, full nigh they stood,
Then Alexander[1] in the Trojan van
Advanced was seen, all beauteous as a God;
His leopard's skin, his falchion and his bow

[1] Paris, frequently named Alexander in the original.

Hung from his shoulder; bright with heads of brass
He shook two spears, and challenged to the fight
The bravest Argives there, defying all.
Him, striding haughtily his host before
When Menelaus saw, such joy he felt
As hunger-pinch'd the lion feels, by chance
Conducted to some carcase huge, wild goat,
Or antler'd stag; huntsmen and baying hounds
Disturb not *him*, he gorges in their sight.
So Menelaus at the view rejoiced
Of lovely Alexander, for he hoped
His punishment at hand. At once, all armed,
Down from his chariot to the ground he leap'd.
When Godlike Paris him in front beheld
Conspicuous, his heart smote him, and his fate
Avoiding, far within the lines he shrank.
As one, who in some woodland height descrying
A serpent huge, with sudden start recoils,
His limbs shake under him; with cautious step
He slow retires; fear blanches cold his cheeks;
So beauteous Alexander at the sight
Of Atreus' son dishearten'd sore, the ranks
Of haughty Trojans enter'd deep again:
Him Hector eyed, and thus rebuked severe.
Curst Paris! Fair deceiver! Woman-mad!
I would to all in heaven that thou hadst died
Unborn, at least unmated! happier far
Than here to have incurr'd this public shame!
Well may the Greecians taunt, and laughing loud,
Applaud the champion, slow indeed to fight
And pusillanimous, but wonderous fair.
Wast thou as timid, tell me, when with those

Thy loved companions in that famed exploit,
Thou didst consort with strangers, and convey
From distant lands a warrior's beauteous bride
To be thy father's and his people's curse,
Joy to our foes, but to thyself reproach?
Behold her husband! Darest thou not to face
The warlike prince? Now learn how brave a Chief
Thou hast defrauded of his blooming spouse.
Thy lyre, thy locks, thy person, specious gifts
Of partial Venus, will avail thee nought,
Once mixt by Menelaus with the dust.
But we are base ourselves, or long ago,
For all thy numerous mischiefs, thou hadst slept
Secure beneath a coverlet[2] of stone
Then Godlike Alexander thus replied.
Oh Hector, true in temper as the axe
Which in the shipwright's hand the naval plank
Divides resistless, doubling all his force,
Such is thy dauntless spirit, whose reproach
Perforce I own, nor causeless nor unjust.
Yet let the gracious gifts uncensured pass
Of golden Venus; man may not reject
The glorious bounty by the Gods bestow'd,
Nor follows their beneficence our choice.
But if thy pleasure be that I engage
With Menelaus in decision fierce
Of desperate combat, bid the host of Troy
And bid the Greccians sit; then face to face
Commit us, in the vacant field between,
To fight for Helen and for all her wealth.

[2] Λάϊνον ἔσσο χιτῶνα.

Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
And her's possess'd, shall bear them safe away;
While ye (peace sworn and firm accord) shall dwell
At Troy, and these to Argos shall return
And to Achaia praised for women fair.

He ceased, whom Hector heard with joy; he moved
Into the middle space, and with his spear
Advanced athwart push'd back the Trojan van,
And all stood fast. Meantime at him the Greeks
Discharged full volley, showering thick around
From bow and sling; when with a mighty voice
Thus Agamemnon, leader of the host.

Argives! Be still—shoot not, ye sons of Greece!
Hector bespeaks attention. Hear the Chief!

He said, at once the Greecians ceased to shoot,
And all sat silent. Hector then began.

Hear me, ye Trojans, and ye Greeks mail-arm'd,
While I shall publish in your ears the words
Of Alexander, author of our strife.
Trojans, he bids, and Greecians on the field
Their arms dispose; while he, the hosts between,
With warlike Menelaus shall in fight
Contend for Helen, and for all her wealth.
Who strongest proves, and conquers, he, of her
And her's possest, shall bear them safe away,
And oaths of amity shall bind the rest

He ceased, and all deep silence held, amazed;
When valiant Menelaus thus began.

Hear now me also, on whose aching heart
These woes have heaviest fallen. At last I hope
Decision near, Trojans and Greeks between,
For ye have suffer'd in my quarrel much,

And much by Paris, author of the war.
Die he who must, and peace be to the rest.
But ye shall hither bring two lambs, one white,
The other black; this to the Earth devote,
That to the Sun. We shall ourselves supply
A third for Jove. Then bring ye Priam forth,
Himself to swear the covenant, (for his sons
Are faithless) lest the oath of Jove be scorn'd.
Young men are ever of unstable mind;
But when an elder interferes, he views
Future and past together, and insures
The compact, to both parties, uninfringed.
So Menelaus spake; and in all hearts
Awaken'd joyful hope that there should end
War's long calamities. Alighted each,
And drew his steeds into the lines. The field
Glitter'd with arms put off, and side by side,
Ranged orderly, while the interrupted war
Stood front to front, small interval between.
Then Hector to the city sent in haste
Two heralds for the lambs, and to invite
Priam; while Agamemnon, royal Chief,
Talthybius to the Grecian fleet dismiss'd
For a third lamb to Jove; nor he the voice
Of noble Agamemnon disobey'd.
Iris, ambassadress of heaven, the while,
To Helen came. Laodice she seem'd,
Loveliest of all the daughters of the house
Of Priam, wedded to Antenor's son,
King Helicaon. Her she found within.
An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake
Beneath the hands of Mars endured by Greeks

Mail-arm'd, and Trojans of equestrian fame.
Swift Iris, at her side, her thus address'd.
Haste, dearest nymph! a wonderous sight behold!
Greeks brazen-mail'd, and Trojans steed-renown'd,
So lately on the cruel work of Mars
Intent and hot for mutual havoc, sit
Silent; the war hath paused, and on his shield
Each leans, his long spear planted at his side.
Paris and Menelaus, warrior bold,
With quivering lances shall contend for thee,
And thou art his who conquers; his for ever.
So saying, the Goddess into Helen's soul
Sweetest desire infused to see again
Her former Lord, her parents, and her home.
At once o'ermantled with her snowy veil
She started forth, and as she went, let fall
A tender tear; not unaccompanied
She went, but by two maidens of her train
Attended, Æthra, Pittheus' daughter fair,
And soft-eyed Clymene. Their hasty steps
Convey'd them quickly to the Scæan gate.
There Priam, Panthoüs, Clytius, Lampus sat,
Thymoetes, Hicetaon, branch of Mars,
Antenor and Ucalegon the wise,
All, elders of the people; warriors erst,
But idle now through age, yet of a voice
Still indefatigable as the fly's[3]
Which perch'd among the boughs sends forth at noon
Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.

[3] Not the grasshopper, but an insect well known in hot countries, and which in Italy is called Cicála. The Grasshopper rests on the ground, but the favourite abode of the Cicála is in the trees and hedges.

Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,
Who, soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
In accents quick, but whisper'd, thus remark'd.
Trojans and Greecians wage, with fair excuse,
Long war for so much beauty. Oh, how like
In feature to the Goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art and all divine,
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons.
So they among themselves; but Priam call'd
Fair Helen to his side. My daughter dear!
Come, sit beside me. Thou shalt hence discern
Thy former Lord, thy kindred and thy friends.
I charge no blame on thee. The Gods have caused,
Not thou, this lamentable war to Troy.
Name to me yon Achaian Chief for bulk
Conspicuous, and for port. Taller indeed
I may perceive than he; but with these eyes
Saw never yet such dignity, and grace.
Declare his name. Some royal Chief he seems.
To whom thus Helen, loveliest of her sex.
My other Sire! by me for ever held
In reverence, and with filial fear beloved!
Oh that some cruel death had been my choice,
Rather than to abandon, as I did,
All joys domestic, matrimonial bliss,
Brethren, dear daughter, and companions dear,
A wanderer with thy son. Yet I alas!
Died not, and therefore now, live but to weep.
But I resolve thee. Thou behold'st the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, mighty king,
In arms heroic, gracious in the throne,

And, (though it shame me now to call him such,)
By nuptial ties a brother once to me.
Then him the ancient King admiring, said.
Oh blest Atrides, happy was thy birth,
And thy lot glorious, whom this gallant host
So numerous, of the sons of Greece obey!
To vine-famed Phrygia, in my days of youth,
I journey'd; many Phrygians there I saw,
Brave horsemen, and expert; they were the powers
Of Otreus and of Mygdon, Godlike Chief,
And on the banks of Sangar's stream encamp'd.
I march'd among them, chosen in that war
Ally of Phrygia, and it was her day
Of conflict with the man-defying race,
The Amazons; yet multitudes like these
Thy bright-eyed Greeks, I saw not even there.
The venerable King observing next
Ulysses, thus enquired. My child, declare
Him also. Shorter by the head he seems
Than Agamemnon, Atreus' mighty son,
But shoulder'd broader, and of ampler chest;
He hath disposed his armour on the plain,
But like a ram, himself the warrior ranks
Ranges majestic; like a ram full-fleeced
By numerous sheep encompass'd snowy-white.
To whom Jove's daughter Helen thus replied.
In him the son of old Laertes know,
Ulysses; born in Ithaca the rude,
But of a piercing wit, and deeply wise.
Then answer thus, Antenor sage return'd.
Princess thou hast described him: hither once
The noble Ithacan, on thy behalf

Embassador with Menelaus, came:
Beneath my roof, with hospitable fare
Friendly I entertained them. Seeing then
Occasion opportune, I closely mark'd
The genius and the talents of the Chiefs,
And this I noted well; that when they stood
Amid the assembled counsellors of Troy,
Then Menelaus his advantage show'd,
Who by the shoulders overtopp'd his friend.
But when both sat, Ulysses in his air
Had more of state and dignity than he.
In the delivery of a speech address'd
To the full senate, Menelaus used
Few words, but to the matter, fitly ranged,
And with much sweetness utter'd; for in loose
And idle play of ostentatious terms
He dealt not, though he were the younger man.
But when the wise Ulysses from his seat
Had once arisen, he would his downcast eyes
So rivet on the earth, and with a hand
That seem'd untutor'd in its use, so hold
His sceptre, swaying it to neither side,
That hadst thou seen him, thou hadst thought him, sure,
Some chafed and angry idiot, passion-fixt.
Yet, when at length, the clear and mellow base
Of his deep voice brake forth, and he let fall
His chosen words like flakes of feather'd snow,
None then might match Ulysses; leisure, then,
Found none to wonder at his noble form.

The third of whom the venerable king
Enquired, was Ajax.—Yon Achaian tall,
Whose head and shoulders tower above the rest,
And of such bulk prodigious—who is he?

Him answer'd Helen, loveliest of her sex.
A bulwark of the Greeks. In him thou seest
Gigantic Ajax. Opposite appear
The Cretans, and among the Chiefs of Crete
Stands, like a God, Idomeneus. Him oft
From Crete arrived, was Menelaus wont
To entertain; and others now I see,
Achaians, whom I could recall to mind,
And give to each his name; but two brave youths
I yet discern not; for equestrian skill
One famed, and one a boxer never foiled;
My brothers; born of Leda; sons of Jove;
Castor and Pollux. Either they abide
In lovely Sparta still, or if they came,
Decline the fight, by my disgrace abash'd,
And the reproaches which have fallen on me.
She said; but they already slept inhumed
In Lacedemon, in their native soil.
And now the heralds, through the streets of Troy
Charged with the lambs, and with a goat-skin filled
With heart-exhilarating wine prepared
For that divine solemnity, return'd.
Idæus in his hand a beaker bore
Resplendent, with its fellow cups of gold,
And thus he summon'd ancient Priam forth.
Son of Laomedon, arise. The Chiefs
Call thee, the Chiefs of Ilium and of Greece.
Descend into the plain. We strike a truce,
And need thine oath to bind it. Paris fights
With warlike Menelaus for his spouse;
Their spears decide the strife. The conqueror wins
Helen and all her treasures. We, thenceforth,
(Peace sworn and amity,) shall dwell secure

In Troy, while they to Argos shall return
And to Achaia praised for women fair.
He spake, and Priam, shuddering, bade his train
Prepare his steeds; they sedulous obey'd.
First, Priam mounting, backward stretch'd the reins;
Antenor, next, beside him sat, and through
The Scæan gate they drove into the plain.
Arriving at the hosts of Greece and Troy
They left the chariot, and proceeded both
Into the interval between the hosts.
Then uprose Agamemnon, and uprose
All-wise Ulysses. Next, the heralds came
Conspicuous forward, expediting each
The ceremonial; they the beaker fill'd
With wine, and to the hands of all the kings
Minister'd water. Agamemnon then
Drawing his dagger which he ever bore
Appendant to his heavy falchion's sheath,
Cut off the forelocks of the lambs, of which
The heralds gave to every Greecian Chief
A portion, and to all the Chiefs of Troy.
Then Agamemnon raised his hands, and pray'd.
Jove, Father, who from Ida stretchest forth
Thine arm omnipotent, o'erruling all,
And thou, all-seeing and all-hearing sun,
Ye rivers, and thou conscious earth, and ye
Who under earth on human kind avenge
Severe, the guilt of violated oaths,
Hear ye, and ratify what now we swear!
Should Paris slay the hero amber-hair'd,
My brother Menelaus, Helen's wealth
And Helen's self are his, and all our host

Shall home return to Greece; but should it chance
That Paris fall by Menelaus' hand,
Then Troy shall render back what she detains,
With such amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times.
Which penalty should Priam and his sons
Not pay, though Paris fall, then here in arms
I will contend for payment of the mulct
My due, till, satisfied, I close the war.
He said, and with his ruthless steel the lambs
Stretch'd panting all, but soon they ceased to pant,
For mortal was the stroke. Then drawing forth
Wine from the beaker, they with brimming cups
Hail'd the immortal Gods, and pray'd again,
And many a Grecian thus and Trojan spake.
All-glorious Jove, and ye the powers of heaven,
Whoso shall violate this contract first,
So be the brains of them and of their sons
Pour'd out, as we this wine pour on the earth,
And may their wives bring forth to other men!
So they: but them Jove heard not. Then arose
Priam, the son of Dardanus, and said,
Hear me, ye Trojans and ye Greeks well-arm'd.
Hence back to wind-swept Ilium I return,
Unable to sustain the sight, my son
With warlike Menelaus match'd in arms.
Jove knows, and the immortal Gods, to whom
Of both, this day is preordain'd the last.
So spake the godlike monarch, and disposed
Within the royal chariot all the lambs;
Then, mounting, cheek'd the reins; Antenor next
Ascended, and to Ilium both return'd.

First, Hector and Ulysses, noble Chief,
Measured the ground; then taking lots for proof
Who of the combatants should foremost hurl
His spear, they shook them in a brazen casque;
Meantime the people raised their hands on high,
And many a Greecian thus and Trojan pray'd.
Jove, Father, who on Ida seated, seest
And rulest all below, glorious in power!
Of these two champions, to the drear abodes
Of Ades him appoint who furnish'd first
The cause of strife between them, and let peace
Oath-bound, and amity unite the rest!
So spake the hosts; then Hector shook the lots,
Majestic Chief, turning his face aside.
Forth sprang the lot of Paris. They in ranks
Sat all, where stood the fiery steeds of each,
And where his radiant arms lay on the field.
Illustrious Alexander his bright arms
Put on, fair Helen's paramour. He clasp'd
His polish'd greaves with silver studs secured;
His brother's corslet to his breast he bound,
Lycaon's, apt to his own shape and size,
And slung athwart his shoulders, bright emboss'd,
His brazen sword; his massy buckler broad
He took, and to his graceful head his casque
Adjusted elegant, which, as he moved,
Its bushy crest waved dreadful; last he seized,
Well fitted to his gripe, his ponderous spear.
Meantime the hero Menelaus made
Like preparation, and his arms put on.
When thus, from all the multitude apart,
Both combatants had arm'd, with eyes that flash'd
Defiance, to the middle space they strode,

Trojans and Greeks between. Astonishment
Seized all beholders. On the measured ground
Full near they stood, each brandishing on high
His massy spear, and each was fiery wroth.
First, Alexander his long-shadow'd spear
Sent forth, and on his smooth shield's surface struck
The son of Atreus, but the brazen guard
Pierced not, for at the disk, with blunted point
Reflex, his ineffectual weapon stay'd.
Then Menelaus to the fight advanced
Impetuous, after prayer offer'd to Jove.
King over all! now grant me to avenge
My wrongs on Alexander; now subdue
The aggressor under me; that men unborn
May shudder at the thought of faith abused,
And hospitality with rape repaid.
He said, and brandishing his massy spear,
Dismiss'd it. Through the burnish'd buckler broad
Of Priam's son the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his costly hauberk, and the vest
Ripp'd on his flank; but with a sideward bend
He baffled it, and baulk'd the dreadful death.
Then Menelaus drawing his bright blade,
Swung it aloft, and on the hairy crest
Smote him; but shiver'd into fragments small
The falchion at the stroke fell from his hand.
Vexation fill'd him; to the spacious heavens
He look'd, and with a voice of woe exclaim'd—
Jupiter! of all powers by man adored
To me most adverse! Confident I hoped
Revenge for Paris' treason, but my sword
Is shiver'd, and I sped my spear in vain.
So saying, he sprang on him, and his long crest

Seized fast; then, turning, drew him by that hold
Toward the Grecian host. The broider'd band
That underbraced his helmet at the chin,
Strain'd to his smooth neck with a ceaseless force,
Choak'd him; and now had Menelaus won
Deathless renown, dragging him off the field,
But Venus, foam-sprung Goddess, feeling quick
His peril imminent, snapp'd short the brace
Though stubborn, by a slaughter'd[4] ox supplied,
And the void helmet follow'd as he pull'd.
That prize the Hero, whirling it aloft,
Threw to his Greeks, who caught it and secured,
Then with vindictive strides he rush'd again
On Paris, spear in hand; but him involved
In mist opaque Venus with ease divine
Snatch'd thence, and in his chamber placed him, fill'd
With scents odorous, spirit-soothing sweets.
Nor stay'd the Goddess, but at once in quest
Of Helen went; her on a lofty tower
She found, where many a damsel stood of Troy,
Aud twitch'd her fragrant robe. In form she seem'd
An ancient matron, who, while Helen dwelt
In Lacedæmon, her unsullied wool
Dress'd for her, faithfullest of all her train.
Like her disguised the Goddess thus began.

Haste—Paris calls thee—on his sculptured couch,
(Sparkling alike his looks and his attire,)
He waits thy wish'd return. Thou would'st not dream
That he had fought; he rather seems prepared
For dance, or after dance, for soft repose.

[4] Because the hide of a beast that dies in health is tougher and fitter for use than of another that dies diseased.

So saying, she tumult raised in Helen's mind.
Yet soon as by her symmetry of neck,
By her love-kindling breasts and luminous eyes
She knew the Goddess, her she thus bespake.
Ah whence, deceitful deity! thy wish
Now to ensnare me? Would'st thou lure me, say,
To some fair city of Mæonian name
Or Phrygian, more remote from Sparta still?
Hast thou some human favourite also there?
Is it because Atrides hath prevailed
To vanquish Paris, and would bear me home
Unworthy as I am, that thou attempt'st
Again to cheat me? Go thyself—sit thou
Beside him,—for his sake renounce the skies;
Watch him, weep for him; till at length his wife
He deign to make thee, or perchance his slave.
I go not (now to go were shame indeed,)
To dress his couch; nor will I be the jest
Of all my sex in Ilium. Oh! my griefs
Are infinite, and more than I can bear.
To whom, the foam-sprung Goddess, thus incensed.
Ah wretch! provoke not me; lest in my wrath
Abandoning thee, I not hate thee less
Than now I fondly love thee, and beget
Such detestation of thee in all hearts,
Grecian and Trojan, that thou die abhorr'd.
The Goddess ceased. Jove's daughter, Helen, fear'd,
And, in her lucid veil close wrapt around,
Silent retired, of all those Trojan dames
Unseen, and Venus led, herself, the way.
Soon then as Alexander's fair abode
They reach'd, her maidens quick their tasks resumed,

And she to her own chamber lofty-roof'd
Ascended, loveliest of her sex. A seat
For Helen, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd,
To Paris opposite, the Queen of smiles
Herself disposed; but with averted eyes
She sat before him, and him keen reproach'd.
Thou hast escaped.—Ah would that thou had'st died
By that heroic arm, mine husband's erst!
Thou once didst vaunt thee in address and strength
Superior. Go then—challenge yet again
The warlike Menelaus forth to fight.
But hold. The hero of the amber locks
Provoke no more so rashly, lest the point
Of his victorious spear soon stretch thee dead.
She ended, to whom Paris thus replied.
Ah Helen, wound me not with taunt severe!
Me, Menelaus, by Minerva's aid,
Hath vanquish'd now, who may hereafter, him.
We also have our Gods. But let us love.
For never since the day when thee I bore
From pleasant Lacedæmon o'er the waves
To Cranäe's fair isle, and first enjoy'd
Thy beauty, loved I as I love thee now,
Or felt such sweetness of intense desire.
He spake, and sought his bed, whom follow'd soon
Jove's daughter, reconciled to his embrace.
But Menelaus like a lion ranged
The multitude, enquiring far and near
For Paris lost. Yet neither Trojan him
Nor friend of Troy could shew, whom, else, through love
None had conceal'd, for him as death itself
All hated, but his going none had seen.

Amidst them all then spake the King of men.
Trojans, and Dardans, and allies of Troy!
The warlike Menelaus hath prevailed,
As is most plain. Now therefore bring ye forth
Helen with all her treasures, also bring
Such large amercement as is meet, a sum
To be remember'd in all future times.
So spake Atrides, and Achaia's host
With loud applause confirm'd the monarch's claim.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

In a Council of the Gods, a dispute arises between Jupiter and Juno, which is at last compromised, Jove consenting to dispatch Minerva with a charge to incite some Trojan to a violation of the truce. Minerva descends for that purpose, and in the form of Laodocus, a son of Priam, exhorts Pandarus to shoot at Menelaus, and succeeds. Menelaus is wounded, and Agamemnon having consigned him to the care of Machaon, goes forth to perform the duties of commander in chief, in the encouragement of his host to battle. The battle begins.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IV.

Now, on the golden floor of Jove's abode
The Gods all sat consulting; Hebe them,
Graceful, with nectar served; they pledging each
His next, alternate quaff'd from cups of gold,
And at their ease reclined, look'd down on Troy;
When, sudden, Jove essay'd by piercing speech
Invidious, to enkindle Juno's ire.

Two Goddesses on Menelaus' part
Confederate stand, Juno in Argos known,
Pallas in Alalcomene[1]; yet they
Sequester'd sit, look on, and are amused.
Not so smile-loving Venus; she, beside
Her champion station'd, saves him from his fate,
And at this moment, by her aid, he lives.
But now, since victory hath proved the lot
Of warlike Menelaus, weigh ye well
The matter; shall we yet the ruinous strife
Prolong between the nations, or consent
To give them peace? should peace your preference win,
And prove alike acceptable to all,

[1] A town of that name in Bœotia, where Pallas was particularly worshipped.

Stand Ilium, and let Menelaus bear
Helen of Argos back to Greece again.
He ended; Juno and Minerva heard,
Low-murmuring deep disgust; for side by side
They forging sat calamity to Troy.
Minerva through displeasure against Jove
Nought utter'd, for with rage her bosom boil'd;
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.
What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
How? wouldst thou render fruitless all my pains?
The sweat that I have pour'd? my steeds themselves
Have fainted while I gather'd Greece in arms
For punishment of Priam and his sons.
Do it. But small thy praise shall be in heaven.
Then her the Thunderer answer'd sore displeased.
Ah shameless! how have Priam and his sons
So much transgress'd against thee, that thou burn'st
With ceaseless rage to ruin populous Troy?
Go, make thine entrance at her lofty gates,
Priam and all his house, and all his host
Alive devour; then, haply, thou wilt rest;
Do even as thou wilt, that this dispute
Live not between us a consuming fire
For ever. But attend; mark well the word.
When I shall also doom in future time
Some city to destruction, dear to thee,
Oppose me not, but give my fury way
As I give way to thine, not pleased myself,
Yet not unsatisfied, so thou be pleased.
For of all cities of the sons of men,
And which the sun and stars from heaven behold,
Me sacred Troy most pleases, Priam me

Most, and the people of the warrior King.
Nor without cause. They feed mine altar well;
Libation there, and steam of savoury scent
Fail not, the tribute which by lot is ours.
Him answer'd, then, the Goddess ample-eyed[2],
Majestic Juno: Three fair cities me,
Of all the earth, most interest and engage,
Mycenæ for magnificence renown'd,
Argos, and Sparta. Them, when next thy wrath
Shall be inflamed against them, lay thou waste;
I will not interpose on their behalf;
Thou shalt not hear me murmur; what avail
Complaint or force against thy matchless arm?
Yet were it most unmeet that even I
Should toil in vain; I also boast a birth
Celestial; Saturn deeply wise, thy Sire,
Is also mine; our origin is one.
Thee I acknowledge Sovereign, yet account
Myself entitled by a twofold claim
To veneration both from Gods and men,
The daughter of Jove's sire, and spouse of Jove.
Concession mutual therefore both thyself
Befits and me, whom when the Gods perceive
Disposed to peace, they also shall accord.
Come then.—To yon dread field dispatch in haste
Minerva, with command that she incite
The Trojans first to violate their oath
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.
So Juno; nor the sire of all refused,
But in wing'd accents thus to Pallas spake.

[2] Βοῶπις, constant description of Juno, but not susceptible of literal translation.

Begone; swift fly to yonder field; incite
The Trojans first to violate their oath
By some fresh insult on the exulting Greeks.
The Goddess heard, and what she wish'd, enjoin'd,
Down-darted swift from the Olympian heights,
In form a meteor, such as from his hand
Not seldom Jove dismisses, beaming bright
And breaking into stars, an omen sent
To mariners, or to some numerous host.
Such Pallas seem'd, and swift descending, dropp'd
Full in the midst betwen them. They with awe
That sign portentous and with wonder view'd,
Achaians both and Trojans, and his next
The soldier thus bespake. Now either war
And dire hostility again shall flame,
Or Jove now gives us peace. Both are from Jove.
So spake the soldiery; but she the form
Taking of brave Laodocus, the son
Of old Antenor, throughout all the ranks
Sought godlike Pandarus. Ere long she found
The valiant son illustrious of Lycaon,
Standing encompass'd by his dauntless troops,
Broad-shielded warriors, from Æsepus' stream
His followers; to his side the Goddess came,
And in wing'd accents ardent him bespake.
Brave offspring of Lycaon, is there hope
That thou wilt hear my counsel? darest thou slip
A shaft at Menelaus? much renown
Thou shalt and thanks from all the Trojans win,
But most of all, from Paris, prince of Troy.
From him illustrious gifts thou shalt receive
Doubtless, when Menelaus he shall see

The martial son of Atreus by a shaft
Subdued of thine, placed on his funeral pile.
Come. Shoot at Menelaus, glorious Chief!
But vow to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.
So Pallas spake, to whom infatuate he
Listening, uncased at once his polish'd bow.
That bow, the laden brows of a wild goat
Salacious had supplied; him on a day
Forth-issuing from his cave, in ambush placed
He wounded with an arrow to his breast
Dispatch'd, and on the rock supine he fell.
Each horn had from his head tall growth attain'd,
Full sixteen palms; them shaven smooth the smith
Had aptly join'd, and tipt their points with gold.
That bow he strung, then, stooping, planted firm
The nether horn, his comrades bold the while
Screening him close with shields, lest ere the prince
Were stricken, Menelaus, brave in arms,
The Greeks with fierce assault should interpose.
He raised his quiver's lid; he chose a dart
Unflown, full-fledged, and barb'd with pangs of death.
He lodged in haste the arrow on the string,
And vow'd to Lycian Phœbus bow-renown'd
An hecatomb, all firstlings of the flock,
To fair Zeleia's walls once safe restored.
Compressing next nerve and notch'd arrow-head
He drew back both together, to his pap
Drew home the nerve, the barb home to his bow,
And when the horn was curved to a wide arch,

He twang'd it. Whizz'd the bowstring, and the reed
Leap'd off, impatient for the distant throng.
Thee, Menelaus, then the blessed Gods
Forgat not; Pallas huntress of the spoil,
Thy guardian then, baffled the cruel dart.
Far as a mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her slumbering babe, so far she drove
Its course aslant, directing it herself
Against the golden clasps that join'd his belt;
For there the doubled hauberk interposed.
The bitter arrow plunged into his belt.
It pierced his broider'd belt, stood fixt within
His twisted hauberk, nor the interior quilt,
Though penetrable least to arrow-points
And his best guard, withheld it, but it pass'd
That also, and the Hero's skin inscribed.
Quick flowed a sable current from the wound.
As when a Carian or Mæonian maid
Impurples ivory ordain'd to grace
The cheek of martial steed; safe stored it lies,
By many a Chief desired, but proves at last
The stately trapping of some prince, the pride
Of his high pamper'd steed, nor less his own;
Such, Menelaus, seem'd thy shapely thighs,
Thy legs, thy feet, stained with thy trickling blood.
Shudder'd King Agamemnon when he saw
The blood fast trickling from the wound, nor less
Shudder'd himself the bleeding warrior bold.
But neck and barb observing from the flesh
Extant, he gather'd heart, and lived again.
Then royal Agamemnon, sighing, grasp'd

The hand of Menelaus, and while all
Their followers sigh'd around them, thus began.
I swore thy death, my brother, when I swore
This truce, and set thee forth in sight of Greeks
And Trojans, our sole champion; for the foe
Hath trodden underfoot his sacred oath,
And stained it with thy blood. But not in vain,
The truce was ratified, the blood of lambs
Poured forth, libation made, and right hands join'd
In holy confidence. The wrath of Jove
May sleep, but will not always; they shall pay
Dear penalty; their own obnoxious heads
Shall be the mulct, their children and their wives.
For this I know, know surely; that a day
Shall come, when Ilium, when the warlike King
Of Ilium and his host shall perish all.
Saturnian Jove high-throned, dwelling in heaven,
Resentful of this outrage, then shall shake
His storm-clad Ægis over them. He will;
I speak no fable. Time shall prove me true.
But, oh my Menelaus, dire distress
Awaits me, if thy close of life be come,
And thou must die. Then ignominy foul
Shall hunt me back to Argos long-desired;
For then all here will recollect their home,
And, hope abandoning, will Helen yield
To be the boast of Priam, and of Troy.
So shall our toils be vain, and while thy bones
Shall waste these clods beneath, Troy's haughty sons
The tomb of Menelaus glory-crown'd
Insulting barbarous, shall scoff at me.
So may Atrides, shall they say, perform

His anger still as he performed it here,
Whither he led an unsuccessful host,
Whence he hath sail'd again without the spoils,
And where he left his brother's bones to rot.
So shall the Trojan speak ; then open earth
Her mouth, and hide me in her deepest gulfs !
But him, the hero of the golden locks
Thus cheer'd. My brother, fear not, nor infect
With fear the Greecians ; the sharp-pointed reed
Hath touch'd no vital part. The broider'd zone,
The hauberk, and the tough interior quilt,
Work of the armourer, its force repress'd.
Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
So be it, brother ! but the hand of one
Skilful to heal shall visit and shall dress
The wound with drugs of pain-assuaging power.
He ended, and his noble herald, next,
Bespake, Talthybius. Haste, call hither quick
The son of Æsculapius, leech renown'd,
The prince Machaon. Bid him fly to attend
The warlike Chieftain Menelaus ; him
Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,
A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
To his own glory, and to our distress.
He spake, nor him the herald disobey'd,
But through the Greeks bright-arm'd his course began
The Hero seeking earnest on all sides
Machaon. Him, ere long, he station'd saw
Amid the shielded-ranks of his brave band
From steed-famed Tricca drawn, and at his side
With accents ardour-wing'd, him thus address'd.
Haste, Asclepiades ! The king of men

Calls thee. Delay not. Thou must visit quick
Brave Menelaus, Atreus' son, for him
Some archer, either Lycian or of Troy,
A dexterous one, hath stricken with a shaft
To his own glory, and to our distress.
So saying, he roused Machaon, who his course
Through the wide host began. Arriving soon
Where wounded Menelaus stood, while all
The bravest of Aehaia's host around
The Godlike hero press'd, he strove at once
To draw the arrow from his cincture forth,
But, drawing, bent the barbs. He therefore loosed
His broider'd belt, his hauberk and his quilt,
Work of the armourer, and laying bare
His body where the bitter shaft had plow'd
His flesh, he suck'd the wound, then spread it o'er
With drugs of balmy power, given on a time
For friendship's sake by Chiron to his sire.
While Menelaus thus the cares engross'd
Of all those Chiefs, the shielded powers of Troy
'Gan move toward them, and the Greeks again
Put on their armour, mindful of the fight.
Then hadst thou not great Agamemnon seen
Slumbering, or trembling, or averse from war,
But ardent to begin his glorious task.
His steeds, and his bright chariot brass-inlaid
He left; the snorting steeds Eurymedon,
Offspring of Ptolemy Piraïdes
Detain'd apart; for him he strict enjoin'd
Attendance near, lest weariness of limbs
Should seize him marshalling his numerous host.
So forth he went, and through the files on foot

Proceeding, where the warrior Greeks he saw
Alert, he roused them by his words the more.
Argives! abate no spark of all your fire.
Jove will not prosper traitors. Them who first
Transgress'd the truce the vultures shall devour,
But we (their city taken) shall their wives
Lead captive, and their children home to Greece.
So cheer'd he them. But whom he saw supine,
Or in the rugged work of war remiss,
In terms of anger them he stern rebuked.
Oh Greeks! The shame of Argos! Arrow-doom'd!
Blush ye not? Wherefore stand ye thus aghast,
Like fawns which wearied after scouring wide
The champaign, gaze and pant, and can no more?
Senseless like them ye stand, nor seek the fight.
Is it your purpose patient here to wait
Till Troy invade your vessels on the shore
Of the grey deep, that ye may trial make
Of Jove, if he will prove, himself, your shield?
Thus, in discharge of his high office, pass'd
Atrides through the ranks, and now arrived
Where, hardy Chief! Idomeneus in front
Of his bold Cretans stood, stout as a boar.
The van he occupied, while in the rear
Meriones harangued the most remote.
Them so prepared the King of men beheld
With joyful heart, and thus in courteous terms
Instant the brave Idomeneus address'd.
Thee fighting, feasting, howsoe'er employed,
I most respect, Idomeneus, of all
The well-horsed Danäi; for when the Chiefs
Of Argos, banquetting, their beakers charge

With rosy wine the honourable meed
Of valour, thou alone of all the Greeks
Drink'st not by measure. No—thy goblet stands
Replenish'd still, and like myself thou know'st
No rule or bound, save what thy choice prescribes.
March. Seek the foe. Fight now as heretofore.
To whom Idomeneus of Crete replied.
Atrides! all the friendship and the love
Which I have promised will I well perform.
Go; animate the rest, Chief after Chief
Of the Achaians, that the fight begin.
For Troy hath scatter'd to the winds all faith,
All conscience, and for such her treachery foul
Shall have large recompence of death and woe.
He said, whom Agamemnon at his heart
Exulting, pass'd, and in his progress came
Where stood each Ajax; them he found prepared
With all their cloud of infantry behind.
As when the goat-herd on some rocky point
Advanced, a cloud sees wafted o'er the deep
By western gales, and rolling slow along,
To him, who stands remote, pitch-black it seems,
And comes with tempest charged; he at the sight
Shuddering, his flock compels into a cave;
So moved the gloomy phalanx, rough with spears,
And dense with shields of youthful warriors bold,
Close-following either Ajax to the fight.
Them also, pleased, the King of men beheld,
And in wing'd accents hail'd them as he pass'd.
Brave leaders of the mail-clad host of Greece!
I move not you to duty; ye yourselves

Move others, and no lesson need from me.
Jove, Pallas, and Apollo! were but all
Courageous as yourselves, soon Priam's towers
Should totter, and his Ilium storm'd and sack'd
By our victorious bands, stoop to the dust.
He ceased, and still proceeding, next arrived
Where stood the Pylian orator, his band
Marshalling under all their leaders bold
Alastor, Chromius, Pelagon the vast,
Hæmon the prince, and Bias, martial Chief.
Chariot and horse he station'd in the front;
His numerous infantry, a strong reserve
Right valiant, in the rear; the worst, and those
In whom he trusted least, he drove between,
That such through mere necessity might act.
First to his charioteers he gave in charge
Their duty; bade them rein their horses hard,
Shunning confusion. Let no warrior, vain
And overweening of his strength or skill,
Start from his rank to dare the fight alone,
Or fall behind it, weakening whom he leaves.
[3] And if, dismounted from his own, he climb
Another's chariot, let him not affect
Perverse the reins, but let him stand, his spear
Advancing firm, far better so employ'd.

[3] Diverse interpretations are given of this passage. I have adopted that which to me appeared most plausible. It seems to be a caution against the mischiefs that might ensue, should the horses be put under the management of a driver with whom they were unacquainted.—The scholium by Villoison much countenances this solution.

Such was the discipline, in ancient times,
Of our forefathers; by these rules they fought
Successful, and lay'd many a city low.
So counsell'd them the venerable Chief
Long time expert in arms; him also saw
King Agamemnon with delight, and said,
Old Chief! ah how I wish that thy firm heart
Were but supported by as firm a knee!
But time unhinges all. Oh that some youth
Had thine old age, and thou wast young again!
To whom the valiant Nestor thus replied.
Atrides, I could also ardent wish
That I were now robust as when I struck
Brave Ereuthalion[4] breathless to the ground!
But never all their gifts the Gods confer
On man at once; if then I had the force
Of youth, I suffer now the effects of age.
Yet ancient as I am, I will be seen
Still mingling with the charioteers, still prompt
To give them counsel; for to counsel youth
Is the old warrior's province. Let the green
In years, my juniors, unimpaired by time,
Push with the lance, for they have strength to boast.
So he, whom Agamemnon joyful heard,
And passing thence, the son of Peteos found
Menestheus, foremost in equestrian fame,
Among the brave Athenians; near to him

[4] Here Nestor only mentions the name of Ereuthalion, knowing the present to be an improper time for story-telling; in the seventh book he relates his fight and victory at length. This passage may serve to confute those who charge Nestor with indiscriminate loquacity.

Ulysses held his station, and at hand
The Cephallenians stood, hardy and bold;
For rumour none of the approaching fight
Them yet had reach'd, so recent had the stir
Arisen in either host; they, therefore, watch'd
Till the example of some other band
Marching, should prompt them to begin the fight.
But Agamemnon, thus, the King of men
Them seeing, sudden and severe reproved.
Menestheus, son of Peteos prince renown'd,
And thou, deviser of all evil wiles!
Adept in artifice! why stand ye here
Appall'd? why wait ye on this distant spot
'Till others move? I might expect from you
More readiness to meet the burning war,
Whom foremost I invite of all to share
The banquet, when the Princes feast with me.
There ye are prompt; ye find it pleasant there
To eat your savoury food, and quaff your wine
Delicious, 'till satiety ensue;
But here ye could be well content to stand
Spectators only, while ten Greecian troops
Should wage before you the wide-wasting war.
To whom Ulysses, with resentful tone
Dark-frowning, thus replied. What words are these
Which have escaped thy lips; and for what cause,
Atrides, hast thou call'd me slow to fight?
When we of Greece shall in sharp contest clash
With yon steed-tamer Trojans, mark me then;
Then thou shalt see (if the concerns of war
So nearly touch thee, and thou so incline)
The father of Telemachus, engaged

Among the foremost Trojans. But thy speech
Was light as is the wind, and rashly made.
When him thus moved he saw, the monarch smiled
Complacent, and in gentler terms replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Short reprimand and exhortation short
Suffice for thee, nor did I purpose more.
For I have known thee long, that thou art one
Of kindest nature, and so much my friend
That we have both one heart. Go therefore thou,
Lead on, and if a word have fallen amiss,
We will hereafter mend it, and may heaven
Obliterate in thine heart it's whole effect!
He ceased, and ranging still along the line,
The son of Tydeus, Diomede, perceived,
Heroic Chief, by chariots all around
Environ'd, and by steeds, at side of whom
Stood Sthenelus, the son of Capaneus.
Him also, Agamemnon, King of men,
In accents of asperity reproved.
Ah, son of Tydeus, Chief of dauntless heart
And of equestrian fame! why standest thou
Appall'd, and peering through the walks of war?
So did not Tydeus. In the foremost fight
His favourite station was, as they affirm
Who witness'd his exploits; I never saw
Or met him, but by popular report
He was the bravest warrior of his day.
Yet came he once, but not in hostile sort,
To fair Mycenæ, by the Godlike prince
Attended, Polynices, at what time
The host was called together, and the siege

Was purposed of the sacred city Thebes.
Earnest they sued for an auxiliar band,
Which we had gladly granted, but that Jove
By unpropitious tokens interfered.
So forth they went, and on the reedy banks
Arriving of Asopus, there thy sire
By designation of the Greeks was sent
Ambassador, and enter'd Thebes. He found
In Eteocles' palace numerous guests,
The sons of Cadmus feasting, among whom,
Although a solitary stranger, stood
Thy father without fear, and challenged forth
Their best to cope with him in manly games.
Them Tydeus vanquish'd easily, such aid
Pallas vouchsafed him. Then the spur-arm'd race
Of Cadmus was incensed, and fifty youths
In ambush close expected his return.
Them, Lycophontes obstinate in fight,
Son of Autophonus, and Mæon, son
Of Hæmon, Chief of Godlike stature, led.
Those also Tydeus slew; Mæon except,
(Whom, warned from heaven, he spared, and sent him home
With tidings of the rest,) he slew them all.
Such was Ætolian Tydeus; who begat
A son in speech his better, not in arms.
He ended, and his sovereign's awful voice
Tydides reverencing, nought replied;
But thus the son of glorious Capaneus.
Atrides, conscious of the truth, speak truth.
We with our sires compared, superior praise
Claim justly. We, confiding in the aid

Of Jove, and in propitious signs from heaven,
Led to the city consecrate to Mars
Our little host, inferior far to theirs,
And took seven-gated Thebes, under whose walls
Our fathers by their own imprudence fell.
Their glory, then, match never more with ours.
He spake, whom with a frowning brow the brave
Tydides, answer'd. Sthenelus, my friend!
I give thee counsel. Mark it. Hold thy peace.
If Agamemnon, who hath charge of all,
Excite his well-appointed host to war,
He hath no blame from me. For should the Greeks
(Her people vanquish'd) win imperial Troy,
The glory shall be his; or, if his host
O'erpower'd in battle perish, his the shame.
Come, therefore; be it ours to rouse at once
To action all the fury of our might.
He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Leap'd ardent; rang the armour on the breast
Of the advancing Chief; the boldest heart
Had felt emotion, startled at the sound.
As when the waves by Zephyrus up-heaved
Crowd fast toward some sounding shore, at first,
On the broad bosom of the deep their heads
They curl on high, then breaking on the land
Thunder, and o'er the rocks that breast the flood
Borne turgid, scatter far the showery spray;
So moved the Greeks successive, rank by rank,
And phalanx after phalanx, every Chief
His loud command proclaiming, while the rest,
As voice in all those thousands none had been,
Heard mute; and, in resplendent armour clad,

With martial order terrible advanced.
Not so the Trojans came. As sheep, the flock
Of some rich man, by thousands in his court
Penn'd close at milking time, incessant bleat,
Loud answering all their bleating lambs without,
Such din from Ilium's wide-spread host arose.
Nor was their shout, nor was their accent one,
But mingled languages were heard of men
From various climes. These Mars to battle roused,
Those Pallas azure-eyed; nor Terror thence
Nor Flight was absent, nor insatiate Strife,
Sister and mate of homicidal Mars,
Who small at first, but swift to grow, from earth
Her towering crest lifts gradual to the skies.
She, foe alike to both, the brands dispersed
Of burning hate between them, and the woes
Enhanced of battle wheresoe'er she pass'd.

And now the battle join'd. Shield clash'd with shield,
And spear with spear, conflicting corslets rang,
Boss'd bucklers met, and tumult wild arose.
Then, many a yell was heard, and many a shout
Loud intermix'd, the slayer o'er the maim'd
Exulting, and the field was drench'd with blood.
As when two winter torrents rolling down
The mountains, shoot their floods through gulleys huge
Into one gulf below, station'd remote
The shepherd in the uplands hears the roar;
Such was the thunder of the mingling hosts.
And first, Antilochus a Trojan Chief
Slew Echepolus, from Thalysias sprung,
Contending valiant in the van of Troy.
Him smiting on his crested casque, he drove

The brazen lance into his front, and pierced
The bones within; night overspread his eyes,
And in fierce battle, like a tower, he fell.
Him fallen by both feet Calchodon's son
Seized, royal Elephenor, leader brave
Of the Abantes, and in haste to strip
His armour, drew him from the fight aside.
But short was that attempt. Him so employ'd
Dauntless Agenor mark'd, and as he stoop'd,
In his unshielded flank a pointed spear
Implanted deep; he languid sunk and died.
So Elephenor fell, for whom arose
Sharp conflict; Greeks and Trojans mutual flew
Like wolves to battle, and man grappled man.
Then Telamonian Ajax, in his prime
Of youthful vigour Simöisius slew,
Son of Anthemion. Him on Simoïs' banks
His mother bore, when with her parents once
She came from Ida down to view the flocks,
And thence they named him; but his parents' love
He lived not to requite, in early youth
Slain by the spear of Ajax famed in arms.
For him advancing Ajax at the pap
Wounded; right through his shoulder driven the point
Stood forth behind; he fell, and press'd the dust.
So in some spacious marsh the poplar falls
Smooth-skinn'd, with boughs unladen save aloft;
Some chariot-builder with his axe the trunk
Severs, that he may warp it to a wheel
Of shapely form; meantime exposed it lies
To parching airs beside the running stream;
Such Simoisius seemed, Anthemion's son,

Whom noble Ajax slew. But soon at him
Antiphus, son of Priam, bright in arms,
Hurl'd through the multitude his pointed spear.
He erred from Ajax, but he pierced the groin
Of Leucus, valiant warrior of the band
Led by Ulysses. He the body dragg'd
Apart, but fell beside it, and let fall,
Breathless himself, the burthen from his hand.
Then burn'd Ulysses' wrath for Leucus slain,
And through the foremost combatants, array'd
In dazzling arms, he rush'd. Full near he stood,
And, looking keen around him, hurl'd a lance.
Back fell the Trojans from before the face
Dispersed of great Ulysses. Not in vain
His weapon flew, but on the field outstretch'd
A spurious son of Priam, from the shores
Call'd of Abydus famed for fleetest mares,
Democoon; him, for Leucus' sake enraged,
Ulysses through both temples with his spear
Transpierced. The night of death hung on his eyes,
And sounding on his batter'd arms he fell.
Then Hector and the van of Troy retired;
Loud shout the Greecians; these draw off the dead,
Those onward march amain, and from the heights
Of Pergamus Apollo looking down
In anger, to the Trojans called aloud.

Turn, turn, ye Trojans! face your Greecian foes.
They, like yourselves, are vulnerable flesh,
Not adamant or steel. Your direst dread
Achilles, son of Thetis radiant-hair'd,
Fights not, but sullen in his fleet abides.

Such from the citadel was heard the voice

Of dread Apollo. But Minerva ranged
Meantime, Tritonian progeny of Jove,
The Greecians, rousing whom she saw remiss.
Then Amarynceus' son, Diores, felt
The force of fate, bruised by a rugged rock
At his right heel, which Pirus, Thracian Chief,
The son of Imbrasus of Ænos, threw.
Bones and both tendons in its fall the mass
Enormous crush'd. He, stretch'd in dust supine,
With palms outspread toward his warrior friends
Lay gasping life away. But he who gave
The fatal blow, Pirus, advancing, urged
Into his navel a keen lance, and shed
His bowels forth; then, darkness veil'd his eyes.
Nor Pirus long survived; him through the breast,
Above the pap, Ætolian Thoas pierced,
And in his lungs set fast the quivering spear.
Then Thoas swift approach'd, pluck'd from the wound
His stormy spear, and with his falchion bright
Gashing his middle belly, stretch'd him dead.
Yet stripp'd he not the slain, whom with long spears
His Thracians hairy-scalp'd[5] so round about
Encompassed, that though bold and large of limb
Were Thoas, from before them him they thrust
Staggering and reeling in his forced retreat.
They therefore in the dust, the Epean Chief
Diores, and the Thracian, Pirus lay
Stretch'd side by side, with numerous slain around.
Then had Minerva led through all that field

[5] Ἀκρόκομοι. They wore only a lock of hair on the crown of the head.

Some warrior yet unhurt, him sheltering safe
From all annoyance dread of dart or spear,
No cause of blame in either had he found
That day, so many Greeks and Trojans press'd,
Extended side by side, the dusty plain.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

Diomede is extraordinarily distinguished. He kills Pandarus, who had violated the truce, and wounds first Venus, and then Mars.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK V.

Then Athenæan Pallas on the son
Of Tydeus, Diomede, new force conferr'd
And daring courage, that the Argives all
He might surpass, and deathless fame achieve.
Fires on his helmet, and his shield around
She kindled, bright and steady as the star
Autumnal, which in Ocean newly bathed
Assumes fresh beauty; with such glorious beams
His head encircling and his shoulders broad,
She urged him forth into the thickest fight.

There lived a man in Troy, Dares his name,
The priest of Vulcan; rich he was and good,
The father of two sons, Idæus this,
That, Phegeus call'd; accomplish'd warriors both.
These, issuing from their phalanx, push'd direct
Their steeds at Diomede, who fought on foot.
When now small interval was left between,
First Phegeus his long-shadow'd spear dismiss'd;
But over Diomedes' left shoulder pass'd
The point, innocuous. Then his splendid lance
Tydides hurl'd; nor ineffectual flew
The weapon from his hand, but Phegeus pierced
His paps between, and foreed him to the ground.

At once, his sumptuous chariot left, down leap'd
Idæus wanting courage to defend
His brother slain; nor had he scaped himself
His louring fate, but Vulcan, to preserve
His ancient priest from unmixt sorrow, snatch'd
The fugitive in darkness wrapt, away.
Then brave Tydides, driving off the steeds,
Consign'd them to his fellow-warriors' care,
That they might lead them down into the fleet.
The valiant Trojans, when they saw the sons
Of Dares, one beside his chariot slain,
And one by flight preserved, through all their host
Felt consternation. Then Minerva seized
The hand of fiery Mars, and thus she spake.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-battering Mars!
Leave we the Trojans and the Greeks to wage
Fierce fight alone, Jove prospering whom he will,
So shall we not provoke our father's ire.
She said, and from the fight conducted forth
The impetuous Deity, whom on the side
She seated of Scamander deep-embank'd [1].
And now the host of Troy to flight inclined
Before the Greecians, and the Chiefs of Greece
Each slew a warrior. Agememnon first
Gigantic Odius from his chariot hurl'd,
Chief of the Halizonians. He to flight
Turn'd foremost, when the monarch in his spine
Between the shoulder-bones his spear infixt,
And urged it through his breast. Sounding he fell,
And loud his batter'd armour rang around.
By brave Idomeneus a Lydian died,

[1] Ἠιόνῃ.

Phæstus, from fruitful Tarne sent to Troy,
Son of Mæonian Borus; him his steeds
Mounting, Idomeneus the spear-renown'd
Through his right shoulder pierced; unwelcome night
Involved him; from his chariot down he fell,
And the attendant Cretans stripp'd his arms.
But Menelaus, son of Atreus slew
With his bright spear Scamandrius, Stropius' son,
A skilful hunter; for Diana him,
Herself, the slaughter of all savage kinds
Had taught, on mountain or in forest bred.
But she, shaft-aiming Goddess, in that hour
Avail'd him not, nor his own matchless skill;
For Menelaus, Atreus son spear-famed,
Him flying wounded in the spine between
His shoulders, and the spear urged through his breast.
Prone on his loud-resounding arms he fell.
Next, by Meriones Phereclus died,
Son of Harmonides. All arts that ask
A well-instructed hand his sire had learn'd,
For Pallas dearly loved him. He the fleet,
Prime source of harm to Troy and to himself,
For Paris built, unskill'd to spell aright
The oracles predictive of the woe.
Phereclus fled; Meriones his flight
Outstripping, deep in his posterior flesh
A spear infix'd; sliding beneath the bone
It grazed his bladder as it pass'd, and stood
Protruded far before. Low on his knees
Phereclus sank, and with a shriek expired.
Pedæus, whom, although his spurious son,
Antenor's wife, to gratify her Lord,

Had cherish'd as her own—him Meges slew.
Warlike Phylides[2] following close his flight,
His keen lance drove into his poll, cut sheer
His tongue within, and through his mouth enforced
The glittering point. He, prostrate in the dust,
The cold steel press'd between his teeth and died.

Eurypylus, Evemon's son, the brave
Hypsenor slew; Dolopion was his sire,
Priest of Scamander, reverenced as a God.
In vain before Eurypylus he fled;
He, running, with his falchion lopp'd his arm
Fast by the shoulder; on the field his hand
Fell blood-distained, and destiny severe
With shades of death for ever veil'd his eyes.

Thus strenuous they the toilsome battle waged.
But where Tydides fought, whether in aid
Of Ilium's host, or on the part of Greece,
Might none discern. For as a winter-flood
Impetuous, mounds and bridges sweeps away;
The buttress'd bridge checks not its sudden force,
The firm inclosure of vine-planted fields
Luxuriant, falls before it, finish'd works
Of youthful hinds, once pleasant to the eye,
Now levell'd, after ceaseless rain from Jove;
So drove Tydides into sudden flight
The Trojans; phalanx after phalanx fled
Before the terror of his single arm.

When him Lycaon's son illustrious saw
Scouring the field, and from before his face
The ranks dispersing wide, at once he bent
Against Tydides his elastic bow.

[2] Meges, son of Phyleus.

The arrow met him in his swift career
Sure-aim'd; it struck direct the hollow mail
Of his right shoulder, with resistless force
Transfix'd it, and his hauberk stain'd with blood.
Loud shouted then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Rush on, ye Trojans, spur your coursers hard.
Our fiercest foe is wounded, and I deem
His death not distant far, if me the King[3]
Jove's son, indeed, from Lycia sent to Troy.
So boasted Pandarus. Yet him the dart
Quell'd not. Retreating, at his coursers' heads
He stood, and to the son of Capaneus
His charioteer and faithful friend he said.
Arise, sweet son of Capaneus, dismount,
And from my shoulder draw this bitter shaft.
He spake; at once the son of Capaneus
Descending, by its barb the bitter shaft
Drew forth; blood spouted through his twisted mail
Incontinent, and thus the Hero pray'd.
Unconquer'd daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
If ever me, propitious, or my sire
Thou hast in furious fight help'd heretofore,
Now aid me also. Bring within the reach
Of my swift spear, Oh grant me to strike through
The warrior who hath check'd my course, and boasts
The sun's bright beams for ever quench'd to me!
He prayed, and Pallas heard; she braced his limbs,
She wing'd him with alacrity divine,
And standing at his side, him thus bespake.
Now Diomede, be bold! Fight now with Troy.
To thee, thy father's spirit I impart
Fearless; shield-shaking Tydeus felt the same.

[3] Apollo.

I also from thine eye the darkness purge
Which dimm'd thy sight before, that thou may'st know
Both Gods and men; should, therefore other God
Approach to try thee, fight not with the powers
Immortal; but if foam-born Venus come,
Her spare not. Wound her with thy glittering spear.
So spake the blue-eyed Deity, and went.
Then with the champions in the van again
Tydides mingled; hot before, he fights
With threefold fury now, nor less enraged
Than some gaunt lion whom o'erleaping light
The fold, a shepherd hath but gall'd, not kill'd,
Him irritating more; thenceforth the swain
Lurks unresisting; flies the abandon'd flock;
Heaps slain on heaps he leaves, and with a bound
Surmounting all impediment, escapes;
Such seem'd the valiant Diomede incensed
To fury, mingling with the host of Troy.
Astynoüs and Hypenor first he slew;
One with his brazen lance above the pap
He pierced, and one with his huge falchion smote
Fast by the key-bone[4], from the neck and spine
His parted shoulder driving at a blow.
Them leaving, Polyides next he sought
And Abas, sons of a dream-dealing seer,
Eurydamas; their hoary father's dreams
Or not interpreted, or kept concealed,
Them saved not, for by Diomede they died.
Xanthus and Thöon he encounter'd next,
Both sons of Phænops, sons of his old age,
Who other heir had none of all his wealth,
Nor hoped another, worn with many years.

[4] Or collar-bone.

Tydides slew them both; nor aught remain'd
To the old man but sorrow for his sons
For ever lost, and strangers were his heirs.
Two sons of Priam in one chariot borne
Echemon next, and Chromius felt his hand
Resistless. As a lion on the herd
Leaping, while they the shrubs and bushes browze,
Breaks short the neck of heifer or of steer,
So them, though clinging fast and loth to fall,
Tydides hurl'd together to the ground,
Then stripp'd their splendid armour, and the steeds
Consigned and chariot to his soldiers' care.

Æneas him discern'd scattering the ranks,
And through the battle and the clash of spears
Went seeking Godlike Pandarus; ere long
Finding Lycaon's martial son renown'd,
He stood before him, and him thus address'd.

Thy bow, thy feather'd shafts, and glorious name
Where are they, Pandarus? whom none of Troy
Could equal, whom of Lycia, none excel.
Come. Lift thine hands to Jove, and at yon Chief
Dispatch an arrow, who afflicts the host
Of Ilium thus, conquering where'er he flies,
And who hath slaughter'd numerous brave in arms.
But him some Deity I rather deem
Avenging on us his neglected rites,
And who can stand before an angry God?

Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Brave leader of the Trojans brazen-mail'd,
Æneas! By his buckler which I know,
And by his helmet's height, considering too
His steeds, I deem him Diomede the bold;
Yet such pronounce him not, who seems a God.

But if bold Diomede indeed he be
Of whom I speak, not without aid from heaven
His fury thus prevails, but at his side
Some God, in clouds enveloped, turns away
From him the arrow to a devious course.
Already, at his shoulder's hollow mail
My shaft hath pierced him through, and him I deem'd
Dismiss'd full sure to Pluto ere his time;
But he survives; whom therefore I at last
Perforce conclude some angry Deity.
Steeds have I none or chariot to ascend,
Who have eleven chariots in the stands
Left of Lycaon, with fair hangings all
O'ermantled, strong, new finish'd, with their steeds
In pairs beside them, eating winnow'd grain.
Me much Lycaon my old valiant sire
At my departure from his palace gates
Persuaded, that my chariot and my steeds
Ascending, I should so conduct my bands
To battle; counsel wise, and ill-refused!
But anxious, lest, (the host in Troy so long
Immew'd,) my steeds, fed plenteously at home,
Should here want food, I left them, and on foot
To Ilium came, confiding in my bow
Ordain'd at last to yield me little good.
Twice have I shot, and twice I struck the mark,
First Menelaus, and Tydides next;
From each I drew the blood, true, genuine blood,
Yet have but more incensed them. In an hour
Unfortunate, I therefore took my bow
Down from the wall that day, when for the sake
Of noble Hector, to these pleasant plains
I came, a leader on the part of Troy.

But should I once return, and with these eyes
Again behold my native land, my sire,
My wife, my stately mansion, may the hand,
That moment, of some adversary there
Shorten me by the head, if I not snap
This bow with which I charged myself in vain,
And burn the unprofitable tool to dust.
To whom Æneas, Trojan Chief, replied.
Nay, speak not so. For ere that hour arrive
We will, with chariot and with horse, in arms
Encounter him, and put his strength to proof.
Delay not, mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
If after all, Jove purpose still to exalt
The son of Tydeus, these shall bear us safe
Back to the city. Come then. Let us on.
The lash take thou, and the resplendent reins,
While I alight for battle, or thyself
Receive them, and the steeds shall be my care.
Him answer'd then Lycaon's son renown'd.
Æneas! manage thou the reins, and guide
Thy proper steeds. If fly at last we must
The son of Tydeus, they will readier draw
Directed by their wonted charioteer.
Else, terrified, and missing thy controul,
They may refuse to bear us from the fight,
And Tydeus' son assailing us, with ease
Shall slay us both, and drive thy steeds away.
Rule therefore thou the chariot, and myself
With my sharp spear will his assault receive.
So saying, they mounted both, and furious drove
Against Tydides. Them the noble son

Of Capaneus observed, and turning quick
His speech to Diomede, him thus address'd.
Tydides, Diomede, my heart's delight!
Two warriors of immeasurable force
In battle, ardent to contend with thee,
Come rattling on. Lycaon's offspring one,
Bow-practised Pandarus; with whom appears
Æneas; he who calls the mighty Chief
Anchises father, and whom Venus bore.
Mount—drive we swift away,—lest borne so far
Beyond the foremost battle, thou be slain.
To whom, dark-frowning, Diomede replied.
Speak not of flight to me, who am disposed
To no such course. I am ashamed to fly
Or tremble, and my strength is still entire;
I cannot mount. No. Rather thus, on foot,
I will advance against them. Fear and dread
Are not for me; Pallas forbids the thought.
One falls, be sure; swift as they are, the steeds
That whirl them on, shall never rescue both.
But hear my bidding, and hold fast the word.
Should all-wise Pallas grant me my desire
To slay them both, drive not my coursers hence,
But hook the reins, and seizing quick the pair
That draw Æneas, urge them from the powers
Of Troy away into the host of Greece.
For they are sprung from those which Jove to Tros
In compensation gave for Ganymede;
The Sun himself sees not their like below.
Anchises, King of men, clandestine them
Obtain'd, his mares submitting to the steeds
Of King Laomedon. Six brought him foals;
Four to himself reserving, in his stalls

He fed them sleek, and two he gave his son:
These, might we win them, were a noble prize.
Thus mutual they conferr'd; those Chiefs, the while,
With swiftest pace approach'd, and first his speech
To Diomede Lycaon's son address'd.
Heroic offspring of a noble sire,
Brave son of Tydeus! false to my intent
My shaft hath harm'd thee little. I will now
Make trial with my spear, if that may speed.
He said, and shaking his long-shadow'd spear,
Dismiss'd it. Forceful on the shield it struck
Of Diomede, transpierced it, and approach'd
With threatening point the hauberk on his breast.
Loud shouted Pandarus—Ah nobly thrown!
Home to thy bowels. Die, for die thou must,
And all the glory of thy death is mine.
Then answer thus brave Diomede return'd
Undaunted. I am whole. Thy cast was short.
But ye desist not, as I plain perceive,
Till one at least extended on the plain
Shall sate the God of battles with his blood.
He said and threw. Pallas the spear herself
Directed; at his eye fast by the nose
Deep-entering, through his ivory teeth it pass'd,
At its extremity divided sheer
His tongue, and started through his chin below.
He headlong fell, and with his dazzling arms
Smote full the plain. Back flew the fiery steeds
With swift recoil, and where he fell he died.
Then sprang Æneas forth with spear and shield,
That none might drag the body; lion-like
He stalk'd around it, oval shield and spear
Advancing firm, and with incessant cries

Terrific, death denouncing on his foes.
But Diomede with hollow grasp a stone
Enormous seized, a weight to overtask
Two strongest men of such as now are strong,
Yet He, alone, wielded the rock with ease.
Full on the hip he smote him, where the thigh
Rolls in its cavity, the socket named.
He crush'd the socket, lacerated wide
Both tendons, and with that rough-angled mass
Flay'd all his flesh. The Hero on his knees
Sank, on his ample palm his weight upbore
Labouring, and darkness overspread his eyes.
There had Æneas perish'd, King of men,
Had not Jove's daughter Venus quick perceived
His peril imminent, whom she had borne
Herself to Anchises pasturing his herds.
Her snowy arms her darling son around
She threw maternal, and behind a fold
Of her bright mantle screening close his breast
From mortal harm by some brave Greecian's spear,
Stole him with eager swiftness from the fight.
Nor then forgat brave Sthenelus his charge
Received from Diomede, but his own steeds
Detaining distant from the boisterous war,
Stretch'd tight the reins, and hook'd them fast behind.
The coursers of Æneas next he seized
Ardent, and them into the host of Greece
Driving remote, consign'd them to his care,
Whom far above all others his compeers
He loved, Deipylus, his bosom friend
Congenial. Him he charged to drive them thence
Into the fleet, then, mounting swift his own,
Lash'd after Diomede; he, fierce in arms,

Pursued the Cyprian Goddess, conscious whom,
Not Pallas, not Enyo, waster dread
Of cities close-beleaguer'd, none of all
Who o'er the battle's bloody course preside,
But one of softer kind and prone to fear.
When, therefore, her at length, after long chase
Through all the warring multitude he reach'd,
With his protruded spear her gentle hand
He wounded, piercing through her thin attire
Ambrosial, by themselves the Graces wrought,
Her inside wrist, fast by the rosy palm.
Blood follow'd, but immortal; ichor pure,
Such as the blest inhabitants of heaven
May bleed, nectareous; for the Gods eat not
Man's food, nor slake as he with sable wine
Their thirst, thence bloodless and from death exempt.
She, shrieking, from her arms cast down her son,
And Phœbus, in impenetrable clouds
Him hiding, lest the spear of some brave Greek
Should pierce his bosom, caught him swift away.
Then shouted brave Tydides after her—
Depart, Jove's daughter! fly the bloody field.
Is't not enough that thou beguilest the hearts
Of feeble women? If thou dare intrude
Again into the war, war's very name
Shall make thee shudder, wheresoever heard.
He said, and Venus with excess of pain
Bewilder'd went; but Iris tempest-wing'd
Forth led her through the multitude, oppress'd
With anguish, her white wrist to livid changed.
They came where Mars far on the left retired
Of battle sat, his horses and his spear

In darkness veil'd. Before her brother's knees
She fell, and with entreaties urgent sought
The succour of his coursers golden-rein'd.
Save me, my brother! Pity me! Thy steeds
Give me, that they may bear me to the heights
Olympian, seat of the immortal Gods!
Oh! I am wounded deep; a mortal man
Hath done it, Diomede; nor would he fear
This day in fight the Sire himself of all.
Then Mars his coursers gold-caparison'd
Resign'd to Venus; she, with countenance sad,
The chariot climb'd, and Iris at her side
The bright reins seizing lash'd the ready steeds.
Soon as the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods
They reach'd, wing-footed Iris loosing quick
The coursers, gave them large whereon to browse
Ambrosial food; but Venus on the knees
Sank of Dione, who with folded arms
Maternal, to her bosom straining close
Her daughter, stroked her cheek, and thus enquired.
My darling child! who? which of all the Gods
Hath rashly done such violence to thee
As if convicted of some open wrong?
Her then the Goddess of love-kindling smiles
Venus thus answer'd; Diomede the proud,
Audacious Diomede; he gave the wound,
For that I stole Æneas from the fight
My son, of all mankind my most beloved;
Nor is it now the war of Greece with Troy,
But of the Greecians with the Gods themselves.
Then thus Dione, Goddess all divine.
My child! how hard soe'er thy sufferings seem

Endure them patiently. Full many a wrong
From human hands profane the Gods endure,
And many a painful stroke, mankind from ours.
Mars once endured much wrong, when on a time
Him Otus bound and Ephialtes fast,
Sons of Alöeus, and full thirteen moons
In brazen thraldom held him. There, at length,
The fierce blood-nourished Mars had pined away,
But that Eëribœa, loveliest nymph,
His step-mother, in happy hour disclosed
To Mercury the story of his wrongs;
He stole the prisoner forth, but with his woes
Already worn, languid and fetter-gall'd.
Nor Juno less endured, when erst the bold
Son of Amphytrion with tridental shaft
Her bosom pierced; she then the misery felt
Of irremediable pain severe.
Nor suffer'd Pluto less, of all the Gods
Gigantic most, by the same son of Jove
Alcides, at the portals of the dead
Transfix'd and fill'd with anguish; he the house
Of Jove and the Olympian summit sought
Dejected, torture-stung, for sore the shaft
Oppress'd him, into his huge shoulder driven.
But Pæon him not liable to death
With unction smooth of salutiferous balms
Heal'd soon. Presumptuous, sacrilegious man!
Careless what dire enormities he wrought,
Who bent his bow against the powers of heaven!
But blue-eyed Pallas instigated him
By whom thou bleed'st. Infatuate! he forgets
That whoso turns against the Gods his arms

Lives never long; he never, safe escaped
From furious fight, the lisp'd caresses hears
Of his own infants prattling at his knees.
Let therefore Diomede beware, lest strong
And valiant as he is, he chance to meet
Some mightier foe than thou, and lest his wife,
Daughter of King Adrastus, the discrete
Ægialea, from portentous dreams
Upstarting, call her family to wail
Her first-espoused, Achaia's proudest boast,
Diomede, whom she must behold no more.
She said, and from her wrist with both hands wiped
The trickling ichor; the effectual touch
Divine chased all her pains, and she was heal'd.
Them Juno mark'd and Pallas, and with speech
Sarcastic pointed at Saturnian Jove
To vex him, blue-eyed Pallas thus began.
Eternal father! may I speak my thought,
And not incense thee, Jove? I can but judge
That Venus, while she coax'd some Grecian fair
To accompany the Trojans whom she loves
With such extravagance, hath heedless stroaked
Her golden clasps, and scratch'd her lily hand.
So she; then smiled the sire of Gods and men,
And calling golden Venus, her bespake.
War and the tented field, my beauteous child,
Are not for thee. Thou rather shouldst be found
In scenes of matrimonial bliss. The toils
Of war to Pallas and to Mars belong.
Thus they in heaven. But Diomede the while
Sprang on Æneas, conscious of the God
Whose hand o'ershadow'd him, yet even him

Regarding lightly ; for he burn'd to slay
Æneas, and to seize his glorious arms.
Thrice then he sprang impetuous to the deed,
And thrice Apollo with his radiant shield
Repulsed him. But when ardent as a God
The fourth time he advanced, with thundering voice
Him thus the Archer of the skies rebuked.
Think, and retire, Tydides ! nor affect
Equality with Gods ; for not the same
Our nature is and theirs who tread the ground.
He spake, and Diomede a step retired,
Not more ; the anger of the Archer-God
Declining slow, and with a sullen awe.
Then Phœbus, far from all the warrior throng
To his own shrine the sacred dome beneath
Of Pergamus, Æneas bore ; there him
Latona and shaft-arm'd Diana heal'd
And glorified within their spacious fane.
Meantime the Archer of the silver bow
A visionary form prepared ; it seem'd
Himself Æneas, and was arm'd as he.
At once, in contest for that airy form,
Grecians and Trojans on each other's breasts
The bull-hide buckler batter'd and light targe.
Then thus Apollo to the warrior God.
Gore-tainted, homicide, town-batterer Mars !
Wilt thou not meet and from the fight withdraw
This man Tydides, now so fiery grown
That he would even cope with Jove himself?
First Venus' hand he wounded, and assail'd
Impetuous as a God, next, even me.
He ceased, and on the topmost turret sat

Of Pergamus. Then all-destroyer Mars
Ranging the Trojan host, rank after rank
Exhorted loud, and in the form assumed
Of Acamas the Thracian leader bold,
The Godlike sons of Priam thus harangued.
Ye sons of Priam, monarch Jove-beloved!
How long permit ye your Achaian foes
To slay the people?—till the battle rage
(Push'd home to Ilium) at her solid gates?
Behold—a Chief disabled lies, than whom
We reverence not even Hector more,
Æneas; fly, save from the roaring storm
The noble Anchisiades your friend.
He said; then every heart for battle glow'd;
And thus Sarpedon with rebuke severe
Upbraiding generous Hector, stern began.
Where is thy courage, Hector? for thou once
Hadst courage. Is it fled? In other days
Thy boast hath been that without native troops
Or foreign aids, thy kindred and thyself
Alone, were guard sufficient for the town.
But none of all thy kindred now appears;
I can discover none; they stand aloof
Quaking, as dogs that hear the lion's roar.
We bear the stress, who are but Troy's allies;
Myself am such, and from afar I came;
For Lycia lies far distant on the banks
Of the deep-eddied Xanthus. There a wife
I left and infant son, both dear to me,
With plenteous wealth, the wish of all who want.
Yet urge I still my Lycians, and am prompt
Myself to fight, although possessing here

Nought that the Greeks can carry or drive hence.
But there stand'st thou, neither employ'd thyself,
Nor moving others to an active part
For all their dearest pledges. Oh beware!
Lest, as with meshes of an ample net,
At one huge draught the Greecians sweep you all,
And desolate at once your populous Troy!
By day, by night, thoughts such as these should still
Thy conduct influence, and from Chief to Chief
Of the allies should send thee, praying each
To make firm stand, all bickerings put away.
So spake Sarpedon, and his reprimand
Stung Hector; instant to the ground he leap'd
All arm'd, and shaking his bright spears his host
Ranged in all quarters animating loud
His legions, and rekindling horrid war.
Then, rolling back, the powers of Troy opposed
Once more the Greecians, whom the Greecians dense
Expected, unretreating, void of fear.
As flies the chaff wide scatter'd by the wind
O'er all the consecrated floor, what time
Ripe Ceres with brisk airs her golden grain
Ventilates, whitening with its husk the ground;
So grew the Achaians white, a dusty cloud
Descending on their arms, which steeds with steeds
Again to battle mingling, with their hoofs
Up-stamp'd into the brazen vault of heaven;
For now the charioteers turn'd all to fight.
Host toward host with full collected force
They moved direct. Then Mars through all the field
Took wide his range, and overhung the war
With night, in aid of Troy, at the command

Of Phœbus of the golden sword; for he
Perceiving Pallas from the field withdrawn,
Patroness of the Greeks, had Mars enjoin'd
To rouse the spirit of the Trojan host.
Meantime Apollo from his unctuous shrine
Sent forth restored and with new force inspired
Æneas. He amidst his warriors stood,
Who him with joy beheld still living, heal'd,
And all his strength possessing unimpair'd.
Yet no man ask'd him aught. No leisure now
For question was; far other thoughts had they;
Such toils the archer of the silver bow,
Wide-slaughtering Mars, and Discord as at first
Raging implacable, for them prepared.
Ulysses, either Ajax, Diomede,—
These roused the Greeks to battle, who themselves
The force fear'd nothing, or the shouts of Troy,
But steadfast stood, like clouds by Jove amass'd
On lofty mountains, while the fury sleeps
Of Boreas, and of all the stormy winds
Shrill-voiced, that chase the vapours when they blow.
So stood the Greeks, expecting firm the approach
Of Ilium's powers, and neither fled nor fear'd.
Then Agamemnon the embattled host
On all sides ranging, cheer'd them. Now, he cried,
Be steadfast, fellow warriors, now be men!
Hold fast a sense of honour. More escape
Of men who fear disgrace, than fall in fight,
While dastards forfeit life and glory both.
He said, and hurl'd his spear. He pierced a friend
Of brave Æneas, warring in the van,
Deicöon son of Pergasus, in Troy

Not less esteem'd than Priam's sons themselves,
Such was his fame in foremost fight acquired.
Him Agamemnon on his buckler smote,
Nor stayed the weapon there, but through his belt
His bowels enter'd, and with hideous clang
And outcry[5] of his batter'd arms he fell.
Æneas next two mightiest warriors slew,
Sons of Diocles, of a wealthy sire,
Whose house magnificent in Phæræ stood,
Orsilochus and Crethon. Their descent
From broad-stream'd Alpheus, Pylian flood, they drew.
Alpheus begat Orsilochus, a prince
Of numerous powers. Orsilochus begat
Warlike Diocles. From Diocles sprang
Twins, Crethon and Orsilochus, alike
Valiant, and skilful in all forms of war.
Their boyish prime scarce past, they, with the Greeks
Embarking, in their sable ships had sail'd
To steed-famed Ilium; just revenge they sought
For Atreus' sons, but perished first themselves.
As two young lions, in the deep recess
Of some dark forest on the mountain's brow
Late nourished by their dam, forth-issuing, seize
The fatted flocks and kine, both folds and stalls
Wasting rapacious, till, at length, themselves
Deep-wounded perish by the hand of man,
So they, both vanquish'd by Æneas, fell,
And like two lofty pines uprooted, lay.
Them fallen in battle Menelaus saw
With pity moved; radiant in arms he shook
His brazen spear, and strode into the van.

[5] Vide Samson to Harapha in the Agonistes. There the word is used in the same sense.

Mars urged him furious on, conceiving hope
Of his death also by Æneas' hand.
But him the son of generous Nestor mark'd
Antilochus, and to the foremost fight
Flew also, fearing lest some dire mischance
The Prince befalling, at one fatal stroke
Should frustrate all the labours of the Greeks.
They, hand to hand, and spear to spear opposed,
Stood threatening dreadful onset, when beside
The Spartan chief Antilochus appear'd.
Æneas, at the sight of two combined,
Stood not, although intrepid. They the dead
Thence drawing far into the Grecian host
To their associates gave the hapless pair,
Then, both returning, fought in front again.
Next, fierce as Mars, Pylæmenes they slew,
Prince of the shielded band magnanimous
Of Paphlagonia. Him Atrides kill'd
Spear-practised Menelaus, with a lance
His throat transpiercing while erect he rode.
Then, while his charioteer, Mydon the brave,
Son of Atymnias, turn'd his steeds to flight,
Full on his elbow-point Antilochus,
The son of Nestor, dash'd him with a stone.
The slack reins, white as ivory[6], forsook
His torpid hand and trail'd the dust. At once
Forth sprang Antilochus, and with his sword
Hew'd deep his temples. On his head he pitch'd
Panting, and on his shoulders in the sand
(For in deep sand he fell) stood long erect,
Till his own coursers spread him in the dust;

[6] This is a construction of λευκ' ἐλεφαντι, given by some of the best commentators, and that seems the most probable.

The son of Nestor seized, and with his scourge
Drove them afar into the host of Greece.
Them Hector through the ranks espying, flew
With clamour loud to meet them; after whom
Advanced in phalanx firm the powers of Troy.
Mars led them, with Enyo terror-clad;
She by the maddening tumult of the fight
Attended, he, with his enormous spear
In both hands brandish'd, stalking now in front
Of Hector, and now following his steps.
Him Diomede the bold discerning, felt
Himself no small dismay; and as a man
Wandering he knows not whither, far from home,
If chance a rapid torrent to the sea
Borne headlong thwart his course, the foaming flood
Obstreperous views awhile, then quick retires,
So he, and his attendants thus bespake.
How oft, my countrymen! have we admired
The noble Hector, skillful at the spear
And unappall'd in fight? but still hath he
Some God his guard, and even now I view
In human form Mars moving at his side.
Ye, then, with faces to the Trojans turn'd,
Ceaseless retire, and war not with the Gods.
He ended; and the Trojans now approach'd.
Then two bold warriors in one chariot borne,
By valiant Hector died, Menesthes, one,
And one, Anchialus. Them fallen in fight
Ajax the vast, touch'd with compassion saw;
Within small space he stood, his glittering spear
Dismiss'd, and pierced Amphius. Son was he
Of Selagus, and Pæsus was his home,
Where opulent he dwelt, but by his fate

Was led to fight for Priam and his sons.
Him Telamonian Ajax through his belt
Wounded, and in his nether bowels deep
Fix'd his long-shadow'd spear. Sounding he fell.
Illustrious Ajax running to the slain
Prepared to strip his arms, but him a shower
Of glittering weapons keen from Trojan hands
Assail'd, and numerous his broad shield received.
He, on the body planting firm his heel,
Forth drew the polish'd spear, but his bright arms
Took not, by darts thick-flying sore annoy'd.
Nor fear'd he little lest his haughty foes,
Spear-arm'd and bold, should compass him around;
Him, therefore, valiant though he were and huge,
They push'd before them. Staggering he retired.
Thus toil'd both hosts in that laborious field.
And now his ruthless destiny impell'd
Tlepolemus, Alcides' son, a Chief
Dauntless and huge, against a Godlike foe
Sarpedon. They approaching, face to face
Stood, son and grandson of high-thundering Jove,
And, haughty, thus Tlepolemus began.
Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian host,
Thou trembler! thee what cause could hither urge
A man unskill'd in arms? They falsely speak
Who call thee son of Ægis-bearing Jove,
So far below their might thou fall'st who sprang
From Jove in days of old. What says report
Of Hercules, (for him I boast my sire,)
All-daring hero with a lion's heart?
With six ships only, and with followers few,
He for the horses of Laomedon
Lay'd Troy in dust, and widow'd all her streets.

But thou art base, and thy diminish'd powers
Perish around thee; think not that thou camest
For Ilium's good, but rather, whatsoe'er
Thy force in fight, to find, subdued by me,
A sure dismission to the gates of hell.
To whom the leader of the Lycian band.
Tlepolemus! he ransack'd sacred Troy,
As thou hast said, but for her monarch's fault
Laomedon, who him with language harsh
Requited ill for benefits received,
Nor would the steeds surrender, seeking which
He voyaged from afar. But thou shalt take
Thy bloody doom from this victorious arm,
And, vanquish'd by my spear, shalt yield thy fame
To me, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.
So spake Sarpedon, and his ashen beam
Tlepolemus upraised. Both hurl'd at once
Their quivering spears. Sarpedon's through the neck
Pass'd of Tlepolemus, and show'd beyond
Its ruthless point; thick darkness veil'd his eyes.
Tlepolemus with his long lance the thigh
Pierced of Sarpedon; sheer into his bone
He pierced him, but Sarpedon's father, Jove,
Him rescued even on the verge of fate.
His noble friends conducted from the field
The godlike Lycian, trailing as he went
The pendent spear, none thinking to extract
For his relief the weapon from his thigh,
Through eagerness of haste to bear him thence.
On the other side, the Greecians brazen-mail'd
Bore off Tlepolemus. Ulysses fill'd
With earnest thoughts tumultuous them observed,
Danger-defying Chief! Doubtful he stood

Or to pursue at once the Thunderer's son
Sarpedon, or to take more Lycian lives.
But not for brave Ulysses had his fate
That praise reserved, that he should slay the son
Renown'd of Jove; therefore his wavering mind
Minerva bent against the Lycian band.
Then Cœranus, Alastor, Chromius fell,
Alcander, Halius, Prytanis, and brave
Noëmon; nor had these sufficed the Chief
Of Ithaca, but Lycians more had fallen,
Had not crest-tossing Hector huge perceived
The havoc; radiant to the van he flew,
Filling with dread the Greecians; his approach
Sarpedon, son of Jove, joyful beheld,
And piteous thus address'd him as he came.

Ah, leave not me, Priamides! a prey
To Greecian hands, but in your city, at least,
Grant me to die: since hither, doom'd, I came
Never to gratify with my return
To Lycia, my loved spouse, or infant child.

He spake; but Hector unreplying pass'd
Impetuous, ardent to repulse the Greeks
That moment, and to drench his sword in blood.
Then, under shelter of a spreading beech
Sacred to Jove, his noble followers placed
The godlike Chief Sarpedon, where his friend
Illustrious Pelagon, the ashen spear
Extracted. Sightless, of all thought bereft,
He sank, but soon revived, by breathing airs
Refresh'd, that fann'd him gently from the North.

Meantime the Argives, although press'd alike
By Mars himself and Hector brazen-arm'd,
Neither to flight inclined, nor yet advanced

To battle, but inform'd that Mars the fight
Waged on the side of Ilium, slow retired.
Whom first, whom last slew then the mighty son
Of Priam, Hector, and the brazen Mars!
First godlike Teuthras, an equestrian Chief,
Orestes, Trechus of Ætolian race,
Œnomaüs, Helenus from Œnops' sprung,
And brisk[7] in fight Oresbius; rich was he,
And covetous of more in Hyla dwelt
Fast by the lake Cephissus, where abode
Bœotian Princes numerous, rich themselves
And rulers of a people wealth-renown'd.
But Juno, such dread slaughter of the Greeks
Noting, thus, ardent, to Minerva spake.
Daughter of Jove invincible! Our word
That Troy shall perish, hath been given in vain
To Menelaus, if we suffer Mars
To ravage longer uncontroul'd. The time
Urges, and need appears that we ourselves
Now call to mind the fury of our might.
She spake; nor blue-eyed Pallas not complied.
Then Juno, Goddess dread, from Saturn sprung,
Her coursers gold-caparison'd prepared
Impatient. Hebe to the chariot roll'd
The brazen wheels, and joined them to the smooth
Steel axle; twice four spokes divided each
Shot from the centre to the verge. The verge
Was gold by fellies of eternal brass
Guarded, a dazzling show! The shining naves
Were silver; silver cords and cords of gold

[7] This, according to Porphyrius as quoted by Clarke, is the true meaning of *αιολομιτρης*.

The seat upbore; two crescents[8] blazed in front.
The pole was argent all, to which she bound
The golden yoke, and in their place disposed
The breast-bands incorruptible of gold;
But Juno to the yoke, herself, the steeds
Led forth, on fire to reach the dreadful field.
Meantime, Minerva, progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. She first put on
The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,
Then arm'd her for the field of woe complete.
She charged her shoulder with the dreadful shield
The shaggy Ægis, border'd thick around
With terror; there was Discord, Prowess there,
There hot Pursuit, and there the feature grim
Of Gorgon, dire Deformity, a sign
Oft borne portentous on the arm of Jove.
Her golden helm, whose concave had sufficed
The legions of an hundred cities, rough
With warlike ornament superb, she fix'd
On her immortal head. Thus arm'd, she rose
Into the flaming chariot, and her spear
Seized ponderous, huge, with which the Goddess sprung
From an Almighty father, levels ranks
Of heroes, against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged quick the steeds;
At her approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates

[8] These which I have called crescents, were a kind of hook of a semicircular form, to which the reins were occasionally fastened.

Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds;
Apart from all, and seated on the point
Superior of the cloven mount, they found
The Thunderer. Juno the white-arm'd her steeds
There stay'd, and thus the Goddess, ere she pass'd,
Question'd the son of Saturn, Jove supreme.

Jove, Father, seest thou, and art not incensed,
These ravages of Mars? Oh what a field,
Drench'd with what Greecian blood! All rashly spilt,
And in despite of me. Venus, the while,
Sits, and the Archer of the silver bow
Delighted, and have urged, themselves, to this
The frantic Mars within no bounds confined
Of law or order. But, eternal sire!
Shall I offend thee chasing far away
Mars deeply smitten from the field of war?

To whom the cloud-assembler God replied.
Go! but exhort thou rather to the task
Spoil-huntress Athenæan Pallas, him
Accustom'd to chastise with pain severe.

He spake, nor white-arm'd Juno not obey'd.
She lash'd her steeds; they readily their flight
Began, the earth and starry vault between.
Far as from his high tower the watchman kens
O'er gloomy ocean, so far at one bound
Advance the shrill-voiced coursers of the Gods.
But when at Troy and at the confluent streams
Of Simoïs and Scamander they arrived,
There Juno, white-arm'd Goddess, from the yoke

Her steeds releasing, them in gather'd shades
Conceal'd opaque, while Simoïs caused to spring
Ambrosia from his bank, whereon they browsed.
Swift as her pinions waft the dove away
They sought the Grecians, ardent to begin:
Arriving where the mightiest and the most
Compass'd equestrian Diomede around,
In aspect lion-like, or like wild boars
Of matchless force, there white-arm'd Juno stood,
And in the form of Stentor for his voice
Of brass renown'd, audible as the roar
Of fifty throats, the Greecians thus harangued.
Oh shame, shame, shame! Argives in form alone,
Beautiful but dishonourable race!
While yet divine Achilles ranged the field,
No Trojan stepp'd from yon Dardanian gates
Abroad; all trembled at his stormy spear;
But now they venture forth, now at your ships
Defy you, from their city far remote.
She ceased, and all caught courage from the sound.
But Athenæan Pallas eager sought
The son of Tydeus; at his chariot side
She found the Chief cooling his fiery wound
Received from Pandarus; for him the sweat
Beneath the broad band of his oval shield
Exhausted, and his arm fail'd him fatigued;
He therefore raised the band and wiped the blood
Coagulate; when o'er his chariot yoke
Her arm the Goddess threw, and thus began.
Tydeus, in truth, begat a son himself
Not much resembling. Tydeus was of size
Diminutive, but had a warrior's heart.
When him I once commanded to abstain

From furious fight (what time he enter'd Thebes
Ambassador, and the Cadmeans found
Feasting, himself the sole Achaian there)
And bade him quietly partake the feast,
He, fired with wonted ardour, challenged forth
To proof of manhood the Cadmean youth,
Whom easily, through my effectual aid,
In contests of each kind he overcame.
But thou, whom I encircle with my power,
Guard vigilant, and even bid thee forth
To combat with the Trojans, thou, thy limbs
Feelst wearied with the toils of war, or worse,
Indulgest womanish and heartless fear.
Henceforth thou art not worthy to be deem'd
Son of Oenides, Tydeus famed in arms.
To whom thus valiant Diomede replied.
I know thee well, oh Goddess sprung from Jove!
And therefore willing shall, and plain, reply.
Me neither weariness nor heartless fear
Restrains, but thine injunctions which impress
My memory, still, that I should fear to oppose
The blessed Gods in fight, Venus except,
Whom in the battle found thou badest me pierce
With unrelenting spear; therefore myself
Retiring hither, I have hither call'd
The other Argives also, for I know
That Mars, himself in arms, controuls the war.
Him answer'd then the Goddess azure-eyed.
Tydides! Diomede, my heart's delight!
Fear not this Mars[9], nor fear thou other power
Immortal, but be confident in me.
Arise. Drive forth. Seek Mars; him only seek;

[9] Αρεα τονδε.

Him hand to hand engage; this fiery Mars
Respect not aught, base implement of wrong
And mischief, shifting still from side to side.
He promised Juno lately and myself
That he would fight for Greece, yet now forgets
His promise, and gives all his aid to Troy.
So saying, she backward by his hand withdrew
The son of Capaneus, who to the ground
Leap'd instant; she, impatient to his place
Ascending, sat beside brave Diomede.
Loud groan'd the beechen axle, under weight
Unwonted, for it bore into the fight
An awful Goddess, and the chief of men.
Quick-seizing lash and reins Minerva drove
Direct at Mars. That moment he had slain
Periphas, bravest of Ætolia's sons,
And huge of bulk; Ochesius was his sire.
Him Mars the slaughterer had of life bereft
Newly, and Pallas to elude his sight
The helmet fixed of Ades on her head.
Soon as gore-tainted Mars the approach perceived
Of Diomede, he left the giant length
Of Periphas extended where he died,
And flew to cope with Tydeus' valiant son.
Full nigh they came, when Mars on fire to slay
The hero, foremost with his brazen lance
Assail'd him, hurling o'er his horses' heads.
But Athenæan Pallas in her hand
The flying weapon caught and turn'd it wide,
Baffling his aim. Then Diomede on him
Rush'd furious in his turn, and Pallas plunged
The bright spear deep into his cinctured waist.
Dire was the wound, and plucking back the spear

She tore him. Bellow'd brazen-throated Mars
Loud as nine thousand warriors, or as ten
Join'd in close combat. Greecians, Trojans shook
Appall'd alike at the tremendous voice
Of Mars insatiable with deeds of blood.
Such as the dimness is when summer winds
Breathe hot, and sultry mist obscures the sky,
Such brazen Mars to Diomede appear'd
By clouds accompanied in his ascent
Into the boundless ether. Reaching soon
The Olympian heights, seat of the Gods, he sat
Beside Saturnian Jove; woe fill'd his heart;
He show'd fast-streaming from the wound his blood
Immortal, and impatient thus complain'd.

Jove, Father! Seest thou these outrageous acts
Unmoved with anger? Such are day by day
The dreadful mischiefs by the Gods contrived
Against each other, for the sake of man.
Thou art thyself the cause. Thou hast produced
A foolish daughter petulant, addict
To evil only and injurious deeds;
There is not in Olympus, save herself,
Who feels not thy control; but she her will
Gratifies ever, and reproof from thee
Finds none, because, pernicious as she is,
She is thy daughter. She hath now the mind
Of haughty Diomede with madness fill'd
Against the immortal Gods; first Venus bled;
Her hand he pierced impetuous, then assail'd,
As if himself immortal, even me.
But me my feet stole thence, or overwhelm'd
Beneath yon heaps of carcases impure,

What had I not sustain'd? And if at last
I lived, had halted crippled by the sword.
To whom with dark displeasure Jove replied.
Base and side-shifting traitor! vex not me
Here sitting querulous; of all who dwell
On the Olympian heights, thee most I hate
Contentious, whose delight is war alone.
Thou hast thy mother's moods, the very spleen
Of Juno, uncontroulable as she,
Whom even I, reprove her as I may,
Scarce rule by mere commands; I therefore judge
Thy sufferings a contrivance all her own.
But soft. Thou art my son whom I begat,
And Juno bare thee. I cannot endure
That thou shouldst suffer long. Hadst thou been born
Of other parents thus detestable,
What Deity soe'er had brought thee forth,
Thou shouldst have found long since an humbler sphere.
He ceased, and to the care his son consign'd
Of Pæon; he with drugs of lenient powers,
Soon heal'd whom immortality secured
From dissolution. As the juice from figs
Express'd what fluid was in milk before
Coagulates, stirr'd rapidly around,
So soon was Mars by Pæon's skill restored.
Him Hebe bathed, and with divine attire
Graceful adorn'd; when at the side of Jove
Again his glorious seat sublime he took.
Meantime to the abode of Jove supreme
Ascended Juno throughout Argos known
And mighty Pallas; Mars the plague of man,
By their successful force from slaughter driven.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

The battle is continued. The Trojans being closely pursued, Hector by the advice of Helenus enters Troy, and recommends it to Hecuba to go in solemn procession to the temple of Minerva; she with the matrons goes accordingly. Hector takes the opportunity to find out Paris, and exhorts him to return to the field of battle. An interview succeeds between Hector and Andromache, and Paris, having armed himself in the meantime, comes up with Hector at the close of it, when they sally from the gate together.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VI.

Thus was the field forsaken by the Gods.
And now success proved various; here the Greeks
With their extended spears, the Trojans there
Prevail'd alternate, on the champain spread
The Xanthus and the Simoïs between.
First Telamonian Ajax, bulwark firm
Of the Achaians, broke the Trojan ranks,
And kindled for the Greeks a gleam of hope,
Slaying the bravest of the Thracian band,
Huge Acamas, Eusorus' son; him first
Full on the shaggy crest he smote, and urged
The spear into his forehead; through his scull
The bright point pass'd, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But Diomede, heroic Chief, the son
Of Teuthras slew, Axylus. Rich was he,
And in Arisba, (where he dwelt beside
The public road, and at his open door
Made welcome all,) respected and beloved.
But of his numerous guests none interposed
To avert his woeful doom; nor him alone
He slew, but with him also to the shades
Calesius sent, his friend and charioteer.

Opheltius fell and Dresus, by the hand
Slain of Euryalus, who, next, his arms
On Pedasus and on Æsepus turned
Brethren and twins. Them Abarbarea bore,
A Naiad, to Bucolion, son renown'd
Of King Laomedon, his eldest born,
But by his mother, at his birth, conceal'd.
Bucolion pasturing his flocks, embraced
The lovely nymph; she twins produced, both whom,
Brave as they were and beautiful, thy son[1]
Mecisteus! slew, and from their shoulders tore
Their armour. Dauntless Polypœtes slew
Astyalus. Ulysses with his spear
Transfixed Pydites, a Percosian Chief,
And Teucer Aretaön; Nestor's pride
Antilochus, with his bright lance, of life
Bereft Ablerus, and the royal arm
Of Agamemnon, Elatus; he dwelt
Among the hills of lofty Pedasus,
On Satnio's banks, smooth-sliding river pure.
Phylacus fled, whom Leïtus as swift
Soon smote. Melanthius at the feet expired
Of the renowned Eurypylus, and, flush'd
With martial ardour, Menelaus seized
And took alive Adrastus. As it chanced
A thicket his affrighted steeds detain'd
Their feet entangling; they with restive force
At its extremity snapp'd short the pole,
And to the city, whither others fled,
Fled also. From his chariot headlong hurl'd,
Adrastus press'd the plain fast by his wheel.

[1] Euryalus.

Flew Menelaus, and his quivering spear
Shook over him; he, life imploring, clasp'd
Importunate his knees, and thus exclaim'd.
Oh, son of Atreus, let me live! accept
Illustrious ransom! In my father's house
Is wealth abundant, gold, and brass, and steel
Of truest temper, which he will impart
Till he have gratified thine utmost wish,
Inform'd that I am captive in your fleet.
He said, and Menelaus by his words
Vanquish'd, him soon had to the fleet dismiss'd
Given to his train in charge, but swift and stern
Approaching, Agamemnon interposed.—
Now, brother, whence this milkiness of mind,
These scruples about blood? Thy Trojan friends
Have doubtless much obliged thee. Die the race!
May none escape us! Neither he who flies,
Nor even the infant in his mother's womb
Unconscious. Perish universal Troy
Unpitied, till her place be found no more!
So saying, his brother's mind the Hero turn'd,
Advising him aright; he with his hand
Thrust back Adrastus, and himself, the King,
His bowels pierced. Supine Adrastus fell,
And Agamemnon, with his foot the corse
Impressing firm, pluck'd forth his ashen spear.
Then Nestor, raising high his voice, exclaim'd.
Friends, Heroes, Greecians, ministers of Mars!
Let none, desirous of the spoil, his time
Devote to plunder now; now slay your foes,
And strip them when the field shall be your own.
He said, and all took courage at his word.

Then had the Trojans enter'd Troy again
By the heroic Greecians foul repulsed,
So was their spirit daunted, but the son
Of Priam, Helenus, an augur far
Excelling all, at Hector's side his speech
To him and to Æneas thus address'd.

Hector, and thou, Æneas, since on you
The Lycians chiefly and ourselves depend,
For that in difficult emprize ye show
Most courage; give best counsel; stand yourselves,
And, visiting all quarters, cause to stand
Before the city-gates our scatter'd troops,
Ere yet the fugitives within the arms
Be slaughter'd of their wives, the scorn of Greece.
When thus ye shall have rallied every band
And roused their courage, weary though we be,
Yet since necessity commands, even here
Will we give battle to the host of Greece.
But, Hector! to the city thou depart;
There charge our mother, that she go direct,
With the assembled matrons, to the fane
Of Pallas in the citadel of Troy.
Opening her chambers' sacred doors, of all
Her treasured mantles there, let her select
The widest, most magnificently wrought,
And which she values most; *that* let her spread
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.
Twelve heifers of the year yet never touch'd
With puncture of the goad, let her alike
Devote to her, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,

That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host,
Bravest, in my account, of all the Greeks.
For never yet Achilles hath himself
So taught our people fear, although esteem'd
Son of a Goddess. But this warrior's rage
Is boundless, and his strength past all compare.
So Helenus; nor Hector not complied.
Down from his chariot instant to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, and, shaking his sharp spears,
Through every phalanx pass'd, rousing again
Their courage, and rekindling horrid war.
They, turning, faced the Greeks; the Greeks repulsed,
Ceased from all carnage, nor supposed they less
Than that some Deity, the starry skies
Forsaken, help'd their foes, so firm they stood.
But Hector to the Trojans call'd aloud.
Ye dauntless Trojans and confederate powers
Call'd from afar! now be ye men, my friends,
Now summon all the fury of your might!
I go to charge our senators and wives
That they address the Gods with prayers and vows
For our success, and hecatombs devote.
So saying the Hero went, and as he strode
The sable hide that lined his bossy shield
Smote on his neck and on his ancle-bone.
And now into the middle space between
Both hosts, the son of Tydeus and the son
Moved of Hippolochus, intent alike
On furious combat; face to face they stood,
And thus heroic Diomede began.
Most noble Champion! who of human kind
Art thou, whom in the man-ennobling fight

I now encounter first? Past all thy peers
I must esteem thee valiant, who hast dared
To meet my coming, and my spear defy.
Ah! they are sons of miserable sires
Who dare my might; but if a God from heaven
Thou come, behold! I fight not with the Gods.
That war Lycurgus son of Dryas waged,
And saw not many years. The nurses he
Of brain-disturbing Bacchus down the steep
Pursued of sacred Nyssa; they their wands
Vine-wreathed cast all away, with an ox-goad
Chastised by fell Lycurgus. Bacchus plunged
Meantime dismay'd into the Deep, where him
Trembling, and at the Hero's haughty threats
Confounded, Thetis in her bosom hid.
Thus by Lycurgus were the blessed powers
Of heaven offended, and Saturnian Jove
Of sight bereaved him, who not long that loss
Survived, for he was curst by all above.
I, therefore, wage no contest with the Gods;
But if thou be of men, and feed on bread
Of earthly growth, draw nigh, that with a stroke
Well-aim'd, I may at once cut short thy days.

To whom the illustrious Lycian Chief replied.
Why asks brave Diomede of my descent?
For, as the leaves, such is the race of man.
The wind shakes down the leaves, the budding grove
Soon teems with others, and in spring they grow.
So pass mankind. One generation meets
Its destined period, and a new succeeds.
But since thou seem'st desirous to be taught
My pedigree, whereof no few have heard,

Know that in Argos, in the very lap
Of Argos, for her steed-grazed meadows famed,
Stands Ephyra; there Sisyphus abode,
Shrewdest of human kind; Sisyphus, named
Æolides. Himself a son begat,
Glaucus, and he Bellerophon, to whom
The Gods both manly force and beauty gave.
Him Prœtus, (for in Argos at that time
Prœtus was sovereign, to whose sceptre Jove
Had subjected the land,) plotting his death,
Contrived to banish from his native home.
For fair Anteia, wife of Prœtus, mad
Through love of young Bellerophon, him oft
In secret to illicit joys enticed;
But she prevail'd not o'er the virtuous mind
Discrete of whom she wooed; therefore a lie
Framing, she royal Prœtus thus bespake.

Die thou, or slay Bellerophon, who sought
Of late to force me to his lewd embrace.

So saying, the anger of the King she roused.
Slay him himself he would not, for his heart
Forbad the deed; him therefore he dismiss'd
To Lycia, charged with tales of dire import
Written in tablets, which he bade him show,
That he might perish, to Anteia's sire.
To Lycia then, conducted by the Gods,
He went, and on the shores of Xanthus found
Free entertainment noble at the hands
Of Lycia's potent King. Nine days complete
He feasted him, and slew each day an ox.
But when the tenth day's ruddy morn appear'd,
He asked him then his errand, and to see

Those written tablets from his son-in-law.
The letters seen, he bade him, first, destroy
Chimæra, deem'd invincible, divine
In nature, alien from the race of man,
Lion in front, but dragon all behind,
And in the midst a she-goat breathing forth
Profuse the violence of flaming fire.
Her, confident in signs from heaven, he slew.
Next, with the men of Solymæ he fought,
Brave warriors far-renown'd, with whom he waged,
In his account, the fiercest of his wars.
And lastly, when in battle he had slain
The man-resisting Amazons, the king
Another stratagem at his return
Devised against him, placing close-conceal'd
An ambush for him from the bravest chosen
In Lycia; but they saw their homes no more;
Bellerophon the valiant slew them all.
The monarch hence collecting, at the last,
His heavenly origin, him there detain'd,
And gave him his own daughter, with the half
Of all his royal dignity and power.
The Lycians also, for his proper use,
Large lot assigned him of their richest soil,
Commodious for the vine, or for the plough.
And now his consort fair three children bore
To bold Bellerophon; Isandrus one,
And one, Hippolochus; his youngest born
Laodamia was for beauty such
That she became a concubine of Jove.
She bore Sarpedon of heroic note.
But when Bellerophon, at last, himself

Had anger'd all the Gods, feeding on grief
He roam'd alone the Aleian field, exiled
By choice, from every cheerful haunt of man.
Mars, thirsty still for blood, his son destroy'd
Isandrus, warring with the host renown'd
Of Solymæ; and in her wrath divine
Diana from her chariot golden-rein'd
Laodamia slew. Myself I boast
Sprung from Hippolochus; he sent me forth
To fight for Troy, charging me much and oft
That I should outstrip always all mankind
In worth and valour, nor the house disgrace
Of my forefathers, heroes without peer
In Ephyra, and in Lycia's wide domain.
Such is my lineage; such the blood I boast.
He ceased. Then valiant Diomede rejoiced.
He pitch'd his spear, and to the Lycian Prince
In terms of peace and amity replied.
Thou art my own hereditary friend,
Whose noble Grandsire was the guest of mine.
For Oeneus, on a time, full twenty days,
Regaled Bellerophon, and pledges fair
Of hospitality they interchanged.
Oeneus a belt radiant with purple gave
To brave Bellerophon, who in return
Gave him a golden goblet. Coming forth
I left the kind memorial safe at home.
A child was I when Tydeus went to Thebes,
Where the Achaians perish'd, and of him
Hold no remembrance; but henceforth, my friend,
Thine host am I in Argos, and thou mine
In Lycia, should I chance to sojourn there.

We will not clash. Trojans or aids of Troy
No few the Gods shall furnish to my spear,
Whom I may slaughter; and no want of Greeks
On whom to prove thy prowess, thou shalt find.
But it were well that an exchange ensued
Between us; take mine armour, give me thine,
That all who notice us may understand
Our patrimonial[2] amity and love.

So they, and each alighting, hand in hand
Stood lock'd, faith promising and firm accord.
Then Jove of sober judgement so bereft
Infatuate Glaucus that with Tydeus' son
He barter'd gold for brass, an hundred beeves
In value, for the value small of nine.

But Hector at the Scæan gate and beech
Meantime arrived, to whose approach the wives
And daughters flock'd of Troy, enquiring each
The fate of husband, brother, son, or friend.
He bade them all with solemn prayer the Gods
Seek fervent, for that woe was on the wing.

But when he enter'd Priam's palace, built
With splendid porticoes, and which within
Had fifty chambers lined with polish'd stone,
Contiguous all, where Priam's sons reposed
And his sons' wives, and where, on the other side,
In twelve magnificent chambers also lined
With polish'd marble and contiguous all,
The sons-in-law of Priam lay beside
His spotless daughters, there the mother queen
Seeking the chamber of Laodice,

[2] Ξεινοι πατρωϊοι.

Loveliest of all her children, as she went
Met Hector. On his hand she hung and said:
Why leavest thou, O my son! the dangerous field?
I fear that the Achaians (hateful name!)
Compass the walls so closely, that thou seek'st
Urged by distress the citadel, to lift
Thine hands in prayer to Jove? But pause awhile
Till I shall bring thee wine, that having pour'd
Libation rich to Jove and to the powers
Immortal, thou may'st drink and be refresh'd.
For wine is mighty to renew the strength
Of weary man, and weary thou must be
Thyself, thus long defending us and ours.
To whom her son majestic thus replied.
My mother, whom I reverence! cheering wine
Bring none to me, lest I forget my might.
I fear, beside, with unwash'd hands to pour
Libation forth of sable wine to Jove,
And dare on none account, thus blood-defiled,
Approach the tempest-stirring God in prayer.
Thou, therefore, gathering all our matrons, seek
The fane of Pallas, huntress of the spoil,
Bearing sweet incense; but from the attire
Treasured within thy chamber, first select
The amplest robe, most exquisitely wrought,
And which thou prizest most,—then spread the gift
On Athenæan Pallas' lap divine.
Twelve heifers also of the year, untouch'd
With puncture of the goad, promise to slay
In sacrifice, if she will pity Troy,
Our wives and little ones, and will avert
The son of Tydeus from these sacred towers,

That dreadful Chief, terror of all our host.
Go then, my mother, seek the hallowed fane
Of the spoil-huntress Deity. I, the while,
Seek Paris, and if Paris yet can hear,
Shall call him forth. But oh that earth would yawn
And swallow him, whom Jove hath made a curse
To Troy, to Priam, and to all his house;
Methinks, to see him plunged into the shades
For ever, were a cure for all my woes.

He ceased; the Queen, her palace entering, charged
Her maidens; they, incontinent, throughout
All Troy convened the matrons, as she bade.
Meantime into her wardrobe incense-fumed,
Herself descended; there her treasures lay,
Works of Sidonian women, whom her son
The Godlike Paris, when he cross'd the seas
With Jove-begotten Helen, brought to Troy.
The most magnificent, and varied most
With colours radiant, from the rest she chose
For Pallas; vivid as a star it shone,
And lowest lay of all. Then forth she went,
The Trojan matrons all following her steps.

But when the long procession reach'd the fane
Of Pallas in the heights of Troy, to them
The fair Theano ope'd the portals wide,
Daughter of Cisseus, brave Antenor's spouse,
And by appointment public, at that time,
Priestess of Pallas. All with lifted hands
In presence of Minerva wept aloud.
Beauteous Theano on the Goddess' lap
Then spread the robe, and to the daughter fair
Of Jove omnipotent her suit address'd.

Goddess[10] of Goddesses, our city's shield,
Adored Minerva, hear! oh! break the lance
Of Diomede, and give himself to fall
Prone in the dust before the Scæan gate.
So will we offer to thee at thy shrine,
This day twelve heifers of the year, untouch'd
By yoke or goad, if thou wilt pity show
To Troy, and save our children and our wives.
Such prayer the priestess offer'd, and such prayer
All present; whom Minerva heard averse.
But Hector to the palace sped meantime
Of Alexander, which himself had built,
Aided by every architect of name
Illustrious then in Troy. Chamber it had,
Wide hall, proud dome, and on the heights of Troy
Near-neighbouring Hector's house and Priam's stood.
There enter'd Hector, Jove-beloved, a spear
Its length eleven cubits in his hand,
Its glittering head bound with a ring of gold.
He found within his chamber whom he sought,
Polishing with exactest care his arms
Resplendent, shield and hauberk fingering o'er
With curious touch, and tampering with his bow.
Helen of Argos with her female train
Sat occupied, the while, to each in turn
Some splendid task assigning. Hector fix'd
His eyes on Paris, and him stern rebuked.
Thy sullen humours, Paris, are ill-timed.
The people perish at our lofty walls;
The flames of war have compass'd Troy around

[10] ὖια θεάων.

And thou hast kindled them; who yet thyself,
That slackness show'st which in another seen
Thou would'st resent to death. Haste, seek the field
This moment, lest, the next, all Ilium blaze.
To whom thus Paris graceful as a God.
Since, Hector, thou hast charged me with a fault,
And not unjustly, I will answer make,
And give thou special heed. That here I sit,
The cause is sorrow, which I wish'd to sooth
In secret, not displeasure or revenge.
I tell thee also, that even now my wife
Was urgent with me in most soothing terms
That I would forth to battle; and myself,
Aware that victory oft changes sides,
That course prefer. Wait, therefore, thou awhile,
'Till I shall dress me for the fight, or go
Thou first, and I will overtake thee soon.
He ceased, to whom brave Hector answer none
Return'd, when Helen him with lenient speech
Accosted mild. My brother! who in me
Hast found a sister worthy of thy hate,
Authoress of all calamity to Troy,
Oh that the winds, the day when I was born,
Had swept me out of sight, whirl'd me aloft
To some inhospitable mountain-top,
Or plunged me in the deep; there I had sunk
O'erwhelm'd, and all these ills had never been.
But since the Gods would bring these ills to pass
I should, at least, some worthier mate have chosen,
One not insensible to public shame.
But this, oh this, nor hath nor will acquire
Hereafter, aught which like discretion shews

Or reason, and shall find his just reward.
But enter; take this seat; for who as thou
Labours, or who hath cause like thee to rue
The crime, my brother, for which Heaven hath doom'd
Both Paris and my most detested self
To be the burthens of an endless song?
To whom the warlike Hector huge[4] replied.
Me bid not, Helen, to a seat, howe'er
Thou wish my stay, for thou must not prevail.
The Trojans miss me, and myself no less
Am anxious to return. But urge in haste
This loiterer forth; yea, let him urge himself
To overtake me ere I quit the town.
For I must home in haste, that I may see
My loved Andromache, my infant boy,
And my domestics, ignorant if e'er
I shall behold them more, or if my fate
Ordain me now to fall by Greecian hands.
So spake the dauntless hero, and withdrew.
But reaching soon his own well-built abode
He found not fair Andromache; she stood
Lamenting Hector, with the nurse who bore
Her infant, on a turret's top sublime.
He then, not finding his chaste spouse within,
Thus from the portal, of her train enquired.
Tell me, ye maidens, whither went from home
Andromache the fair? Went she to see
Her female kindred of my father's house,
Or to Minerva's temple, where convened

[4] The bulk of his heroes is a circumstance of which Homer frequently reminds us by the use of the word μέγας—and which ought, therefore, by no means to be suppressed.

The bright-hair'd matrons of the city seek
To sooth the awful Goddess? Tell me true.
To whom his household's governess discrete.
Since, Hector, truth is thy demand, receive
True answer. Neither went she forth to see
Her female kindred of thy father's house,
Nor to Minerva's temple, where convened
The bright-haired matrons of the city seek
To sooth the awful Goddess; but she went
Hence to the tower of Troy: for she had heard
That the Achaians had prevail'd, and driven
The Trojans to the walls; she, therefore, wild
With grief, flew thither, and the nurse her steps
Attended, with thy infant in her arms.
So spake the prudent governess; whose words
When Hector heard, issuing from his door
He backward trod with hasty steps the streets
Of lofty Troy, and having traversed all
The spacious city, when he now approach'd
The Scæan gate, whence he must seek the field,
There, hasting home again his noble wife
Met him, Andromache the rich-endow'd
Fair daughter of Eëtion famed in arms.
Eëtion, who in Hypoplacian Thebes
Umbrageous dwelt, Cilicia's mighty lord,—
His daughter valiant Hector had espoused.
There she encounter'd him, and with herself
The nurse came also, bearing in her arms
Hectorides, his infant darling boy,
Beautiful as a star. Him Hector called
Scamandrios, but Astyanax[5] all else

[5] The name signifies, the *Chief of the city.*

In Ilium named him, for that Hector's arm
Alone was the defence and strength of Troy.
The father, silent, eyed his babe, and smiled.
Andromache, meantime, before him stood,
With streaming cheeks, hung on his hand, and said.
Thy own great courage will cut short thy days,
My noble Hector! neither pitiest thou
Thy helpless infant, or my hapless self,
Whose widowhood is near; for thou wilt fall
Ere long, assail'd by the whole host of Greece.
Then let me to the tomb, my best retreat
When thou art slain. For comfort none or joy
Can I expect, thy day of life extinct,
But thenceforth, sorrow. Father I have none;
No mother. When Cilicia's city, Thebes
The populous, was by Achilles sack'd,
He slew my father; yet his gorgeous arms
Stripp'd not through reverence of him, but consumed,
Arm'd as it was, his body on the pile,
And heap'd his tomb, which the Oreades[6],
Jove's daughters, had with elms inclosed around.
My seven brothers, glory of our house,
All in one day descended to the shades;
For brave Achilles, while they fed their herds
And snowy flocks together, slew them all.
My mother, Queen of the well-wooded realm
Of Hypoplacian Thebes, her hither brought
Among his other spoils, he loosed again
At an inestimable ransom-price,
But by Diana[7] pierced, she died at home.

[6] Mountain nymphs.

[7] Sudden deaths were ascribed either to Diana or Apollo.

Yet Hector—oh my husband! I in thee
Find parents, brothers, all that I have lost.
Come! have compassion on us. Go not hence,
But guard this turret, lest of me thou make
A widow, and an orphan of thy boy.
The city walls are easiest of ascent
At yonder fig-tree; station there thy powers;
For whether by a prophet warn'd, or taught
By search and observation, in that part
Each Ajax with Idomeneus of Crete,
The sons of Atreus, and the valiant son
Of Tydeus, have now thrice assail'd the town.
To whom the leader of the host of Troy.
These cares, Andromache, which thee engage,
All touch me also; but I dread to incur
The scorn of male and female tongues in Troy,
If, dastard-like, I should decline the fight.
Nor feel I such a wish. No. I have learn'd
To be courageous ever, in the van
Among the flower of Ilium to assert
My glorious father's honour, and my own.
For that the day shall come when sacred Troy,
When Priam, and the people of the old
Spear-practised King shall perish, well I know.
But for no Trojan sorrows yet to come
So much I mourn, not e'en for Hecuba,
Nor yet for Priam, nor for all the brave
Of my own brothers who shall kiss the dust,
As for thyself, when some Achaian Chief
Shall have convey'd thee weeping hence, thy sun
Of peace and liberty for ever set.
Then shalt thou toil in Argos at the loom

For a task-mistress, and constrain'd shalt draw
From Hypereïa's fount, or from the fount
Messeïs, water at her proud command.
Some Greecian then, seeing thy tears, shall say—
" This was the wife of Hector, who excell'd
All Troy in fight when Ilium was besieged."
Such he shall speak thee, and thy heart, the while,
Shall bleed afresh through want of such a friend
To stand between captivity and thee.
But may I rest beneath my hill of earth
Or ere that day arrive! I would not live
To hear thy cries, and see thee torn away.
So saying, illustrious Hector stretch'd his arms
Forth to his son, but with a scream, the child
Fell back into the bosom of his nurse,
His father's aspect dreading, whose bright arms
He had attentive mark'd and shaggy crest
Playing tremendous o'er his helmet's height.
His father and his gentle mother laugh'd[8],
And noble Hector lifting from his head
His dazzling helmet, placed it on the ground,
Then kiss'd his boy and dandled him, and thus
In earnest prayer the heavenly powers implored.
Hear all ye Gods! as ye have given to me,
So also on my son excelling might
Bestow, with chief authority in Troy.
And be his record this, in time to come,
When he returns from battle. Lo! how far
The son excels the sire! May every foe
Fall under him, and he come laden home
With spoils blood-stain'd to his dear mother's joy.

[8] The Scholiast in Villoisson calls it *φυσικον τινα και μετριον γελωτα* a natural and moderate laughter.

He said, and gave his infant to the arms
Of his Andromache, who him received
Into her fragrant bosom, bitter tears
With sweet smiles mingling; he with pity moved
That sight observed, soft touch'd her cheek, and said,
Mourn not, my loved Andromache, for me
Too much; no man shall send me to the shades
Of Tartarus, ere mine allotted hour,
Nor lives he who can overpass the date
By heaven assign'd him, be he base or brave.
Go then, and occupy content at home
The woman's province; ply the distaff, spin
And weave, and task thy maidens. War belongs
To man; to all men; and of all who first
Drew vital breath in Ilium, most to me.
He ceased, and from the ground his helmet raised
Hair-crested; his Andromache, at once
Obedient, to her home repair'd, but oft
Turn'd as she went, and, turning, wept afresh.
No sooner at the palace she arrived
Of havoc-spreading Hector, than among
Her numerous maidens found within, she raised
A general lamentation; with one voice,
In his own house, his whole domestic train
Mourn'd Hector, yet alive; for none the hope
Conceived of his escape from Greecian hands,
Or to behold their living master more.
Nor Paris in his stately mansion long
Delay'd, but, arm'd resplendent, traversed swift
The city, all alacrity and joy.
As some stall'd horse high-fed, his stable-cord
Snapt short, beats under foot the sounding plain,
Accustomed in smooth-sliding streams to lave

Exulting; high he bears his head, his mane
Undulates o'er his shoulders, pleased he eyes
His glossy sides, and borne on pliant knees
Shoots to the meadow where his fellows graze;
So Paris, son of Priam, from the heights
Of Pergamus into the streets of Troy,
All dazzling as the sun, descended, flush'd
With martial pride, and bounding in his course.
At once he came where noble Hector stood
Now turning, after conference with his spouse,
When godlike Alexander thus began.

My hero brother, thou hast surely found
My long delay most irksome. More dispatch
Had pleased thee more, for such was thy command.

To whom the warlike Hector thus replied.
No man, judicious, and in feat of arms
Intelligent, would pour contempt on thee,
(For thou art valiant,) wert thou not remiss
And wilful negligent; and when I hear
The very men who labour in thy cause
Reviling thee, I make thy shame my own.
But let us on. All such complaints shall cease
Hereafter, and thy faults be touch'd no more,
Let Jove but once afford us riddance clear
Of these Achaians, and to quaff the cup
Of liberty, before the living Gods.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

Ajax and Hector engage in single combat. The Greecians fortify their camp.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VII.

So saying, illustrious Hector through the gates
To battle rush'd, with Paris at his side,
And both were bent on deeds of high renown.
As when the Gods vouchsafe propitious gales
To longing mariners, who with smooth oars
Threshing the waves have all their strength consumed,
So them the longing Trojans glad received.
  At once each slew a Greecian. Paris slew
Menesthius who in Arna dwelt, the son
Of Areithoüs, club-bearing chief,
And of Philomedusa radiant-eyed.
But Hector wounded with his glittering spear
Eïoneus; he pierced his neck beneath
His brazen morion's verge, and dead he fell.
Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,
Son of Hippolochus, in furious fight
Iphinoüs son of Dexias assail'd,
Mounting his rapid mares, and with his lance
His shoulder pierced; unhorsed he fell and died.
  Such slaughter of the Greecians in fierce fight
Minerva noting, from the Olympian hills
Flew down to sacred Ilium; whose approach
Marking from Pergamus Apollo flew
To meet her, ardent on the part of Troy.

Beneath the beech they join'd, when first the King,
The son of Jove, Apollo, thus began.
Daughter of Jove supreme! why hast thou left
Olympus, and with such impetuous speed?
Comest thou to give the Danaï success
Decisive? For I know that pity none
Thou feel'st for Trojans, perish as they may.
But if advice of mine can influence thee
To that which shall be best, let us compose
This day the furious fight, which shall again
Hereafter rage, till Ilium be destroy'd.
Since such is Juno's pleasure and thy own.
Him answer'd then Pallas cærulean-eyed.
Celestial archer! be it so. I came
Myself so purposing into the field
From the Olympian heights. But by what means
Wilt thou induce the warriors to a pause?
To whom the King, the son of Jove, replied.
The courage of equestrian Hector bold
Let us excite, that he may challenge forth
To single conflict terrible some chief
Achaian. The Achaians brazen-mail'd
Indignant, will supply a champion soon
To combat with the noble Chief of Troy.
So spake Apollo, and his counsel pleased
Minerva; which when Helenus the seer,
Priam's own son, in his prophetic soul
Perceived, approaching Hector, thus he spake.
Jove's peer in wisdom, Hector, Priam's son!
I am thy brother. Wilt thou list to me?
Bid cease the battle. Bid both armies sit.
Call first, thyself, the mightiest of the Greeks
To single conflict. I have heard the voice

Of the Eternal Gods, and well assured
Foretell thee that thy death not now impends.
He spake, whom Hector heard with joy elate.
Before his van striding into the space
Both hosts between, he with his spear transverse
Press'd back the Trojans, and they sat. Down sat
The well-greaved Greecians also at command
Of Agamemnon; and in shape assumed
Of vultures, Pallas and Apollo perch'd
High on the lofty beech sacred to Jove
The father Ægis-arm'd; delighted thence
They view'd the peopled plain horrent around
With shields and helms and glittering spears erect.
As when fresh-blowing Zephyrus the flood
Sweeps first, the ocean blackens at the blast,
Such seem'd the plain whereon the Achaians sat
And Trojans, whom between thus Hector spake.
Ye Trojans, and Achaians brazen-greaved,
Attend while I shall speak! Jove high-enthroned
Hath not fulfill'd the truce, but evil plans
Against both hosts, till either ye shall take
Troy's lofty towers, or shall yourselves in flight
Fall vanquish'd at your billow-cleaving barks.
With you is all the flower of Greece. Let him
Whose heart shall move him to encounter sole
Illustrious Hector, from among you all
Stand forth, and Jove be witness to us both.
If he, with his long-pointed lance, of life
Shall me bereave, my armour is his prize,
Which he shall hence into your fleet convey;
Not so my body; that he shall resign
For burial to the men and wives of Troy.
But if Apollo make the glory mine,

And he fall vanquish'd, him will I despoil,
And hence conveying into sacred Troy
His arms, will in the temple hang them high
Of the bow-bender God, but I will send
His body to the fleet, that him the Greeks
May grace with rites funereal. On the banks
Of wide-spread Hellespont ye shall upraise
His tomb, and as they cleave with oary barks
The sable Deep, posterity shall say—
" It is a warrior's tomb; in ancient days,
The Hero died; him warlike Hector slew."
So men shall speak hereafter, and my fame
Who slew him, and my praise, shall never die.

He ceased, and all sat mute. His challenge bold
None dared accept, which yet they blush'd to shun,
Till Menelaus, at the last, arose
Groaning profound, and thus reproach'd the Greeks.

Ah boasters! henceforth women—men no more—
Eternal shame, shame infinite is ours,
If none of all the Greecians dares contend
With Hector. Dastards—deaf to glory's call—
Rot where ye sit! I will myself take arms
Against him, for the gods alone dispose,
At their own pleasure, the events of war.

He ended, and put on his radiant arms.
Then, Menelaus, manifest appear'd
Thy death, approaching by the dreadful hands
Of Hector, mightier far in arms than thou,
But that the Chiefs of the Achaians all
Upstarting stay'd thee, and himself the King,
The son of Atreus, on thy better hand
Seizing affectionate, thee thus address'd.

Thou ravest, my royal brother! and art seized

With needless frenzy. But, however chafed,
Restrain thy wrath, nor covet to contend
With Priameian Hector, whom in fight
All dread, a warrior thy superior far.
Not even Achilles, in the glorious field,
(Though stronger far than thou,) this hero meets
Undaunted. Go then, and thy seat resume
In thy own band; the Achaians shall for him,
Doubtless, some fitter champion furnish forth.
Brave though he be, and with the toils of war
Insatiable, he shall be willing yet,
Seated on his bent knees, to breathe a while,
Should he escape the arduous brunt severe.

So saying, the hero by his counsel wise
His brother's purpose alter'd; he complied,
And his glad servants eased him of his arms.
Then Nestor thus the Argive host bespake.

Great woe, ye Gods! hath on Achaia fallen.
Now may the warlike Peleus, hoary Chief,
Who both with eloquence and wisdom rules
The Myrmidons, our foul disgrace deplore.
With him discoursing, erst, of ancient times,
When all your pedigrees I traced, I made
His heart bound in him at the proud report.
But now, when he shall learn how here we sat
Cowering at foot of Hector, he shall oft
His hands uplift to the immortal Gods,
Praying a swift release into the shades.
Jove! Pallas! Phœbus! Oh that I were young
As when the Pylians in fierce fight engaged
The Arcadians spear-expert, beside the stream
Of rapid Celadon! Beneath the walls
We fought of Pheia, where the Jardan rolls.

There Ereuthalion, Chief of Godlike form,
Stood forth before his van, and with loud voice
Defied the Pylians. Arm'd he was in steel
By royal Areïthons whilom worn;
Brave Areïthous, Corynetes[1] named
By every tongue; for that in bow and spear
Nought trusted he, but with an iron mace
The close-embattled phalanx shatter'd wide.
Him by address, not by superior force,
Lycurgus vanquish'd, in a narrow pass,
Where him his iron whirl-bat[2] nought avail'd.
Lycurgus stealing on him, with his lance
Transpierced and fix'd him to the soil supine.
Him of his arms, bright gift of brazen Mars,
He stripp'd, which after, in the embattled field
Lycurgus wore himself, but, growing old,
Surrender'd them to Ereuthalion's use
His armour-bearer, high in his esteem,
And Ereuthalion wore them on the day
When he defied our best. All hung their heads
And trembled; none dared meet him; till at last
With inborn courage warm'd, and nought dismayed,
Though youngest of them all, I undertook
That contest, and, by Pallas' aid, prevail'd.
I slew the man in height and bulk all men
Surpassing, and much soil he cover'd slain.
Oh for the vigour of those better days!
Then should not Hector want a champion long,
Whose call to combat, ye, although the prime
And pride of all our land, seem slow to hear.
He spake reproachful, when at once arose
Nine heroes. Agamemnon, King of men,

[1] The club-bearer. [2] It is a word used by Dryden.

Foremost arose; then Tydeus' mighty son,
With either Ajax in fierce prowess clad;
The Cretan next, Idomeneus, with whom
Uprose Meriones his friend approved,
Terrible as the man-destroyer Mars.
Evæmon's noble offspring next appear'd
Eurypylus; Andræmon's son the next
Thoas; and last, Ulysses, glorious Chief.
All these stood ready to engage in arms
With warlike Hector, when the ancient King,
Gerenian Nestor, thus his speech resumed.
Now cast the lot for all. Who wins the chance
Shall yield Achaia service, and himself
Serve also, if successful he escape
This brunt of hostile hardiment severe.
So Nestor. They, inscribing each his lot,
Into the helmet cast it of the son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon. Then the host
Pray'd all, their hands uplifting, and with eyes
To the wide heavens directed, many said—
Eternal sire! chuse Ajax, or the son
Of Tydeus, or the King himself[3] who sways
The sceptre in Mycenæ wealth-renown'd!
Such prayer the people made; then Nestor shook
The helmet, and forth leaped, whose most they wished,
The lot of Ajax. Throughout all the host
To every chief and potentate of Greece,
From right to left the herald bore the lot
By all disown'd; but when at length he reach'd
The inscriber of the lot, who cast it in,
Illustrious Ajax, in his open palm

[3] Agamemnon.

The herald placed it, standing at his side.
He, conscious, with heroic joy the lot
Cast at his foot, and thus exclaim'd aloud.
My friends! the lot is mine, and my own heart
Rejoices also; for I nothing doubt
That noble Hector shall be foil'd by me.
But while I put mine armour on, pray all
In silence to the King Saturnian Jove,
Lest, while ye pray, the Trojans overhear.
Or pray aloud, for whom have we to dread?
No man shall my firm standing by his strength
Unsettle, or for ignorance of mine
Me vanquish, who, I hope, brought forth and train'd
In Salamis, have, now, not much to learn.
He ended. They with heaven-directed eyes
The King in prayer address'd, Saturnian Jove.
Jove! glorious father! who from Ida's height
Controulest all below, let Ajax prove
Victorious, make the honour all his own!
Or, if not less than Ajax, Hector share
Thy love and thy regard, divide the prize
Of glory, and let each atchieve renown!
Then Ajax put his radiant armour on,
And, arm'd complete, rush'd forward. As huge Mars
To battle moves the sons of men between
Whom Jove with heart-devouring thirst inspires
Of war, so moved huge Ajax to the fight,
Tower of the Greeks, dilating with a smile
His martial features terrible; on feet,
Firm-planted, to the combat he advanced
Stride after stride, and shook his quivering spear.
Him viewing, Argos' universal host

Exulted, while a panic loosed the knees
Of every Trojan; even Hector's heart
Beat double, but escape for him remain'd
None now, or to retreat into his ranks
Again, from whom himself had challenged forth.
Ajax advancing like a tower his shield
Sevenfold, approach'd. It was the labour'd work
Of Tychius, armourer of matchless skill,
Who dwelt in Hyla; coated with the hides
Of seven high-pamper'd bulls that shield he framed
For Ajax, and the disk plated with brass.
Advancing it before his breast, the son
Of Telamon approach'd the Trojan Chief,
And face to face, him threatening, thus began.
  Now, Hector, prove, by me alone opposed,
What Chiefs the Danaï can furnish forth
In absence of the lion-hearted prince
Achilles, breaker of the ranks of war.
He, in his billow-cleaving barks incensed
Against our leader Agamemnon, lies;
But warriors of my measure, who may serve
To cope with thee, we want not; numerous such
Are found amongst us. But begin the fight.
  To whom majestic Hector fierce in arms.
Ajax! heroic leader of the Greeks!
Offspring of Telamon! essay not me
With words to terrify, as I were boy
Or girl unskill'd in war; I am a man
Well exercised in battle, who have shed
The blood of many a warrior, and have learn'd,
From hand to hand shifting my shield, to fight
Unwearied; I can make a sport of war,
In standing fight adjusting all my steps

To martial measures sweet, or vaulting light
Into my chariot, thence can urge the foe.
Yet in contention with a Chief like thee
I will employ no stratagem, or seek
To smite thee privily, but with a stroke
(If I may reach thee) visible to all.

So saying, he shook, then hurl'd his massy spear
At Ajax, and his broad shield sevenfold
On its eighth surface of resplendent brass
Smote full; six hides the unblunted weapon piereed,
But in the seventh stood rooted. Ajax, next,
Heroic chief, hurl'd his long-shadow'd spear
And struck the oval shield of Priam's son.
Through his bright disk the weapon tempest-driven
Glided, and in his hauberk-rings infixt
At his soft flank, ripp'd wide his vest within.
Inclined oblique he 'scaped the dreadful doom.
Then each from other's shield his massy spear
Recovering quick, like lions hunger-pinch'd
Or wild boars irresistible in force,
They fell to close encounter. Priam's son
The shield of Ajax at its centre smote,
But fail'd to pierce it, for he bent his point.
Sprang Ajax then, and meeting full the targe
Of Hector, shock'd him; through it and beyond
He urged the weapon with its sliding edge
Athwart his neck, and blood was seen to start.
But still, for no such cause, from battle ceased
Crest-tossing Hector, but retiring, seized
An huge stone angled sharp and black with age
That on the champain lay. The bull-hide guard
Sevenfold of Ajax with that stone he smote
Full on its centre; sang the circling brass.

Then Ajax far an heavier stone upheaved;
He whirled it, and with might immeasurable
Dismiss'd the mass, which with a mill-stone weight
Sank through the shield of Hector, and his knees
Disabled; with his shield supine he fell,
But by Apollo raised, stood soon again.
And now, with swords they had each other hewn,
Had not the messengers of Gods and men
The heralds wise, Idæus on the part
Of Ilium, and Talthybius for the Greeks,
Advancing interposed. His sceptre each
Between them held, and thus Idæus spake.
My children, cease! prolong not still the fight.
Ye both are dear to cloud-assembler Jove,
Both valiant, and all know it. But the night
Hath fallen, and night's command must be obeyed.
To him the son of Telamon replied.
Idæus! bid thy master speak as thou.
He is the challenger. If such his choice,
Mine differs not; I wait but to comply.
Him answer'd then heroic Hector huge.
Since, Ajax, the immortal powers on thee
Have bulk pre-eminent and strength bestow'd,
With such address in battle, that the host
Of Greece hath not thine equal at the spear,
Now let the combat cease. We shall not want
More fair occasion; on some future day
We will not part till all-disposing heaven
Shall give thee victory, or shall make her mine.
But night hath fallen, and night must be obey'd,
That thou may'st gratify with thy return
The Achaians, and especially thy friends
And thy own countrymen. I go, no less

To exhilarate in Priam's royal town
Men and robed matrons, who shall seek the Gods
For me, with pious ceremonial due.
But come. We will exchange, or ere we part,
Some princely gift, that Greece and Troy may say
Hereafter, with soul-wasting rage they fought,
But parted with the gentleness of friends.
So saying, he with its sheath and belt a sword
Presented bright-emboss'd, and a bright belt
Purpureal[4] took from Ajax in return.
Thus separated, one the Greecians sought,
And one the Trojans; they when him they saw
From the unconquer'd hands return'd alive
Of Ajax, with delight their Chief received,
And to the city led him, double joy
Conceiving all at his unhoped escape.
On the other side, the Greecians brazen-mail'd
To noble Agamemnon introduced
Exulting Ajax, and the King of men
In honour of the conqueror slew an ox
Of the fifth year to Jove omnipotent.
Him flaying first, they carved him next and spread
The whole abroad, then, scoring deep the flesh,
They pierced it with the spits, and from the spits,
(Once roasted well) withdrew it all again.
Their labour thus accomplish'd, and the board
Furnish'd with plenteous cheer, they feasted all
Till all were satisfied; nor Ajax miss'd
The conqueror's meed, to whom the hero-king

[4] This word I have taken leave to coin. The Latins have both substantive and adjective. *Purpura—Purpureus.* We make purple serve both uses; but it seems a poverty to which we have no need to submit, at least in poetry.

Wide-ruling Agamemnon, gave the chine
Perpetual[5], his distinguish'd portion due.
The calls of hunger and of thirst at length
Both well sufficed, thus, foremost of them all
The ancient Nestor, whose advice had oft
Proved salutary, prudent thus began.

Chiefs of Achaia, and thou, chief of all,
Great Agamemnon! Many of our host
Lie slain, whose blood sprinkles, in battle shed,
The banks of smooth Scamander, and their souls
Have journey'd down into the realms of death.
To-morrow, therefore, let the battle pause
As need requires, and at the peep of day
With mules and oxen, wheel ye from all parts
The dead, that we may burn them near the fleet.
So, home to Greece returning, will we give
The fathers' ashes to the children's care.
Accumulating next, the pile around,
One common tomb for all, with brisk dispatch
We will upbuild for more secure defence
Of us and of our fleet, strong towers and tall
Adjoining to the tomb, and every tower
Shall have its ponderous gate, commodious pass
Affording to the mounted charioteer.
And last, without those towers and at their foot,
Dig we a trench, which compassing around
Our camp, both steeds and warriors shall exclude,
And all fierce inroad of the haughty foe.

[5] The word is here used in the Latin sense of it. Virgil, describing the entertainment given by Evander to the Trojans, says that he regaled them

Perpetui *tergo bovis et lustralibus extis.* Æn. viii.

It means, the whole.

So counsell'd he, whom every Chief approved.
In Troy meantime, at Priam's gate beside
The lofty citadel, debate began
The assembled senators between, confused,
Clamorous, and with furious heat pursued,
When them Antenor, prudent, thus bespake.
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and allies of Troy,
My counsel hear! Delay not. Instant yield
To the Atridæ, hence to be convey'd,
Helen of Greece with all that is her own.
For charged with violated oaths we fight,
And hope I none conceive that aught by us
Design'd shall prosper, unless so be done.
He spake and sat; when from his seat arose
Paris, fair Helen's noble paramour,
Who thus with speech impassion'd quick replied.
Antenor! me thy counsel hath not pleased;
Thou could'st have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods
Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth.
But I will speak myself. Ye Chiefs of Troy,
I tell you plain. I will not yield my spouse.
But all her treasures to our house convey'd
From Argos, those will I resign, and add
Still other compensation from my own.
Thus Paris said and sat; when like the Gods
Themselves in wisdom, from his seat uprose
Dardanian Priam, who them thus address'd.
Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I shall declare my sentence; hear ye me.
Now let the legions, as at other times,
Take due refreshment; let the watch be set,
And keep ye vigilant guard. At early dawn

We will dispatch Idæus to the fleet,
Who shall inform the Atridæ of this last
Resolve of Paris, author of the war.
Discreet Idæus also shall propose
A respite (if the Atridæ so incline)
From war's dread clamour, while we burn the dead.
Then will we clash again, till heaven at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide.
He ceased, whose voice the assembly pleased, obey'd.
Then, troop by troop, the army took repast,
And at the dawn Idæus sought the fleet;
He found the Danaï, servants of Mars,
Beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship
Consulting; and amid the assembled Chiefs
Arrived, with utterance clear them thus address'd.
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Chiefs, the flower
Of all Achaia! Priam and the Chiefs
Of Ilium, bade me to your ear impart
(If chance such embassy might please your ear)
The mind of Paris, author of the war.
The treasures which on board his ships he brought
From Argos home, (oh, had he perish'd first!)
He yields them with addition from his own.
Not so the consort of the glorious prince
Brave Menelaus; her, (although in Troy
All counsel otherwise,) he still detains.
Thus too I have in charge. Are ye inclined
That the dread-sounding clamours of the field
Be caused to cease, till we shall burn the dead?
Then will we clash again, 'till heaven at length
Shall part us, and the doubtful strife decide,
So spake Idæus, and all silent sat;
Till at the last brave Diomede replied.

No. We will none of Paris' treasures now,
Nor even Helen's self. A child may see
Destruction winging swift her course to Troy.
He said. The admiring Greeks with loud applause
All praised the speech of warlike Diomede,
And answer thus the King of men return'd.
Idæus! thou hast witness'd the resolve
Of the Achaian Chiefs, whose choice is mine.
But for the slain, I shall not envy them
A funeral pile; the spirit fled, delay
Suits not. Last rites cannot too soon be paid.
Burn them. And let high-thundering Jove attest
Himself mine oath, that war shall cease the while.
So saying, he to all the Gods upraised
His sceptre, and Idæus homeward sped
To sacred Ilium. The Dardanians there
And Trojans, all assembled, his return
Expected anxious. He amid them told
Distinct his errand, when, at once dissolved,
The whole assembly rose, these to collect
The scatter'd bodies, those to gather wood;
While on the other side, the Greeks arose
As sudden, and all issuing from the fleet
Sought fuel, some, and, some, the scatter'd dead.
Now from the gently-swelling flood profound
The sun arising, with his earliest rays
In his ascent to heaven smote on the fields.
When Greeks and Trojans met. Scarce could the slain
Be clear distinguish'd, but they cleansed from each
His clotted gore with water, and warm tears
Distilling copious, heaved them to the wains.
But wailing none was heard, for such command
Had Priam issued; therefore heaping high

The bodies, silent and with sorrowing hearts
They burn'd them, and to sacred Troy return'd.
The Greecians also, on the funeral pile
The bodies heaping sad, burn'd them with fire
Together, and return'd into the fleet.
Then, ere the peep of dawn, and while the veil
Of night, though thinner, still o'erhung the earth,
Achaians, chosen from the rest, the pile
Encompass'd. With a tomb (one tomb for all)
They crown'd the spot adust, and to the tomb
(For safety of their fleet and of themselves)
Strong fortress added of high wall and tower,
With solid gates affording egress thence
Commodious to the mounted charioteer;
Deep foss and broad they also dug without,
And planted it with piles. So toil'd the Greeks.
The Gods, that mighty labour, from beside
The Thunderer's throne with admiration view'd,
When Neptune, shaker of the shores, began.
Eternal father! is there on the face
Of all the boundless earth one mortal man
Who will, in times to come, consult with heaven?
See'st thou yon height of wall, and yon deep trench
With which the Greecians have their fleet inclosed,
And, careless of our blessing, hecatomb
Or invocation have presented none?
Far as the day-spring shoots herself abroad,
So far the glory of this work shall spread,
While Phœbus and myself, who, toiling hard,
Built walls for king Laomedon, shall see
Forgotten all the labour of our hands.
To whom, indignant, thus high-thundering Jove.
Oh thou, who shakest the solid earth at will,

What hast thou spoken? An inferior power,
A god of less sufficiency than thou,
Might be allowed some fear from such a cause.
Fear not. Where'er the morning shoots her beams,
Thy glory shall be known; and when the Greeks
Shall seek their country through the waves again,
Then break this bulwark down, submerge it whole,
And spreading deep with sand the spacious shore
As at the first, leave not a trace behind.

Such conference held the Gods; and now the sun
Went down, and, that great work perform'd, the Greeks
From tent to tent slaughter'd the fatted ox
And ate their evening cheer. Meantime arrived
Large fleet with Lemnian wine; Euneus, son
Of Jason and Hypsipile, that fleet
From Lemnos freighted, and had stow'd on board
A thousand measures from the rest apart
For the Atridæ; but the host at large
By traffic were supplied; some barter'd brass,
Others bright steel; some purchased wine with hides,
These with their cattle, with their captives those,
And the whole host prepared a glad regale.
All night the Greecians feasted, and the host
Of Ilium, and all night deep-planning Jove
Portended dire calamities to both,
Thundering tremendous!—Pale was every cheek;
Each pour'd his goblet on the ground, nor dared
The hardiest drink, 'till he had first perform'd
Libation meet to the Saturnian King
Omnipotent; then, all retiring, sought
Their couches, and partook the gift of sleep.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Jove calls a council, in which he forbids all interference of the Gods between the Greeks and Trojans. He repairs to Ida, where having consulted the scales of destiny, he directs his lightning against the Greecians. Nestor is endangered by the death of one of his horses. Diomede delivers him. In the chariot of Diomede they both hasten to engage Hector, whose charioteer is slain by Diomede. Jupiter again interposes by his thunders, and the whole Greecian host, discomfited, is obliged to seek refuge within the rampart. Diomede, with others, at sight of a favourable omen sent from Jove in answer to Agamemnon's prayer, sallies. Teucer performs great exploits, but is disabled by Hector. Juno and Pallas set forth from Olympus in aid of the Greecians, but are stopped by Jupiter, who reascends from Ida, and in heaven foretells the distresses which await the Greecians.

Hector takes measures for the security of Troy during the night, and prepares his host for an assault to be made on the Greecian camp in the morning.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK VIII.

The saffron-mantled morning now was spread
O'er all the nations, when the Thunderer Jove,
On the deep-fork'd Olympian topmost height
Convened the Gods in council, amid whom
He spake himself; they all attentive heard.
Gods! Goddesses! Inhabitants of heaven!
Attend; I make my secret purpose known.
Let neither God nor Goddess interpose
My counsel to rescind, but with one heart
Approve it, that it reach, at once, its end.
Whom I shall mark soever from the rest
Withdrawn, that he may Greeks or Trojans aid,
Disgrace shall find him; shamefully chastised
He shall return to the Olympian heights,
Or I will hurl him deep into the gulfs
Of gloomy Tartarus, where Hell shuts fast
Her iron gates, and spreads her brazen floor,
As far below the shades, as earth from heaven.
There shall he learn how far I pass in might
All others; which if ye incline to doubt,
Now prove me. Let ye down the golden chain
From heaven, and at its nether links pull all
Both Goddesses and Gods. But me your King,

Supreme in wisdom, ye shall never draw
To earth from heaven, toil adverse as ye may.
Yet I, when once I shall be pleased to pull,
The earth itself, itself the sea, and you
Will lift with ease together, and will wind
The chain around the spiry summit sharp
Of the Olympian, that all things upheaved
Shall hang in the mid heaven. So far do I,
Compared with all who live, transcend them all.
He ended, and the Gods long time amazed
Sat silent, for with awful tone he spake;
But at the last Pallas blue-eyed began.
Father! Saturnian Jove! of Kings supreme!
We know thy force resistless; but our hearts
Feel not the less, when we behold the Greeks
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.
If thou command, we, doubtless, will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.
To whom with smiles answer'd cloud-gatherer Jove.
Fear not, my child! stern as mine accent was,
I forced a frown—no more. For in mine heart
Nought feel I but benevolence to thee.
He said, and to his chariot join'd his steeds
Swift, brazen-hoof'd, and maned with wavy gold;
He put on golden raiment, his bright scourge
Of gold receiving rose into his seat,
And lash'd his steeds; they not unwilling flew
Midway the earth between and starry heaven.
To spring fed Ida, mother of wild beasts,
He came, where stands in Gargarus his shrine

Breathing fresh incense! there the Sire of all
Arriving, loosed his coursers, and around
Involving them in gather'd clouds opaque,
Sat on the mountain's head, in his own might
Exulting, with the towers of Ilium all
Beneath his eye, and the whole fleet of Greece.
In all their tents, meantime, Achaia's sons
Took short refreshment, and for fight prepared.
On the other side, though fewer, yet constrain'd
By strong necessity, throughout all Troy,
In the defence of children and of wives
Ardent, the Trojans panted for the field.
Wide flew the city-gates: forth rush'd to war
Horsemen and foot, and tumult wild arose.
They met, they clash'd; loud was the din of spears
And bucklers on their bosoms brazen mail'd
Encountering, shields in opposition firm
Met bossy shields, and tumult wild arose[1].
There many a shout and many a dying groan
Were heard, the slayer and the maim'd aloud
Clamouring, and the earth was drench'd with blood.
'Till sacred morn had brighten'd into noon,
The vollied weapons on both sides their task
Perform'd effectual, and the people fell.
But when the sun had climb'd the middle skies,
The Sire of all then took his golden scales;
Doom against doom he weigh'd, the eternal fates
In counterpoise, of Trojans and of Greeks.
He raised the beam; low sank the heavier lot

[1] In the repetition of this expression, the translator follows the original.

Of the Achaians; the Achaian doom
Subsided, and the Trojan struck the skies.
Then roar'd his thunders from the summit hurl'd
Of Ida, and his vivid lightnings flew
Into Achaia's host. They at the sight
Astonish'd stood; fear whiten'd every cheek.
Idomeneus dared not himself abide
That shock, nor Agamemnon stood, nor stood
The heroes Ajax, ministers of Mars.
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks,
Alone fled not, nor he by choice remain'd,
But by his steed retarded, which the mate
Of beauteous Helen, Paris, with a shaft
Had stricken where the forelock grows, a part
Of all most mortal. Tortured by the wound
Erect he rose, the arrow in his brain,
And writhing furious, scared his fellow steeds.
Meantime, while, strenuous, with his falchion's edge
The hoary warrior stood slashing the reins,
Through multitudes of fierce pursuers borne
On rapid wheels, the dauntless charioteer,
Approach'd him, Hector. Then, past hope, had died
The ancient King, but Diomede discern'd
His peril imminent, and with a voice
Like thunder, called Ulysses to his aid.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Art thou too fugitive, and turn'st thy back
Like the base multitude? Ah! fear a lance
Implanted ignominious in thy spine.
Stop—Nestor dies. Fell Hector is at hand.
So shouted Diomede, whose summons loud,

Ulysses yet heard not, but, passing, flew
With headlong haste to the Achaian fleet.
Then, Diomede, unaided as he was,
Rush'd ardent to the vaw-ward, and before
The steeds of the Neleian sovereign old
Standing, in accents wing'd, him thus address'd.
Old Chief! these youthful warriors are too brisk
For thee, press'd also by encroaching age.
Thy servant too is feeble, and thy steeds
Are tardy. Mount my chariot. Thou shalt see
With what rapidity the steeds of Troy,
Pursuing or retreating, scour the field.
I took them from that terror of his foes,
Æneas. Thine to our attendants leave,
While these against the warlike powers of Troy
We push direct; that Hector's self may know
If my spear rage not furious as his own.
He said, nor the Gerenian Chief refused.
Thenceforth their servants, Sthenelus and good
Eurymedon, took charge of Nestor's steeds,
And they the chariot of Tydides both
Ascended; Nestor seized the reins, plied well
The scourge, and soon they met. Tydides hurl'd
At Hector first, while rapid he advanced;
But missing Hector, wounded in the breast
Eniopeus his charioteer, the son
Of brave Thebæus, managing the steeds.
He fell; his fiery coursers, at the sound
Startled, recoil'd, and where he fell he died.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer o'erwhelm'd
The mind of Hector; yet, although he mourn'd

He left him, and another sought as brave.
Nor wanted long his steeds a charioteer,
For finding soon the son of Iphitus,
Bold Archeptolemus, he bade him mount
His chariot, and the reins gave to his hand.
Then deeds of bloodiest note should have ensued,
Penn'd had the Trojans been, as lambs, in Troy,
But for quick succour of the sire of all.
Thundering, he downward hurled his candent bolt
To the horse-feet of Diomede; dire fumed
The flaming sulphur, and both horses drove
Under the axle, belly to the ground.
Forth flew the splendid reins from Nestor's hand,
And thus to Diomede, appall'd, he spake.

Back to the fleet, Tydides! Can'st not see
That Jove ordains not, now, the victory thine?
The son of Saturn glorifies to-day
This Trojan, and, if such his will, can make
The morrow ours; but vain it is to thwart
The mind of Jove, for he is Lord of all.

To him the valiant Diomede replied.
Thou hast well said, old warrior! but the pang
That wrings my soul, is this. The public ear
In Ilium shall from Hector's lips be told—
I drove Tydides—fearing me he fled.
So shall he vaunt, and may the earth her jaws
That moment opening swallow me alive!

Him answer'd the Gerenian warrior old.
What saith the son of Tydeus, glorious Chief?
Should Hector so traduce thee as to call
Thee base and timid, neither Trojan him

Nor Dardan would believe, nor yet the wives
Of numerous shielded warriors brave of Troy,
Widow'd by thy unconquerable arm.
So saying, he through the fugitives his steeds
Turn'd swift to flight. Then Hector and his host
With clamour infinite their darts woe-wing'd
Shower'd after them, and Hector, mighty Chief
Majestic, from afar, thus call'd aloud.
Tydides! thee the Danaï swift-horsed
Were wont to grace with a superior seat,
The mess of honour, and the brimming cup,
But now will mock thee. Thou art woman now.
Go, timorous girl! Thou never shalt behold
Me flying, climb our battlements, or lead
Our women captive. I will slay thee first.
He ceased. Then Diomede in dread suspense
Thrice purposed, turning, to withstand the foe,
And thrice in thunder from the mountain-top
Jove gave the signal of success to Troy,
When Hector thus the Trojans hail'd aloud.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-warring sons
Of Dardanus, oh summon all your might,
Now, now be men! I know that from his heart
Saturnian Jove glory and bright success
For me prepares, but havoc for the Greeks.
Fools! they shall find this wall which they have raised
Too weak to check my course, a feeble guard
Contemptible; such also is the trench;
My steeds shall slight it with an easy leap.
But when ye see me in their fleet arrived,
Remember fire. Then bring me flaming brands

That I may burn their galleys, and themselves
Slaughter beside them, struggling in the smoke.
He spake, and thus encouraged next his steeds.
Xanthus! Podargus! and ye generous pair
Æthon and glossy Lampus! now requite
Mine, and the bounty of Andromache,
Far-famed Eëtion's daughter; she your bowl
With corn fresh-flavour'd and with wine full oft
Hath mingled, your refreshment seeking first
Ere mine, who have a youthful husband's claim.
Now follow! now be swift; that we may seize
The shield of Nestor, bruited to the skies
As golden all, trappings and disk alike.
Now from the shoulders of the equestrian Chief
Tydides tear we off his splendid mail,
The work of Vulcan. May we take but these,
I have good hope that, ere this night be spent,
The Greeks shall climb their galleys and away.
So vaunted he, but Juno with disdain
His proud boast heard, and shuddering in her throne,
Rock'd the Olympian; turning then toward
The Ocean's mighty sovereign, thus she spake.
Alas! earth-shaking sovereign of the waves,
Feel'st thou no pity of the perishing Greeks?
Yet Greece, in Helice, with gifts nor few
Nor sordid, and in Ægæ, honours thee,
Whom therefore thou shouldst prosper. Would we all
Who favour Greece associate to repulse
The Trojans, and to check loud-thundering Jove,
On Ida seated he might lour alone.
To whom the sovereign, shaker of the shores,

Indignant. Juno! rash in speech! what word
Hath 'scaped thy lips? never, with my consent,
Shall we, the powers subordinate, in arms
With Jove contend. He far excels us all.
So they. Meantime, the trench and wall between[2],
The narrow interval with steeds was fill'd
Close throng'd and shielded warriors. There immew'd
By Priameian Hector, fierce as Mars,
They stood, for Hector had the help of Jove.
And now with blazing fire their gallant barks
He had consumed, but Juno moved the mind
Of Agamemnon, vigilant himself,
To exhortation of Achaia's host.
Through camp and fleet the monarch took his way,
And, his wide robe imperial in his hand,
High on Ulysses' huge black galley stood,
The central ship conspicuous; thence his voice
Might reach the most remote of all the line
At each extreme, where Ajax had his tent
Pitch'd, and Achilles, fearless of surprise.
Thence, with loud voice, the Greecians thus he hail'd.
Oh shame to Greece! Warriors in shew alone!
Where is your boasted prowess? Ye profess'd
Vain-glorious erst in Lemnos, while ye fed
Plenteously on the flesh of beeves full-grown,
And crown'd your beakers high, that ye would face

[2] None daring to keep the field, and all striving to enter the gates together, they obstructed their own passage, and were, of course, compelled into the narrow interval between the foss and rampart.

But there are different opinions about the space intended. See Villoisson.

Each man a hundred Trojans in the field—
Ay, twice a hundred,—yet are all too few
To face one Hector now; nor doubt I aught
But he shall soon fire the whole fleet of Greece.
Jove! Father! what great sovereign ever felt
Thy frowns as I? Whom hast thou shamed as me?
Yet I neglected not, through all the course
Of our disasterous voyage (in the hope
That we should vanquish Troy) thy sacred rites,
But where I found thine altar, piled it high
With fat and flesh of bulls, on every shore.
But oh, vouchsafe to us, that we at least
Ourselves, deliver'd, may escape the sword,
Nor let their foes thus tread the Greecians down!

He said. The eternal father pitying saw
His tears, and for the monarch's sake preserved
The people. Instant, surest of all signs,
He sent his eagle; in his pounces strong
A fawn he bore, fruit of the nimble hind,
Which fast beside the beauteous altar raised
To Panomphæan[3] Jove sudden he dropp'd.

They, conscious, soon, that sent from Jove he came,
More ardent sprang to fight. Then none of all
Those numerous Chiefs could boast that he outstripp'd
Tydides, urging forth beyond the foss
His rapid steeds, and rushing to the war.
He, foremost far, a Trojan slew, the son
Of Phradmon, Ageläus; as he turn'd
His steeds to flight, him turning with his spear
Through back and bosom Diomede transpierced,
And with loud clangor of his arms he fell.

[3] To Jove the source of all oracular information.

Then, royal Agamemnon pass'd the trench
And Menelaus; either Ajax, then,
Clad with fresh prowess both; them follow'd, next,
Idomeneus, with his heroic friend
In battle dread as homicidal Mars,
Meriones; Evæmon's son renown'd
Succeeded, bold Eurypylus; and ninth
Teucer, wide-straining his impatient bow.
He under covert fought of the broad shield
Of Telamonian Ajax; Ajax high
Upraised his shield; the hero from beneath
Took aim, and whom his arrow struck, he fell;
Then close as to his mother's side a child
For safety creeps, Teucer to Ajax' side
Retired, and Ajax shielded him again.
Whom then slew Teucer first, illustrious Chief?
Orsilochus, and Ophelestes, first,
And Ormenus he slew, then Dætor died,
Chromius and Lycophontes brave in fight
With Amopaon Polyæmon's son,
And Melanippus. These, together heap'd,
All fell by Teucer on the plain of Troy.
The Trojan ranks thinn'd by his mighty bow
The King of armies Agamemnon saw
Well-pleased, and him approaching, thus began.
Brave Telamonian Teucer, oh, my friend,
Thus shoot, that light may visit once again
The Danaï, and Telamon rejoice!
Thee Telamon within his own abode
Rear'd although spurious; mount him, in return,
Although remote, on glory's heights again.
I tell thee, and the effect shall follow sure,

Let but the Thunderer and Minerva grant
The pillage of fair Ilium to the Greeks,
And I will give to thy victorious hand,
After my own, the noblest recompense,
A tripod or a chariot with its steeds,
Or some fair captive to partake thy bed.
To whom the generous Teucer thus replied.
Atrides! glorious monarch! wherefore me
Exhortest thou to battle? who myself
Glow with sufficient ardour, and such strength
As heaven affords me spare not to employ.
Since first we drove them back, with watchful eye
Their warriors I have mark'd; eight shafts my bow
Hath sent long-barb'd, and every shaft, well-aim'd,
The body of some Trojan youth robust
Hath pierced, but still yon ravening wolf escapes.
He said, and from the nerve another shaft
Impatient sent at Hector; but it flew
Devious, and brave Gorgythion struck instead.
Him beautiful Castianira, brought
By Priam from Æsyma, nymph of form
Celestial, to the King of Ilium bore.
As in the garden, with the weight surcharged
Of its own fruit, and drench'd by vernal rains
The poppy falls oblique, so he his head
Hung languid, by his helmet's weight depress'd.
Then Teucer yet an arrow from the nerve
Dispatch'd at Hector, with impatience fired
To pierce him; but again his weapon err'd
Turn'd by Apollo, and the bosom struck
Of Archeptolemus, his rapid steeds
To battle urging, Hector's charioteer.

He fell, his fiery coursers at the sound
Recoil'd, and lifeless where he fell he lay.
Deep sorrow for his charioteer the mind
O'erwhelm'd of Hector, yet he left the slain,
And seeing his own brother nigh at hand,
Cebriones, him summon'd to the reins,
Who with alacrity that charge received.
Then Hector, leaping with a dreadful shout
From his resplendent chariot, grasp'd a stone,
And rush'd on Teucer, vengeance in his heart.
Teucer had newly fitted to the nerve
An arrow keen selected from the rest,
And warlike Hector, while he stood the cord
Retracting, smote him with that rugged rock
Just where the key-bone interposed divides
The neck and bosom, a most mortal part.
It snapp'd the bow-string, and with numbing force
Struck dead his hand; low on his knees he dropp'd,
And from his opening grasp let fall the bow.
Then not unmindful of a brother fallen
Was Ajax, but, advancing rapid, stalk'd
Around him, and his broad shield interposed,
Till brave Alaster and Mecisteus, son
Of Echius, friends of Teucer, from the earth
Upraised and bore him groaning to the fleet.
And now again fresh force Olympian Jove
Gave to the Trojans; right toward the foss
They drove the Greeks, while Hector in the van
Advanced, death menacing in every look.

As some fleet hound close-threatening flank or haunch
Of boar or lion, oft as he his head
Turns flying, marks him with a steadfast eye,

So Hector chased the Greecians, slaying still
The hindmost of the scatter'd multitude.
But when, at length, both piles and hollow foss
They had surmounted, and no few had fallen
By Trojan hands, within their fleet they stood
Imprison'd, calling each to each, and prayer
With lifted hands, loud offering to the Gods.
With Gorgon looks, meantime, and eyes of Mars,
Hector impetuous his mane-tossing steeds
From side to side before the rampart drove,
When white-arm'd Juno pitying the Greeks,
In accents wing'd her speech to Pallas turn'd.
  Alas, Jove's daughter! shall not we at least
In this extremity of their distress
Care for the Greecians by the fatal force
Of this one Chief destroy'd? I can endure
The rage of Priameïan Hector now
No longer; such dire mischiefs he hath wrought.
  Whom answer'd thus Pallas, cærulean-eyed.
—And Hector had himself long since his life
Resign'd and rage together, by the Greeks
Slain under Ilium's walls, but Jove, my sire,
Mad counsels executing and perverse,
Me counterworks in all that I attempt,
Nor aught remembers how I saved ofttimes
His son enjoin'd full many a task severe
By King Eurystheus; to the Gods he wept,
And me Jove sent in haste to his relief.
But had I then foreseen what now I know,
When through the adamantine gates he pass'd
To bind the dog of hell, by the deep floods
Hemm'd in of Styx, he had return'd no more.

But Thetis wins him now; her will prevails,
And mine he hates; for she hath kiss'd his knees
And grasp'd his beard, and him in prayer implored
That he would honour her heroic son
Achilles, city-waster prince renown'd.
'Tis well,—the day shall come when Jove again
Shall call me darling, and his blue-eyed maid
As heretofore;—but thou thy steeds prepare,
While I, my father's mansion entering, arm
For battle. I would learn by trial sure,
If Hector, Priam's offspring famed in fight
(Ourselves appearing in the walks of war)
Will greet us gladly. Doubtless at the fleet
Some Trojan also, shall to dogs resign
His flesh for food, and to the fowls of heaven.
So counsell'd Pallas, nor the daughter dread
Of mighty Saturn, Juno, disapproved,
But busily and with dispatch prepared
The trappings of her coursers golden-rein'd.
Meantime, Minerva progeny of Jove,
On the adamantine floor of his abode
Let fall profuse her variegated robe,
Labour of her own hands. She first put on
The corslet of the cloud-assembler God,
Then arm'd her for the field of woe, complete.
Mounting the fiery chariot, next she seized
Her ponderous spear, huge, irresistible,
With which Jove's aweful daughter levels ranks
Of heroes against whom her anger burns.
Juno with lifted lash urged on the steeds.
At their approach, spontaneous roar'd the wide-
Unfolding gates of heaven; the heavenly gates

Kept by the watchful Hours, to whom the charge
Of the Olympian summit appertains,
And of the boundless ether, back to roll,
And to replace the cloudy barrier dense.
Spurr'd through the portal flew the rapid steeds.
Which when the Eternal Father from the heights
Of Ida saw, kindling with instant ire
To golden-pinion'd Iris thus he spake.

Haste, Iris, turn them thither whence they came,
Me let them not encounter; honour small
To them, to me, should from that strife accrue.
Tell them, and the effect shall sure ensue,
That I will smite their steeds, and they shall halt
Disabled, break their chariot, dash themselves
Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
The wounds by my avenging bolts impress'd.
So shall my blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, I resent it less; for she
Clashes[4] with all my counsels from of old.

He ended; Iris with a tempest's speed
From the Idæan summit soar'd at once
To the Olympian; at the open gates
Exterior of the mountain many-valed
She stayed them, and her coming thus declared.

Whither, and for what cause? What rage is this?
Ye may not aid the Greecians; Jove forbids;
The son of Saturn threatens, if ye force
His wrath by perseverance into act,
That he will smite your steeds, and they shall halt

[4] Ενικλαν.—The word is here metaphorical, and expresses, in its primary use, the breaking of a spear against a shield.

Disabled, break your chariot, dash yourselves
Headlong, and ten whole years shall not efface
The wounds by his avenging bolts impress'd.
So shall his blue-eyed daughter learn to dread
A father's anger; but for the offence
Of Juno, he resents it less; for she
Clashes with all his counsels from of old.
But thou, Minerva, if thou dare indeed
Lift thy vast spear against the breast of Jove,
Incorrigible art and dead to shame.
So saying, the rapid Iris disappear'd,
And thus her speech to Pallas Juno turn'd.
Ah Pallas, progeny of Jove! henceforth
No longer, in the cause of mortal men,
Contend we against Jove. Perish or live
Greecians or Trojans as he wills; let him
Dispose the order of his own concerns,
And judge between them, as of right he may.
So saying, she turn'd the coursers; them the Hours
Released, and to ambrosial mangers bound,
Then thrust their chariot to the luminous wall.
They, mingling with the Gods, on golden thrones
Dejected sat, and Jove from Ida borne
Reach'd the Olympian heights, seat of the Gods.
His steeds the glorious King of Ocean loosed,
And thrust the chariot, with its veil o'erspread,
Into its station at the altar's side.
Then sat the Thunderer on his throne of gold
Himself, and the huge mountain shook. Meantime
Juno and Pallas, seated both apart,
Spake not or question'd him. Their mute reserve
He noticed, conscious of the cause, and said.

Juno and Pallas, wherefore sit ye sad?
Not through fatigue by glorious fight incurr'd
And slaughter of the Trojans whom ye hate.
Mark now the difference. Not the Gods combined
Should have constrain'd *me* back, till all my force,
Superior as it is, had fail'd, and all
My fortitude. But ye, ere ye beheld
The wonders of the field, trembling retired.
And ye did well—Hear what had else befallen.
My bolts had found you both, and ye had reach'd,
In your own chariot borne, the Olympian height,
Seat of the blest Immortals, never more.

He ended; Juno and Minerva heard
Low murmuring deep disgust, and side by side
Devising sat calamity to Troy.
Minerva, through displeasure against Jove,
Nought utter'd, for her bosom boil'd with rage;
But Juno check'd not hers, who thus replied.

What word hath pass'd thy lips, Jove most severe!
We know thy force resistless; yet our hearts
Feel not the less when we behold the Greeks
Exhausting all the sorrows of their lot.
If thou command, we doubtless will abstain
From battle, yet such counsel to the Greeks
Suggesting still, as may in part effect
Their safety, lest thy wrath consume them all.

Then answer, thus, cloud-gatherer Jove return'd.
Look forth, imperial Juno, if thou wilt,
To-morrow at the blush of earliest dawn,
And thou shalt see Saturn's almighty son
The Argive host destroying far and wide.
For Hector's fury shall admit no pause

Till he have roused Achilles, in that day
When at the ships, in perilous streights, the hosts
Shall wage fierce battle for Patroclus slain.
Such is the voice of fate. But as for thee—
Withdraw thou to the confines of the abyss
Where Saturn and Iäpetus retired,
Exclusion sad endure from balmy airs
And from the light of morn, hell-girt around,
I will not call thee thence. No. Should thy rage
Transport thee thither, there thou may'st abide,
There sullen nurse thy disregarded spleen
Obstinate as thou art, and void of shame.
He ended; to whom Juno nought replied.
And now the radiant sun in Ocean sank,
Drawing night after him o'er all the earth;
Night, undesired by Troy, but to the Greeks
Thrice welcome for its interposing gloom.
Then Hector on the river's brink fast by
The Grecian fleet, where space he found unstrew'd
With carcases, convened the Chiefs of Troy.
They, there dismounting, listen'd to the words
Of Hector Jove-beloved; he grasp'd a spear
In length eleven cubits, bright its head
Of brass, and collar'd with a ring of gold.
He lean'd on it, and ardent thus began.
Trojans, Dardanians, and allies of Troy!
I hoped, this evening, (every ship consumed,
And all the Greecians slain,) to have return'd
To wind-swept Ilium. But the shades of night
Have intervened, and to the night they owe,
In chief, their whole fleet's safety and their own.
Now, therefore, as the night enjoins, all take

Needful refreshment. Your high-mettled steeds
Release, lay food before them, and in haste
Drive hither from the city fatted sheep
And oxen; bring ye from your houses bread,
Make speedy purchase of heart-cheering wine,
And gather fuel plenteous; that all night,
E'en till Aurora, daughter of the morn
Shall look abroad, we may with many fires
Illume the skies; lest even in the night,
Launching, they mount the billows and escape.
Beware that they depart not unannoy'd,
But, as he leaps on board, give each a wound
With shaft or spear, which he shall nurse at home.
So shall the nations fear us, and shall vex
With ruthless war Troy's gallant sons no more.
Next, let the heralds, ministers of Jove,
Loud notice issue, that the boys well-grown,
And ancients silver-hair'd on the high towers
Built by the Gods, keep watch; on every hearth
In Troy, let those of the inferior sex
Make sprightly blaze, and place ye there a guard
Sufficient, lest in absence of the troops
An ambush enter, and surprise the town.
Act thus, ye dauntless Trojans; the advice
Is wholesome, and shall serve the present need,
And so much for the night; ye shall be told
The business of the morn when morn appears.
It is my prayer to Jove and to all heaven
(Not without hope) that I may hence expel
These dogs, whom Ilium's unpropitious fates
Have wafted hither in their sable barks.
But we will also watch this night, ourselves,

And, arming with the dawn, will at their ships
Give them brisk onset. Then shall it appear
If Diomede the brave shall me compel
Back to our walls, or I, his arms blood-stain'd,
Torn from his breathless body, bear away.
To-morrow, if he dare but to abide
My lance, he shall not want occasion meet
For show of valour. But much more I judge
That the next rising sun shall see him slain
With no few friends around him. Would to heaven!
I were as sure to 'scape the blight of age,
And share their honours with the Gods above,
As comes the morrow fraught with woe to Greece.
So Hector, whom his host with loud acclaim
All praised. Then each his sweating steeds released,
And rein'd them safely at his chariot-side.
And now from Troy provision large they brought,
Oxen, and sheep, with store of wine and bread,
And fuel much was gather'd. [5] Next, the Gods
With sacrifice they sought, and from the plain
Upwafted by the winds the smoke aspired
Savoury, but unacceptable to those
Above; such hatred in their hearts they bore
To Priam, to the people of the brave
Spear-practised Priam, and to sacred Troy.
Big with great purposes and proud, they sat,
Not disarray'd, but in fair form disposed
Of even ranks, and watch'd their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars

[5] The following lines, to the end of this paragraph, are a translation of some which Barnes has here inserted from the second Alcibiades of Plato.

Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hush'd,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland-heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether open'd wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd;
So numerous seem'd those fires the bank between
Of Xanthus, blazing, and the fleet of Greece,
In prospect all of Troy; a thousand fires,
Each watch'd by fifty warriors seated near.
The steeds beside the chariots stood, their corn
Chewing, and waiting till the golden-throned
Aurora should restore the light of day.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT OF THE NINTH BOOK.

By advice of Nestor, Agamemnon sends Ulysses, Phœnix, and Ajax to the tent of Achilles with proposals of reconciliation. They execute their commission, but without effect. Phœnix remains with Achilles; Ulysses and Ajax return.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK IX.

So watch'd the Trojan host; but thoughts of flight,
Companions of chill fear, from heaven infused,
Possess'd the Greecians; every leader's heart
Bled, pierced with anguish insupportable.
As when two adverse winds blowing from Thrace,
Boreas and Zephyrus, the fishy Deep
Vex sudden, all around, the sable flood
High curl'd, flings forth the salt weed on the shore,
Such tempest rent the mind of every Greek.
Forth stalk'd Atrides with heart-riving woe
Transfixt; he bade his heralds call by name
Each Chief to council, but without the sound
Of proclamation; and that task himself
Among the foremost sedulous perform'd.
The sad assembly sat; when weeping fast
As some deep[1] fountain pours its rapid stream
Down from the summit of a lofty rock,

[1] In the original the word is—μελανυδρος—dark-watered,—and it is rendered—*deep*—by the best interpreters, because deep waters have a blackish appearance. Δνοφερον ὑδωρ is properly water that runs with rapidity; water—μετα δονησεως φερομενον.—See Villoisson.

King Agamemnon in the midst arose,
And, groaning, the Achaians, thus address'd.
Friends, counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!
In dire perplexity Saturnian Jove
Involves me, cruel; he assured me erst,
And solemnly, that I should not return
Till I had wasted wall-encircled Troy;
But now (ah fraudulent and foul reverse!)
Commands me back inglorious to the shores
Of distant Argos, with diminish'd troops.
So stands the purpose of almighty Jove,
Who many a citadel hath laid in dust,
And shall hereafter, matchless in his power.
Haste therefore. My advice is, that we all
Fly with our fleet into our native land,
For wide-built Ilium shall not yet be ours.
He ceased, and all sat silent; long the sons
Of Greece, o'erwhelm'd with sorrow, silent sat,
When thus, at last, bold Diomede began.
Atrides! foremost of the Chiefs I rise
To contravert thy purpose ill-conceived,
And with such freedom as the laws, O King!
Of consultation and debate allow.
Hear patient. Thou hast been thyself the first
Who e'er reproach'd me in the public ear
As one effeminate and slow to fight;
How truly, let both young and old decide.
The son of wiley Saturn hath to thee
Given, and refused; he placed thee high in power,
Gave thee to sway the sceptre o'er us all,
But courage gave thee not, his noblest gift.
Art thou in truth persuaded that the Greeks

Are pusillanimous, as thou hast said?
If thy own fears impel thee to depart,
Go thou, the way is open; numerous ships,
Thy followers from Mycenæ, line the shore.
But we, the rest, depart not, 'till the spoil
Of Troy reward us. Or if all incline
To seek again their native home, fly all;
Myself and Sthenelus will persevere
Till Ilium fall, for with the Gods we came.
He ended; all the admiring sons of Greece
With shouts the warlike Diomede extoll'd,
When thus equestrian Nestor next began.
Tydides, thou art eminently brave
In fight, and all the princes of thy years
Excell'st in council. None of all the Greeks
Shall find occasion just to blame thy speech
Or to gainsay; yet thou hast fallen short.
What wonder? Thou art young; and were myself
Thy father, thou should'st be my latest-born.
Yet when thy speech is to the Kings of Greece,
It is well framed and prudent. Now attend!
Myself will speak, who have more years to boast
Than thou hast seen, and will so closely scan
The matter, that Atrides, our supreme,
Himself shall have no cause to censure *me*.
He is a wretch, insensible and dead
To all the charities of social life,
Whose pleasure is in civil broils alone[2].

[2] The observation seems made with a view to prevent such a reply from Agamemnon to Diomede as might give birth to new dissentions, while it reminds him indirectly of the mischiefs that had already attended his quarrel with Achilles.

But night is urgent, and with night's demands
Let all comply. Prepare we now repast,
And let the guard be stationed at the trench
Without the wall; the youngest shall supply
That service; next, Atrides, thou begin
(For thou art here supreme) thy proper task.
Banquet the elders; it shall not disgrace
Thy sovereignty, but shall become thee well.
Thy tents are fill'd with wine which day by day
Ships bring from Thrace; accommodation large
Hast thou, and numerous is thy menial train.
Thy many guests assembled, thou shalt hear
Our counsel, and shalt chuse the best; great need
Have all Achaia's sons, now, of advice
Most prudent; for the foe, fast by the fleet
Hath kindled numerous fires, which who can see
Unmoved? This night shall save us or destroy.
He spake, whom all with full consent approved.
Forth rush'd the guard well-arm'd; first went the son
Of Nestor, Thrasymedes, valiant Chief;
Then, sons of Mars, Ascalaphus advanced,
And brave Ialmenus; whom follow'd next
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Meriones,
And Lycomedes, Creon's son renown'd.
Seven were the leaders of the guard, and each
An hundred spearmen headed, young and bold.
Between the wall and trench their seat they chose,
There kindled fires, and each his food prepared
Atrides, then, to his pavilion led
The thronging Chiefs of Greece, and at his board
Regaled them; they with readiness and keen
Dispatch of hunger shared the savoury feast,

And when nor thirst remain'd nor hunger more
Unsated, Nestor then, arising first,
Whose counsels had been ever wisest deem'd,
Warm for the public interest, thus began.
Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!
Thou art my first and last, proem and close,
For thou art mighty, and to thee are given
From Jove the sceptre and the laws in charge,
For the advancement of the general good.
Hence, in peculiar, both to speak and hear
Become thy duty, and the best advice,
By whomsoever offer'd, to adopt
And to perform, for thou art judge alone.
I will promulge the counsel which to me
Seems wisest; such, that other Greecian none
Shall give thee better; neither is it new,
But I have ever held it since the day
When, most illustrious! thou wast pleased to take
By force the maid Briseïs from the tent
Of the enraged Achilles; not, in truth,
By my advice, who did dissuade thee much;
But thou complying with thy princely wrath,
Hast shamed an Hero whom themselves the Gods
Delight to honour, and his prize detain'st.
Yet even now contrive we, although late,
By lenient gifts liberal, and by speech
Conciliatory, to assuage his ire.
Then answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
Old Chief! there is no falsehood in thy charge;
I have offended, and confess the wrong.
The warrior is alone an host, whom Jove
Loves as he loves Achilles, for whose sake

He hath Achaia's thousands thus subdued.
But if the impulse of a wayward mind
Obeying, I have err'd, behold me, now,
Prepared to sooth him with atonement large
Of gifts inestimable, which by name
I will propound in presence of you all.
Seven tripods, never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve coursers, strong, victorious in the race;
No man possessing prizes such as mine
Which they have won for me, shall feel the want
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.
Seven virtuous female captives will I give
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom, when himself took Lesbos, I received
My chosen portion, passing womankind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will I give, and will with these resign
Her whom I took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of my embraces, such I yield her his.
All these I give him now; and if at length
The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
Priam's great city, let him heap his ships
With gold and brass, entering and chusing first
When we shall share the spoil. Let him beside
Chuse twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
And if once more, the rich milk-flowing land
We reach of Argos, he shall there become
My son-in-law, and shall enjoy like state
With him whom I in all abundance rear,

My only son Orestes. At my home
I have three daughters; let him thence conduct
To Phthia, her whom he shall most approve.
Chrysothemis shall be his bride, or else
Laodice; or if she please him more,
Iphianassa; and from him I ask
No dower, myself will such a dower bestow
As never father on his child before.
Seven fair well-peopled cities I will give;
Cardamyle and Enope, and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tributes large,
And gifts presenting to his sceptred hand,
Shall hold him high in honour as a God.
These will I give him if from wrath he cease.
Let him be overcome. Pluto alone
Is found implacable and deaf to prayer,
Whom therefore of all Gods men hate the most.
My power is greater, and my years than his
More numerous, therefore let him yield to me.
To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.
Atrides! glorious sovereign! King of men!
No sordid gifts, or to be view'd with scorn,
Givest thou the Prince Achilles. But away!
Send chosen messengers, who shall the son
Of Peleus, instant, in his tent address.
Myself will chuse them, be it theirs to obey.

Let Phœnix lead, Jove loves him. Be the next
Huge Ajax; and the wise Ulysses third.
Of heralds, Odius and Eurybates
Shall them attend. Bring water for our hands;
Give charge that every tongue abstain from speech
Portentous, and propitiate Jove by prayer.
He spake, and all were pleased. The heralds pour'd
Pure water on their hands; attendant youths
The beakers crown'd, and wine from right to left
Distributed to all. Libation made,
All drank, and in such measure as they chose,
Then hasted forth from Agamemnon's tent.
Gerenian Nestor at their side them oft
Instructed, each admonishing by looks
Significant, and motion of his eyes,
But most Ulysses, to omit no means
By which Achilles likeliest might be won.
Along the margin of the sounding Deep
They pass'd, to Neptune, compasser of earth,
Preferring vows ardent with numerous prayers,
That they might sway with ease the mighty mind
Of fierce Æacides. And now they reach'd
The station where his Myrmidons abode.
Him solacing they found his heart with notes
Struck from his silver-framed harmonious lyre;
Among the spoils he found it when he sack'd
Eëtion's city; with that lyre his cares
He sooth'd and glorious heroes were his theme.
Patroclus silent sat, and he alone,
Before him, on Æacides intent,
Expecting still when he should cease to sing.
The messengers advanced (Ulysses first)

Into his presence; at the sight, his harp
Still in his hand, Achilles from his seat
Started astonish'd; nor with less amaze
Patroclus also, seeing them, arose.
Achilles seized their hands, and thus he spake.
Hail friends! ye all are welcome. Urgent cause
Hath doubtless brought you, whom I dearest hold,
(Though angry still,) of all Achaia's host.
So saying, he introduced them, and on seats
Placed them with purple arras overspread,
Then thus bespake Patroclus standing nigh.
Son of Menætius! bring a beaker more
Capacious, and replenish it with wine
Diluted[3] less; then give to each his cup;
For dearer friends than these who now arrive
My roof beneath, or worthier, have I none.
He ended, and Patroclus quick obey'd
Whom much he loved. Achilles, then, himself
Advancing near the fire an ample[4] tray,
Spread goats' flesh on it, with the flesh of sheep
And of a fatted brawn; of each a chine.
Automedon attending held them fast,

[3] I have given this sense to the word Ζωροτερον—on the authority of the Venetian Scholium, though some contend that it should be translated—*quickly*. Achilles, who had reproached Agamemnon with intemperate drinking, was, himself, more addicted to music than to wine.

[4] It is not without authority that I have thus rendered κρῖον μεγα. Homer's banquets are never stewed or boiled; it cannot therefore signify a kettle. It was probably a kitchen-table, dresser, or tray, on which the meat was prepared for the spit. Accordingly we find that this very meat was spitted afterward.—See Schaufelbergerus.

While with sharp steel Achilles from the bone
Sliced thin the meat, then pierced it with the spits.
Meantime the godlike Menætiades
Kindled fierce fire, and when the flame declined,
Raked wide the embers, lay'd the meat to roast,
And taking sacred salt from the hearth-side
Where it was treasured, shower'd it o'er the feast.
When all was finish'd, and the board set forth,
Patroclus furnish'd it around with bread
In baskets, and Achilles served the guests.
Beside the tent-wall, opposite he sat
To the divine Ulysses; first he bade
Patroclus make oblation; he consign'd
The consecrated morsel to the fire,
And each, at once, his savoury mess assail'd.
When neither edge of hunger now they felt
Nor thirsted longer, Ajax with a nod
Made sign to Phœnix, which Ulysses mark'd,
And charging high his cup, drank to his host.
  Health to Achilles! hospitable cheer
And well prepared, we want not at the board
Of royal Agamemnon, or at thine,
For both are nobly spread; but dainties now,
Or plenteous boards, are little our concern.
Oh godlike Chief! tremendous ills we sit
Contemplating with fear, doubtful if life
Or death, with the destruction of our fleet,
Attend us, unless thou put on thy might.
For lo! the haughty Trojans, with their friends
Call'd from afar, at the fleet-side encamp,
Fast by the wall, where they have kindled fires
Numerous, and threaten that no force of ours

Shall check their purposed inroad on the ships.
Jove grants them favourable signs from heaven,
Bright lightnings; Hector glares revenge, with rage
Infuriate, and by Jove assisted, heeds
Nor God nor man, but prays the morn to rise
That he may hew away our vessel-heads,
Burn all our fleet with fire, and at their sides
Slay the Achaians struggling in the smoke.
Horrible are my fears lest these his threats
The Gods accomplish, and it be our doom
To perish here, from Argos far remote.
Up, therefore! if thou canst, and now at last
The weary sons of all Achaia save
From Trojan violence. Regret, but vain,
Shall else be thine hereafter, when no cure
Of such great ill, once suffer'd, can be found.
Thou therefore, seasonably kind, devise
Means to preserve from such disasterous fate
The Greecians. Ah, my friend! when Peleus thee
From Phthia sent to Agamemnon's aid,
On that same day he gave thee thus in charge.
"Juno, my son, and Pallas, if they please,
Can make thee valiant; but thy own big heart
Thyself restrain. Sweet manners win respect.
Cease from pernicious strife, and young and old
Throughout the host shall honour thee the more."
Such was thy father's charge, which thou, it seems,
Remember'st not. Yet even now thy wrath
Renounce; be reconciled; for princely gifts
Atrides gives thee if thy wrath subside.
Hear, if thou wilt, and I will tell thee all,
How vast the gifts which Agamemnon made

By promise thine, this night within his tent.
Seven tripods never sullied yet with fire;
Of gold ten talents; twenty cauldrons bright;
Twelve steeds strong-limb'd, victorious in the race;
No man possessing prizes such as those
Which they have won for him, shall feel the want
Of acquisitions splendid, or of gold.
Seven virtuous female captives he will give,
Expert in arts domestic, Lesbians all,
Whom when thou conquer'dst Lesbos, he received
His chosen portion, passing woman-kind
In perfect loveliness of face and form.
These will he give, and will with these resign
Her whom he took, Briseïs, with an oath
Most solemn, that unconscious as she was
Of his embraces, such he yields her back.
All these he gives thee now! and if at length
The Gods vouchsafe to us to overturn
Priam's great city, thou shalt heap thy ships
With gold and brass, entering and chusing first,
When we shall share the spoil; and shalt beside
Chuse twenty from among the maids of Troy,
Helen except, loveliest of all their sex.
And if once more the rich milk-flowing land
We reach of Argos, thou shalt there become
His son-in-law, and shalt enjoy like state
With him, whom he in all abundance rears,
His only son Orestes. In his house
He hath three daughters; thou may'st home conduct
To Phthia, her whom thou shalt most approve.
Chrysothemis shall be thy bride; or else
Laodice; or if she please thee more

Iphianassa; and from thee he asks
No dower; himself will such a dower bestow
As never father on his child before.
Seven fair well-peopled cities will he give;
Cardamyle and Enope; and rich
In herbage, Hira; Pheræ stately-built,
And for her depth of pasturage renown'd,
Antheia; proud Æpeia's lofty towers,
And Pedasus impurpled dark with vines.
All these are maritime, and on the shore
They stand of Pylus, by a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who tribute large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a God.
These will he give thee, if thy wrath subside.
But should'st thou rather in thine heart the more
Both Agamemnon and his gifts detest,
Yet oh compassionate the afflicted host
Prepared to adore thee. Thou shalt win renown
Among the Greecians that shall never die.
Now strike at Hector. He is here;—himself
Provokes thee forth; madness is in his heart,
And in his rage he glories that our ships
Have hither brought no Greecian brave as he.
Then thus Achilles matchless in the race.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
I must with plainness speak my fixt resolve
Unalterable; lest I hear from each
The same long murmur'd melancholy tale.
For I abhor the man, not more the gates
Of hell itself, whose words belie his heart.
So shall not mine. My judgement undisguised

Is this; that neither Agamemnon me
Nor all the Greeks shall move; for ceaseless toil
Wins here no thanks; one recompence awaits
The sedentary and the most alert,
The brave and base in equal honour stand,
And drones and heroes fall unwept alike.
I after all my labours, who exposed
My life continual in the field, have earn'd
No very sumptuous prize. As the poor bird
Gives to her unfledged brood a morsel gain'd
After long search, though wanting it herself,
So I have worn out many sleepless nights,
And waded deep through many a bloody day
In battle for their wives[5]. I have destroy'd
Twelve cities with my fleet, and twelve, save one,
On foot contending in the fields of Troy.
From all these cities, precious spoils I took
Abundant, and to Agamemnon's hand
Gave all the treasure. He within his ships
Abode the while, and having all received,
Little distributed, and much retained;
He gave, however, to the Kings and Chiefs
A portion, and they keep it. Me alone
Of all the Grecian host he hath despoil'd;
My bride, my soul's delight is in his hands,
And let him, couch'd with her, enjoy his fill
Of dalliance. What sufficient cause, what need
Have the Achaians to contend with Troy?
Why hath Atrides gather'd such an host,
And led them hither? Was't not for the sake

[5] Dacier observes, that he pluralizes the one wife of Menelaus through the impetuosity of his spirit.

Of beauteous Helen? And of all mankind
Can none be found who love their proper wives
But the Atridæ? There is no good man
Who loves not, guards not, and with care provides
For his own wife, and, though in battle won,
I loved the fair Briseïs at my heart.
But having dispossess'd me of my prize
So foully, let him not essay me now,
For I am warn'd, and he shall not prevail.
With thee and with thy peers let him advise,
Ulysses! how the fleet may likeliest 'scape
Yon hostile fires; full many an arduous task
He hath accomplish'd without aid of mine;
So hath he now this rampart and the trench
Which he hath digg'd around it, and with stakes
Planted contiguous—puny barriers all
To hero-slaughtering Hector's force opposed.
While I the battle waged, present myself
Among the Achaians, Hector never fought
Far from his walls, but to the Scæan gate
Advancing and the beech-tree, there remain'd.
Once, on that spot he met me, and my arm
Escaped with difficulty even there.
But, since I feel myself not now inclined
To fight with noble Hector, yielding first
To Jove due worship, and to all the Gods,
To-morrow will I launch, and give my ships
Their lading. Look thou forth at early dawn,
And, if such spectacle delight thee aught,
Thou shalt behold me cleaving with my prows
The waves of Hellespont, and all my crews
Of lusty rowers, active in their task.

So shall I reach (if Ocean's mighty God
Prosper my passage) Phthia the deep-soil'd
On the third day. I have possessions there,
Which hither roaming in an evil hour
I left abundant. I shall also hence
Convey much treasure, gold and burnish'd brass,
And glittering steel, and women passing fair
My portion of the spoils. But he, your King,
The prize he gave, himself, himself resumed,
And taunted at me. Tell him my reply,
And tell it him aloud, that other Greeks
May indignation feel like me, if arm'd
Always in impudence, he seek to wrong
Them also. Let him not henceforth presume,
Canine and hard in aspect though he be,
To look me in the face. I will not share
His counsels, neither will I aid his works.
Let it suffice him, that he wrong'd me once,
Deceived me once, henceforth his glozing arts
Are lost on me. But let him rot in peace
Crazed as he is, and by the stroke of Jove
Infatuate. I detest his gifts, and him
So honour, as the thing which most I scorn.
And would he give me twenty times the worth
Of this his offer, all the treasured heaps
Which he possesses, or shall yet possess,
All that Orchomenos within her walls,
And all that opulent Egyptian Thebes
Receives, the city with an hundred gates,
Whence twenty thousand chariots rush to war,
And would he give me riches as the sands,
And as the dust of earth, no gifts from him

Should soothe me, till my soul were first avenged
For all the offensive licence of his tongue.
I will not wed the daughter of your Chief,
Of Agamemnon. Could she vie in charms
With golden Venus, had she all the skill
Of blue-eyed Pallas, even so endow'd
She were no bride for me. No. He may chuse
From the Achaians some superior Prince,
One more her equal. Peleus, if the Gods
Preserve me, and I safe arrive at home,
Himself, ere long, shall mate me with a bride.
In Hellas and in Phthia may be found
Fair damsels many, daughters of the Chiefs
Who guard our cities; I may chuse of them,
And make the loveliest of them all my own.
There, in my country, it hath ever been
My dearest purpose, wedded to a wife
Of rank convenient, to enjoy in peace
Such wealth as ancient Peleus hath acquired.
For life, in my account, surpasses far
In value, all the treasures which report
Ascribed to populous Ilium, ere the Greeks
Arrived, and while the city yet had peace;
Those also which Apollo's marble shrine
In rocky Pytho boasts. Fat flocks and beeves
May be by force obtain'd, tripods and steeds
Are bought or won, but if the breath of man
Once overpass its bounds, no force arrests
Or may constrain the unbodied spirit back.
Me, as my silver-footed mother speaks
Thetis, a twofold consummation waits.
If still with battle I encompass Troy,

I win immortal glory, but all hope
Renounce of my return. If I return
To my beloved country, I renounce
The illustrious meed of glory, but obtain
Secure and long immunity from death.
And truly I would recommend to all
To voyage homeward, for the fall as yet
Ye shall not see of Ilium's lofty towers,
For that the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Bear ye mine answer back, as is the part
Of good ambassadors, that they may frame
Some likelier plan, by which both fleet and host
May be preserved; for, my resentment still
Burning, this project is but premature.
Let Phœnix stay with us, and sleep this night
Within my tent, that, if he so incline,
He may to-morrow in my fleet embark,
And hence attend me; but I leave him free.
He ended; they astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all,
Till Phœnix, aged warrior, at the last
Gush'd into tears, (for dread his heart o'erwhelm'd
Lest the whole fleet should perish,) and replied.
If thou indeed have purposed to return,
Noble Achilles! and such wrath retain'st
That thou art altogether fixt to leave
The fleet a prey to desolating fires,
How then, my son! shall I at Troy abide
Forlorn of thee? When Peleus, hoary Chief,
Sent thee to Agamemnon, yet a child,
Unpractised in destructive fight, nor less

Of councils ignorant, the schools in which
Great minds are form'd, he bade me to the war
Attend thee forth, that I might teach thee all,
Both elocution and address in arms.
Me therefore shalt thou not with my consent
Leave here, my son! no, not would Jove himself
Promise me, reaping smooth this silver beard,
To make me downy-cheek'd as in my youth;
Such as when erst from Hellas beauty-famed
I fled, escaping from my father's wrath
Amyntor, son of Ormenus, who loved
A beauteous concubine, and for her sake
Despised his wife and persecuted me.
My mother suppliant at my knees, with prayer
Perpetual importuned me to embrace
The damsel first, that she might loath my sire.
I did so; and my father soon possess'd
With hot suspicion of the fact, let loose
A storm of imprecation, in his rage
Invoking all the Furies to forbid
That ever son of mine should press his knees.
Tartarian Jove[6] and dread Persephone[7]
Fulfill'd his curses; with my pointed spear
I would have pierced his heart, but that my wrath
Some Deity assuaged, suggesting oft
What shame and obloquy I should incur,
Known as a parricide through all the land.
At length, so treated, I resolved to dwell
No longer in his house. My friends, indeed,
And all my kindred compass'd me around

[6] Pluto. [7] Proserpine.

With much entreaty, wooing me to stay;
Oxen and sheep they slaughter'd, many a plump
Well-fatted brawn extended in the flames,
And drank the old man's vessels to the lees.
Nine nights continual at my side they slept,
While others watch'd by turns, nor were the fires
Extinguish'd ever, one, beneath the porch
Of the barr'd hall, and one that from within
The vestibule illumed my chamber door.
But when the tenth dark night at length arrived,
Sudden the chamber doors bursting I flew
That moment forth, and unperceived alike
By guards and menial women, leap'd the wall.
Through spacious Hellas flying thence afar,
I came at length to Phthia the deep-soil'd,
Mother of flocks, and to the royal house
Of Peleus; Peleus with a willing heart
Receiving, loved me as a father loves
His only son, the son of his old age,
Inheritor of all his large demesnes.
He made me rich; placed under my controul
A populous realm, and on the skirts I dwelt
Of Phthia, ruling the Dolopian race.
Thee from my soul, thou semblance of the Gods,
I loved, and all illustrious as thou art,
Achilles! such I made thee. For with me,
Me only, would'st thou forth to feast abroad,
Nor would'st thou taste thy food at home, 'till first
I placed thee on my knees, with my own hand
Thy viands carved and fed thee, and the wine
Held to thy lips; and many a time, in fits
Of infant frowardness, the purple juice

Rejecting thou hast deluged all my vest,
And fill'd my bosom. Oh, I have endured
Much, and have also much perform'd for thee,
Thus purposing, that since the Gods vouchsaf'd
No son to me, thyself should'st be my son,
Godlike Achilles! who should'st screen perchance
From a foul fate my else unshelter'd age.
Achilles! bid thy mighty spirit down.
Thou should'st not be thus merciless; the Gods,
Although more honourable, and in power
And virtue thy superiors, are themselves
Yet placable; and if a mortal man
Offend them by transgression of their laws,
Libation, incense, sacrifice, and prayer,
In meekness offer'd turn their wrath away.
Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled[8], lame, slant-eyed,
Which though far distant, yet with constant pace
Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs
Hurtful to man. They, following, heal the hurt.
Received respectfully when they approach,
They help us, and our prayers hear in return.
But if we slight, and with obdurate heart

[8] Wrinkled—because the countenance of a man driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt is sorrowful and dejected. Lame—because it is a remedy to which men recur late, and with reluctance. And slant-eyed—either because, in that state of humiliation, they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past misconduct.

The whole allegory, considering *when* and *where* it was composed, forms a very striking passage.

Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
Against us, supplicating that Offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.
Thou, therefore, O Achilles! honour yield
To Jove's own daughters, vanquish'd, as the brave
Have ofttimes been, by honour paid to Thee.
For came not Agamemnon as he comes
With gifts in hand, and promises of more
Hereafter; burn'd his anger still the same,
I would not move thee to renounce thy own,
And to assist us, howsoe'er distress'd.
But now, not only are his present gifts
Most liberal, and his promises of more
Such also, but these Princes he hath sent
Charged with entreaties, thine especial friends,
And chosen for that cause, from all the host.
Slight not their embassy, nor put to shame
Their intercession. We confess that once
Thy wrath was unreproveable and just.
Thus we have heard the heroes of old times
Applauded oft, whose anger, though intense,
Yet left them open to the gentle sway
Of reason and conciliatory gifts.
I recollect an ancient history,
Which, since all here are friends, I will relate.
The brave Ætolians and Curetes met
Beneath the walls of Calydon, and fought
With mutual slaughter; the Ætolian powers
In the defence of Calydon the fair,
And the Curetes, bent to lay it waste:
That strife Diana of the golden throne
Kindled between them, with resentment fired

That Oeneus had not in some fertile spot
The first fruits of his harvest set apart
To her; with hecatombs he entertained
All the Divinities of heaven beside,
And her alone, daughter of Jove supreme,
Or through fergetfulness, or some neglect,
Served not; omission careless and profane!
She, progeny of Jove, Goddess shaft-arm'd,
A savage boar bright-tusk'd in anger sent,
Which haunting Oeneus' fields much havoc made.
Trees numerous on the earth in heaps he cast
Uprooting them, with all their blossoms on.
But Meleager, Oeneus' son, at length
Slew him, the hunters gathering and the hounds
Of numerous cities; for a boar so vast
Might not be vanquish'd by the power of few,
And many to their funeral piles he sent.
Then raised Diana clamorous dispute,
And contest hot between them, all alike,
Curetes and Ætolians fierce in arms
The boar's head claiming, and his bristly hide.
So long as warlike Meleager fought,
Ætolia prosper'd, nor with all their powers
Could the Curetes stand before the walls.
But when resentment once had fired the heart
Of Meleager, which hath tumult oft
Excited in the breasts of wisest men,
(For his own mother had his wrath provoked
Althæa) thenceforth with his wedded wife
He dwelt, fair Cleopatra, close retired.
She was Marpessa's daughter, whom she bore
To Idas, bravest warrior in his day

Of all on earth. He fear'd not 'gainst the King
Himself Apollo, for the lovely nymph
Marpessa's sake, his spouse, to bend his bow.
Her, therefore, Idas and Marpessa named
Thenceforth Alcyone, because the fate
Of sad Alcyone Marpessa shared,
And wept like her, by Phœbus forced away.
Thus Meleager, tortured with the pangs
Of wrath indulged, with Cleopatra dwelt,
Vex'd that his mother cursed him; for, with grief
Frantic, his mother importuned the Gods
To avenge her slaughter'd brothers[9] on his head.
Oft would she smite the earth, while on her knees
Seated, she fill'd her bosom with her tears,
And call'd on Pluto and dread Proserpine
To slay her son; nor vain was that request,
But by implacable Erynnis heard
Roaming the shades of Erebus. Ere long
The tumult and the deafening din of war
Roar'd at the gates, and all the batter'd towers
Resounded. Then the elders of the town
Dispatch'd the high-priests of the Gods to plead
With Meleager for his instant aid,
With strong assurances of rich reward.
Where Calydon afforded fattest soil
They bade him chuse to his own use a farm
Of fifty measured acres, vineyard half,
And half of land commodious for the plough.
Him Oeneus also, warrior grey with age,
Ascending to his chamber, and his doors

[9] She had five brothers: Iphiclus, Polyphontes, Phanes, Eurypylus, Plexippus.

Smiting importunate, with earnest prayers
Assay'd to soften, kneeling to his son.
Nor less his sisters woo'd him to relent,
Nor less his mother; but in vain; he grew
Still more obdurate. His companions last,
The most esteem'd and dearest of his friends,
The same suit urged, yet he persisted still
Relentless, nor could even they prevail.
But when the battle shook his chamber-doors
And the Curetes climbing the high towers
Had fired the spacious city, then with tears
The beauteous Cleopatra, and with prayers
Assail'd him; in his view she set the woes
Numberless of a city storm'd,—the men
Slaughter'd, the city burnt to dust, the chaste
Matrons with all their children dragg'd away.
That dread recital roused him, and at length
Issuing, he put his radiant armour on.
Thus Meleager, gratifying first
His own resentment from a fatal day
Saved the Ætolians, who the promised gift
Refused him, and his toils found no reward.
But thou my son, be wiser; follow thou
No dæmon who would tempt thee to a course
Like his; occasion more propitious far
Smiles on thee now, than if the fleet were fired.
Come, while by gifts invited, and receive
From all the host, the honours of a God;
For should'st thou, by no gifts induced, at last
Enter the bloody field, although thou chase
The Trojans hence, yet less shall be thy praise.

Then thus Achilles, matchless in the race.
Phœnix, my guide, wise, noble and revered!
I covet no such glory! the renown
Ordain'd by Jove for me, is to resist
All importunity to quit my ships
While I have power to move, or breath to draw.
Hear now, and mark me well. Cease thou from tears.
Confound me not, pleading with sighs and sobs
In Agamemnon's cause; O love not Him,
Lest I renounce thee, who am now thy friend.
Assist me rather, as thy duty bids,
Him to afflict, who hath afflicted me,
So shalt thou share my glory and my power.
These shall report as they have heard, but here
Rest thou this night, and with the rising morn
We will decide, to stay or to depart.
He ceased, and silent, by a nod enjoin'd
Patroclus to prepare an easy couch
For Phœnix, anxious to dismiss the rest
Incontinent; when Ajax, godlike son
Of Telamon, arising, thus began.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Depart we now; for I perceive that end
Or fruit of all our reasonings shall be none.
It is expedient also that we bear
Our answer back (unwelcome as it is)
With all dispatch, for the assembled Greeks
Expect us. Brave Achilles shuts a fire
Within his breast; the kindness of his friends,
And the respect peculiar by ourselves
Shown to him, on his heart work no effect.

Inexorable man! others accept
Even for a brother slain, or for a son
Due compensation; the delinquent dwells
Secure at home, and the receiver, soothed
And pacified, represses his revenge.
But thou, resentful of the loss of one,
One virgin (such obduracy of heart
The Gods have given thee) can'st not be appeased.
Yet we assign thee seven in her stead,
The most distinguish'd of their sex, and add
Large gifts beside. Ah then, at last relent!
Respect thy roof; we are thy guests; we come
Chosen from the multitude of all the Greeks,
Beyond them all ambitious of thy love.
To whom Achilles, swiftest of the swift.
My noble friend, offspring of Telamon!
Thou seem'st sincere, and I believe thee such.
But at the very mention of the name
Of Atreus' son, who shamed me in the sight
Of all Achaia's host, bearing me down
As I had been some vagrant at his door,
My bosom boils. Return ye and report
Your answer. I no thought will entertain
Of crimson war, till the illustrious son
Of warlike Priam, Hector, blood-embrued,
Shall in their tents the Myrmidons assail
Themselves, and fire my fleet. At my own ship,
And at my own pavilion, it may chance
That even Hector's violence shall pause.
He ended; they from massy goblets each
Libation pour'd, and to the fleet their course

Resumed direct, Ulysses at their head.
Patroclus then his fellow warriors bade,
And the attendant women, spread a couch
For Phœnix; they the couch, obedient, spread
With fleeces, with rich arras, and with flax
Of subtlest woof. There hoary Phœnix lay
In expectation of the sacred dawn.
Meantime Achilles in the interior tent,
With beauteous Diomeda by himself
From Lesbos brought, daughter of Phorbas, lay.
Patroclus opposite reposed, with whom
Slept charming Iphis; her, when he had won
The lofty towers of Scyros, the divine
Achilles took, and on his friend bestow'd.

But when those Chiefs at Agamemnon's tent
Arrived, the Greeks on every side arose
With golden cups welcoming their return.
All question'd them, but Agamemnon first.

Oh worthy of Achaia's highest praise,
And her chief ornament, Ulysses, speak!
Will he defend the fleet? or his big heart
Indulging wrathful, doth he still refuse?

To whom renown'd Ulysses thus replied.
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
He, his resentment quenches not, or will,
But burns with wrath the more, thee and thy gifts
Rejecting both. He bids thee with the Greeks
Consult by what expedient thou may'st save
The fleet and people, threatening that himself
Will at the peep of day launch all his barks,
And counselling, beside, the general host

To voyage homeward, for that end as yet
Of Ilium wall'd to heaven, ye shall not find,
Since Jove the Thunderer with uplifted arm
Protects her, and her courage hath revived.
Thus speaks the Chief, and Ajax is prepared,
With the attendant heralds, to report
As I have said. But Phœnix in the tent
Sleeps of Achilles, who his stay desired,
That on the morrow, if he so incline,
The hoary warrior may attend him hence
Home to his country, but he leaves him free.
He ended. They astonish'd at his tone
(For vehement he spake) sat silent all.
Long silent sat the afflicted sons of Greece,
When thus the mighty Diomede began.
Atrides, Agamemnon, King of men!
Thy supplications to the valiant son
Of Peleus, and the offer of thy gifts
Innumerous, had been better far withheld.
He is at all times haughty, and thy suit
Hath but increased his haughtiness of heart
Past bounds: but let him stay, or let him go
As he shall chuse. He will resume the fight
When his own mind shall prompt him, and the Gods
Shall urge him forth. Now follow my advice.
Ye have refresh'd your hearts with food and wine,
Which are the strength of man; take now repose,
And when the rosy-finger'd morning fair,
Shall shine again, set forth without delay
The battle, horse and foot, before the fleet,
And where the foremost fight, fight also thou.

He ended; all the Kings applauded warm
His counsel, and the dauntless tone admired
Of Diomede. Then, due libation made,
Each sought his tent, and took the gift of sleep.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT OF THE TENTH BOOK.

Diomede and Ulysses enter the Trojan host by night, and slay Rhesus.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK X.

All night, the leaders of the host of Greece
Lay sunk in soft repose, all, save the Chief,
The son of Atreus; him from thought to thought
Roving solicitous, no sleep relieved.
As when the spouse of beauteous Juno, darts
His frequent fires, designing heavy rain
Immense, or hail-storm, or field-whitening snow,
Or else wide-throated war calamitous,
So frequent were the groans by Atreus' son
Heaved from his inmost heart, trembling with dread.
For cast he but his eye toward the plain
Of Ilium, there, astonish'd, he beheld
The city fronted with bright fires, and heard
Pipes, and recorders, and the hum of war;
But when again the Greecian fleet he view'd,
And thought on his own people, then his hair
Uprooted elevating to the Gods,
He from his generous bosom groan'd again.
At length he thus resolved; of all the Greeks
To seek Neleian Nestor first, with whom
He might, perchance, some plan for the defence
Of the afflicted Danaï, devise.
Rising, he wrapp'd his tunic to his breast,

And to his royal feet unsullied bound
His sandals; o'er his shoulders, next, he threw
Of amplest size a lion's tawny skin
That swept his footsteps, dappled o'er with blood,
Then took his spear. Meantime not less appall'd
Was Menelaus, on whose eyelids sleep
Sat not, lest the Achaians for his sake
O'er many waters borne, and now intent
On glorious deeds, should perish all at Troy.
With a pard's spotted hide his shoulders broad
He mantled over; to his head he raised
His brazen helmet, and with vigorous hand
Grasping his spear, forth issued to arouse
His brother, mighty sovereign of the host,
And by the Greecians like a God revered.
He found him at his galley's stern, his arms
Assuming radiant; welcome he arrived
To Agamemnon, whom he thus address'd.

Why arm'st thou, brother? Would'st thou urge abroad
Some trusty spy into the Trojan camp?
I fear lest none so hardy shall be found
As to adventure, in the dead still night,
So far, alone; valiant indeed were he!

To whom great Agamemnon thus replied.
Heaven-favour'd Menelaus! We have need,
Thou and myself, of some device well-framed,
Which both the Greecians and the fleet of Greece
May rescue, for the mind of Jove hath changed,
And Hector's prayers alone now reach his ear.
I never saw, nor by report have learn'd
From any man, that ever single chief
Such aweful wonders in one day perform'd

As he with ease against the Greeks, although
Nor from a Goddess sprung nor from a God.
Deeds he hath done, which, as I think, the Greeks
Shall deep and long lament, such numerous ills
Achaia's host hath at his hands sustain'd.
But haste, begone, and at their several ships
Call Ajax and Idomeneus; I go
To exhort the noble Nestor to arise,
That he may visit, if he so incline,
The chosen band who watch, and his advice
Give them; for him most prompt they will obey,
Whose son, together with Meriones,
Friend of Idomeneus, controuls them all,
Entrusted by ourselves with that command.
Him answer'd Menelaus bold in arms.
Explain thy purpose.—Would'st thou that I wait
Thy coming, there, or thy commands to both
Given, that I incontinent return?
To whom the Sovereign of the host replied.
There stay; lest striking into different paths
(For many passes intersect the camp)
We miss each other; summon them aloud
Where thou shalt come; enjoin them to arise;
Call each by his hereditary name,
Honouring all. Beware of manners proud,
For we ourselves must labour, at our birth
By Jove ordain'd to suffering and to toil.
So saying, he his brother thence dismiss'd
Instructed duly, and, himself, his steps
Turned to the tent of Nestor. Him he found
Amid his sable galleys in his tent
Reposing soft, his armour at his side,

Shield, spears, bright helmet, and the broider'd belt
Which, when the Senior arm'd led forth his host
To fight, he wore; for he complied not yet
With the encroachments of enfeebling age.
He raised his head, and on his elbow propp'd,
Questioning Agamemnon, thus began.

But who art thou, who thus alone, the camp
Roamest, amid the darkness of the night,
While other mortals sleep? Comest thou abroad
Seeking some friend or soldier of the guard?
Speak—come not nearer mute. What is thy wish?

To whom the son of Atreus, King of men.
Oh Nestor, glory of the Greecian name,
Offspring of Neleus! thou in me shalt know
The son of Atreus, Agamemnon, doom'd
By Jove to toil, while life shall yet inform
These limbs, or I shall draw the vital air.
I wander thus, because that on my lids
Sweet sleep sits not, but war and the concerns
Of the Achaians occupy my soul.
Terrible are the fears which I endure
For these my people; such as supersede
All thought; my bosom can no longer hold
My throbbing heart, and tremors shake my limbs.
But if thy mind, more capable, project
Aught that may profit us (for thee it seems
Sleep also shuns) arise, and let us both
Visit the watch, lest, haply, overtoil'd
They yield to sleep, forgetful of their charge.
The foe is posted near, and may intend
(None knows his purpose) an assault by night.

To him Gerenian Nestor thus replied.

Illustrious Agamemnon, King of men!
Deep-planning Jove the imaginations proud
Of Hector will not ratify, nor all
His sanguine hopes effectuate; in his turn
He also (fierce Achilles once appeased)
Shall trouble feel, and, haply, more than we.
But with all readiness I will arise
And follow thee, that we may also rouse
Yet others; Diomede the spear-renown'd,
Ulysses, the swift Ajax, and the son
Of Phyleus, valiant Meges. It were well
Were others also visited and call'd,
The Godlike Ajax, and Idomeneus,
Whose ships are at the camp's extremest bounds.
But though I love thy brother and revere,
And though I grieve e'en thee, yet speak I must,
And plainly censure him, that thus he sleeps
And leaves to thee the labour, who himself
Should range the host, soliciting the Chiefs
Of every band, as utmost need requires.
Him answer'd Agamemnon, King of men.
Old warrior, times there are, when I could wish
Myself thy censure of him, for in act
He is not seldom tardy and remiss.
Yet is not sluggish indolence the cause,
No, nor stupidity, but he observes
Me much, expecting till I lead the way.
But he was foremost now, far more alert
This night than I, and I have sent him forth
Already, those to call whom thou hast named.
But let us hence, for at the guard I trust
To find them, since I gave them so in charge.
To whom the brave Gerenian Chief replied.

Him none will censure, or his will dispute,
Whom he shall waken and exhort to rise.
So saying, he bound his corslet to his breast,
His sandals fair to his unsullied feet,
And fastening by its clasps his purple cloak
Around him, double and of shaggy pile,
Seized, next, his sturdy spear headed with brass,
And issued first, into the Grecian fleet.
There, Nestor, brave Gerenian, with a voice
Sonorous roused the Godlike counsellor
From sleep, Ulysses; the alarm came o'er
His startled ear, forth from his tent he sprang
Sudden, and of their coming, quick, enquired.
Why roam ye thus the camp and fleet alone
In darkness? by what urgent need constrain'd?
To whom the hoary Pylian thus replied.
Laertes' noble son, for wiles renown'd!
Resent it not, for dread is our distress.
Come, therefore, and assist us to convene
Yet others, qualified to judge if war
Be most expedient, or immediate flight.
He ended, and regaining, quick, his tent,
Ulysses slung his shield, then coming forth
Join'd them. The son of Tydeus first they sought.
Him sleeping arm'd before his tent they found,
Encompass'd by his friends also asleep;
His head each rested on his shield, and each
Had planted on its nether point[1] erect
His spear beside him; bright their polish'd heads,

[1] *Σαυρωτηρ*—seems to have been a hollow iron with a point, fitted to the obtuse end of the spear for the purpose of planting that end of it in the ground. It might probably be taken off at pleasure.

As Jove's own lightning glitter'd from afar.
Himself, the Hero, slept. A wild bull's hide
Was spread beneath him, and on arras tinged
With splendid purple lay his head reclined.
Nestor, beside him standing, with his heel
Shook him, and, urgent, thus the Chief reproved.
Awake, Tydides! wherefore givest the night
Entire to balmy slumber? Hast not heard
How on the rising ground beside the fleet
The Trojans sit, small interval between?
He ceased; then upsprang Diomede alarm'd
Instant, and in wing'd accents thus replied.
Old wakeful Chief! thy toils are never done.
Are there not younger of the sons of Greece,
Who ranging in all parts the camp, might call
The Kings to council? But no curb controuls
Or can abate activity like thine.
To whom Gerenian Nestor in return.
My friend! thou hast well spoken. I have sons,
And they are well deserving; I have here
A numerous people also, one of whom
Might have sufficed to call the Kings of Greece.
But such occasion presses now the host
As hath not oft occurr'd: the overthrow
Complete, or full deliverance of us all,
In balance hangs, poised on a razor's edge.
But haste, and if thy pity of my toils
Be such, since thou art younger, call, thyself,
Ajax the swift, and Meges to the guard.
Then Diomede a lion's tawny skin
Around him wrapp'd, dependent to his heels,
And, spear in hand, set forth. The Hero call'd
Those two, and led them whither Nestor bade.

They, at the guard arrived, not sleeping found
The captains of the guard, but sitting all
In vigilant posture with their arms prepared.
As dogs that, careful, watch the fold by night,
Hearing some wild beast in the woods, which hounds
And hunters with tumultuous clamour drive
Down from the mountain-top, all sleep forego;
So, sat not on their eyelids gentle sleep
That dreadful night, but constant to the plain
At every sound of Trojan feet they turn'd.
The old Chief joyful at the sight, in terms
Of kind encouragement them thus address'd.

So watch, my children! and beware that sleep
Invade none here, lest all become a prey.

So saying, he traversed with quick pace the trench
By every Chief whom they had thither call'd
Attended, with whom Nestor's noble son
Went, and Meriones, invited both
To join their consultation. From the foss
Emerging, in a vacant space they sat,
Unstrew'd with bodies of the slain, the spot
Whence furious Hector, after slaughter made
Of numerous Greeks, night falling, had return'd.
There seated, mutual converse close they held,
And Nestor, brave Gerenian, thus began.

Oh friends! hath no Achaian here such trust
In his own prowess, as to venture forth
Among yon haughty Trojans? He, perchance,
Might on the borders of their host surprise
Some wandering adversary, or might learn
Their consultations, whether they propose
Here to abide in prospect of the fleet,
Or, satiate with success against the Greeks

So signal, meditate retreat to Troy.
These tidings gain'd, should he at last return
Secure, his recompence will be renown
Extensive as the heavens, and fair reward.
From every leader of the fleet, his gift
Shall be a sable[2] ewe, and sucking lamb,
Rare acquisition! and at every board
And sumptuous banquet, he shall be a guest.
He ceased, and all sat silent, when at length
The mighty son of Tydeus thus replied.
Me, Nestor, my courageous heart incites
To penetrate into the neighbour host
Of enemies; but went some other Chief
With me, far greater would my comfort prove,
And I should dare the more. Two going forth,
One quicker sees than other, and suggests
Prudent advice; but he who single goes,
Mark whatsoe'er he may, the occasion less
Improves, and his expedients soon exhausts.
He ended, and no few willing arose
To go with Diomede. Servants of Mars
Each Ajax willing stood; willing as they
Meriones; most willing Nestor's son;
Willing the brother of the Chief of all,
Nor willing less Ulysses to explore
The host of Troy, for he possess'd a heart
Delighted ever with some bold exploit.
Then Agamemnon, King of men, began.
Now Diomede, in whom my soul delights!
Chuse whom thou wilt for thy companion; chuse

[2] *Sable*, because the expedition was made by night, and *each with a lamb*, as typical of the fruit of their labours.

The fittest here; for numerous wish to go.
Leave not through deference to another's rank,
The more deserving, nor prefer a worse,
Respecting either pedigree or power.
Such speech he interposed, fearing his choice
Of Menelaus; then, renown'd in arms
The son of Tydeus, rising, spake again.
Since, then, ye bid me my own partner chuse
Free from constraint, how can I overlook
Divine Ulysses, whose courageous heart
With such peculiar cheerfulness endures
Whatever toils, and whom Minerva loves?
Let *Him* attend me, and through fire itself
We shall return; for none is wise as he.
To him Ulysses, hardy Chief, replied.
Tydides! neither praise me much, nor blame,
For these are Greecians in whose ears thou speak'st,
And know me well. But let us hence! the night
Draws to a close; day comes apace; the stars
Are far advanced; two portions have elapsed
Of darkness, but the third is yet entire.
So they; then each his dreadful arms put on.
To Diomede, who at the fleet had left
His own, the dauntless Thrasymedes gave
His shield and sword two-edged, and on his head
Placed, crestless, unadorn'd, his bull-skin casque.
It was a stripling's helmet, such as youths
Scarce yet confirm'd in lusty manhood, wear.
Meriones with quiver, bow and sword
Furnish'd Ulysses, and his brows enclosed
In his own casque of hide with many a thong
Well braced within; guarded it was without

With boar's teeth ivory-white inherent firm
On all sides, and with woollen head-piece lined.
That helmet erst Autolycus[3] had brought
From Eleon, city of Amyntor son
Of Hormenus, where he the solid walls
Bored through, clandestine, of Amyntor's house.
He on Amphidamas the prize bestow'd
In Scandia; from Amphidamas it pass'd
To Molus as an hospitable pledge;
He gave it to Meriones his son,
And now it guarded shrewd Ulysses' brows.
Both clad in arms terrific, forth they sped,
Leaving their fellow Chiefs, and as they went
An heron, by command of Pallas, flew
Close on the right beside them; darkling they
Discern'd him not, but heard his clanging plumes.
Ulysses in the favourable sign
Exulted, and Minerva thus invoked.

Oh hear me, daughter of Jove Ægis-arm'd!
My present helper in all streights, whose eye
Marks all my ways, oh with peculiar care
Now guard me, Pallas! grant that after toil
Successful, glorious, such as long shall fill
With grief the Trojans, we may safe return
And with immortal honours to the fleet.

Valiant Tydides, next, his prayer preferr'd.
Hear also me, Jove's offspring by the toils
Of war invincible! me follow now
As my heroic father erst to Thebes
Thou followedst, Tydeus; by the Greeks dispatch'd

[3] Autolycus was grandfather of Ulysses by the mother's side.

Ambassador, he left the mail-clad host
Beside Asopus, and with terms of peace
Entrusted, enter'd Thebes; but by thine aid
Benevolent, and in thy strength, perform'd
Returning, deeds of terrible renown.
Thus, now, protect me also! In return
I vow an offering at thy shrine, a young
Broad-fronted heifer, to the yoke as yet
Untamed, whose horns I will incase with gold.
Such prayer they made, and Pallas heard well pleased.
Their orisons ended to the daughter dread
Of mighty Jove, lion-like they advanced
Through shades of night, through carnage, arms and blood.
Nor Hector to his gallant host indulged
Sleep, but convened the leaders; leader none
Or senator of all his host he left
Unsummon'd, and his purpose thus promulged.
Where is the warrior who for rich reward,
Such as shall well suffice him, will the task
Adventurous, which I propose, perform?
A chariot with two steeds of proudest height,
Surpassing all in the whole fleet of Greece
Shall be his portion, with immortal praise,
Who shall the well-appointed ships approach
Courageous, there to learn if yet a guard
As heretofore, keep them, or if subdued
Beneath us, the Achaians flight intend,
And worn with labour have no will to watch.
So Hector spake, but answer none return'd.
There was a certain Trojan, Dolon named,
Son of Eumedes herald of the Gods,
Rich both in gold and brass, but in his form

Unsightly; yet the man was swift of foot,
Sole brother of five sisters; he his speech
To Hector and the Trojans thus address'd.
My spirit, Hector, prompts me, and my mind
Endued with manly vigour, to approach
Yon gallant ships, that I may tidings hear.
But come. For my assurance, lifting high
Thy sceptre, swear to me, for my reward,
The horses and the brazen chariot bright
Which bear renown'd Achilles o'er the field.
I will not prove an useless spy, nor fall
Below thy best opinion; pass I will
Their army through, 'till I shall reach the ship
Of Agamemnon, where the Chiefs, perchance,
Now sit consulting, or to fight, or fly.
Then raising high his sceptre, Hector sware.
Know, Jove himself, Juno's high-thundering spouse!
That Trojan none shall in that chariot ride
By those steeds drawn, save Dolon; on my oath
I make them thine; enjoy them evermore.
He said, and falsely sware, yet him assured.
Then Dolon, instant, o'er his shoulder slung
His bow elastic, wrapp'd himself around
With a grey wolf-skin, to his head a casque
Adjusted, coated o'er with ferret's felt,
And seizing his sharp javelin, from the host
Turn'd right toward the fleet, but was ordain'd
To disappoint his sender, and to bring
No tidings thence. The throng of Trojan steeds
And warriors left, with brisker pace he moved,
When brave Ulysses his approach perceived,
And thus to Diomede his speech address'd.
Tydides! yonder man is from the host;

Either a spy he comes, or with intent
To spoil the dead. First, freely let him pass
Few paces, then pursuing him with speed,
Seize on him suddenly; but should he prove
The nimbler of the three, with threatening spear
Enforce him from his camp toward the fleet,
Lest he elude us, and escape to Troy.
So they; then, turning from the road oblique,
Among the carcases each lay'd him down.
Dolon, suspecting nought, ran swiftly by.
[4] But when such space was interposed as mules
Plow in a day, (for mules the ox surpass
Through fallows deep drawing the ponderous plough)
Both ran toward him. Dolon at the sound
Stood; for he hoped some Trojan friends at hand
From Hector sent to bid him back again.
But when within spear's cast, or less they came,
Knowing them enemies he turn'd to flight
Incontinent, whom they as swift pursued.
As two fleet hounds sharp fang'd, train'd to the chace,
Hang on the rear of flying hind or hare,
And drive her, never swerving from the track,
Through copses close; she screaming scuds before;
So Diomede and dread Ulysses him
Chased constant, intercepting his return.
And now, fast-fleeing to the ships, he soon
Had reach'd the guard, but Pallas with new force
Inspired Tydides, lest a meaner Greek
Should boast that he had smitten Dolon first.

[4] Commentators here are extremely in the dark, and even Aristarchus seems to have attempted an explanation in vain.—The Translator does not pretend to have ascertained the distance intended, but only to have given a distance suited to the occasion.

And Diomede win only second praise.
He poised his lifted spear, and thus exclaim'd.
Stand! or my spear shall stop thee. Death impends
At every step; thou can'st not 'scape me long.
He said, and threw his spear, but by design,
Err'd from the man. The polish'd weapon swift
O'er-glancing his right shoulder, in the soil
Stood fixt, beyond him. Terrified he stood,
Stammering, and sounding through his lips the clash
Of chattering teeth, with visage deadly wan.
They panting rush'd on him, and both his hands
Seized fast; he wept, and suppliant them bespake.
Take me alive, and I will pay the price
Of my redemption. I have gold at home,
Brass also, and bright steel, and when report
Of my captivity within your fleet
Shall reach my father, treasures he will give
Not to be told, for ransom of his son.
To whom Ulysses politic replied.
Take courage; entertain no thought of death.
But haste! this tell me, and disclose the truth.
Why thus toward the ships comest thou alone
From yonder host, by night, while others sleep?
To spoil some carcase? or from Hector sent
A spy of all that passes in the fleet?
Or by thy curiosity impell'd?
Then Dolon, his limbs trembling, thus replied.
To my great detriment, and far beyond
My own design, Hector trepann'd me forth,
Who promised me the steeds of Peleus' son
Illustrious, and his brazen chariot bright.
He bade me, under night's fast-flitting shades
Approach our enemies, a spy, to learn

If still as heretofore, ye station guards
For safety of your fleet, or if subdued
Completely, ye intend immediate flight,
And worn with labour, have no will to watch.
To whom Ulysses, smiling, thus replied.
Thou hadst, in truth, an appetite to gifts
Of no mean value, coveting the steeds
Of brave Æacides; but steeds are they
Of fiery sort, difficult to be ruled
By force of mortal man, Achilles' self
Except, whom an immortal mother bore.
But tell me yet again; use no disguise;
Where left'st thou, at thy coming forth, your Chief,
The valiant Hector? where hath he disposed
His armour battle-worn, and where his steeds?
What other quarters of your host are watch'd?
Where lodge the guard, and what intend ye next?
Still to abide in prospect of the fleet?
Or well-content that ye have thus reduced
Achaia's host, will ye retire to Troy?
To whom this answer Dolon straight returned
Son of Eumedes. With unfeigning truth
Simply and plainly will I utter all.
Hector, with all the Senatorial Chiefs,
Beside the tomb of sacred Ilius sits
Consulting, from the noisy camp remote.
But for the guards, Hero! concerning whom
Thou hast enquired, there is no certain watch
And regular appointed o'er the camp;
The native [5] Trojans (for *they* can no less)

[5] "Οσσαι γαρ Τρωων πυρος εσχαραι—As many as are owners of hearths,—that is to say, all who are householders here, or natives of the city.

Sit sleepless all, and each his next exhorts
To vigilance; but all our foreign aids,
Who neither wives nor children hazard here,
Trusting the Trojans for that service, sleep.
To whom Ulysses, ever wise, replied.
How sleep the strangers, and allies?—apart?
Or with the Trojans mingled?—I would learn.
So spake Ulysses; to whom Dolon thus,
Son of Eumedes. I will all unfold,
And all most truly. By the sea are lodged
The Carians, the Pæonians arm'd with bows,
The Leleges, with the Pelasgian band,
And the Caucones. On the skirts encamp
Of Thymbra, the Mæonians crested high,
The Phrygian horsemen, with the Lycian host,
And the bold troop of Mysia's haughty sons.
But wherefore these enquiries, thus minute?
For if ye wish to penetrate the host,
These who possess the borders of the camp
Farthest removed of all, are Thracian powers
Newly arrived; among them Rhesus sleeps,
Son of Eïoneus, their Chief and King.
His steeds I saw, the fairest by these eyes
Ever beheld, and loftiest; snow itself
They pass in whiteness, and in speed the winds.
With gold and silver all his chariot burns,
And he arrived in golden armour clad
Stupendous! little suited to the state
Of mortal man—fit for a God to wear!
Now, either lead me to your gallant fleet,
Or, where ye find me, leave me straitly bound
Till ye return, and, after trial made,
Shall know if I have spoken false or true.

But him brave Diomede with aspect stern
Answer'd. Since, Dolon! thou art caught, although
Thy tidings have been good, hope not to live;
For should we now release thee and dismiss,
Thou wilt revisit yet again the fleet
A spy or open foe; but smitten once
By this death-dealing arm, thou shalt return
To render mischief to the Greeks no more.
He ceased, and Dolon would have stretch'd his hand
Toward his beard, and pleaded hard for life,
But with his faulchion, rising to the blow,
On the mid-neck he smote him, cutting sheer
Both tendons with a stroke so swift, that ere
His tongue had ceased, his head was in the dust.
They took his helmet clothed with ferret's felt,
Stripp'd off his wolf-skin, seized his bow and spear,
And brave Ulysses lifting in his hand
The trophy to Minerva, pray'd and said:
Hail Goddess; these are thine! for thee of all
Who in Olympus dwell, we will invoke
First to our aid. Now also guide our steps,
Propitious, to the Thracian tents and steeds.
He ceased, and at arm's-length the lifted spoils
Hung on a tamarisk; but mark'd the spot,
Plucking away with hand-full grasp the reeds
And spreading boughs, lest they should seek the prize
Themselves in vain, returning ere the night,
Swift traveller, should have fled before the dawn.
Thence, o'er the bloody champain strew'd with arms
Proceeding, to the Thracian lines they came.
They, wearied, slept profound; beside them lay,
In triple order regular arranged,
Their radiant armour, and their steeds in pairs.

Amid them Rhesus slept, and at his side
His coursers, to the outer chariot-ring
Fasten'd secure. Ulysses saw him first,
And, seeing, mark'd him out to Diomede.
Behold the man, Tydides! Lo! the steeds
By Dolon specified whom we have slain.
Be quick. Exert thy force. Arm'd as thou art,
Sleep not. Loose thou the steeds, or slaughter thou
The Thracians, and the steeds shall be my care.
He ceased; then blue-eyed Pallas with fresh force
Invigour'd Diomede. From side to side
He slew; dread groans arose of dying men
Hewn with the sword, and the earth swam with blood.
As if he find a flock unguarded, sheep
Or goats, the lion rushes on his prey,
With such unsparing force Tydides smote
The men of Thrace, till he had slaughter'd twelve;
And whom Tydides with his faulchion struck
Laertes' son dragg'd by his feet abroad,
Forecasting that the steeds might pass with ease,
Nor start, as yet uncustom'd to the dead.
But when the son of Tydeus found the King,
Him also panting forth his last, last breath,
He added to the twelve; for at his head
An evil dream that night had stood, the form
Of Diomede, by Pallas' art devised.
Meantime, the bold Ulysses loosed the steeds,
Which, to each other rein'd, he drove abroad,
Smiting them with his bow, (for of the scourge
He thought not in the chariot-seat secured,)
And as he went, hiss'd, warning Diomede.
But he, projecting still some hardier deed,

Stood doubtful, whether by the pole to draw
The chariot thence, laden with gorgeous arms,
Or whether heaving it on high, to bear
The burthen off, or whether yet to take
More Thracian lives; when him with various thoughts
Perplex'd, Minerva, drawing near, bespake.
  Son of bold Tydeus! think on thy return
To yonder fleet, lest thou depart constrain'd.
Some other God may rouse the powers of Troy.
  She ended, and he knew the voice divine.
At once he mounted. With his bow the steeds
Ulysses plyed, and to the ships they flew.
  Nor look'd the bender of the silver bow,
Apollo, forth in vain, but at the sight
Of Pallas following Diomede incensed,
Descended to the field where numerous most
He saw the Trojans, and the Thracian Chief
And counsellor, Hippocoön aroused,
Kinsman of Rhesus, and renown'd in arms.
He, starting from his sleep, soon as he saw
The spot deserted where so lately lay
Those fiery coursers, and his warrior friends
Gasping around him, sounded loud the name
Of his loved Rhesus. Instant, at the voice,
Wild stir arose and clamorous uproar
Of fast-assembling Trojans. Deeds they saw—
Terrible deeds, and marvellous perform'd,
But not their authors—they had sought the ships.
  Meantime arrived where they had slain the spy
Of Hector, there Ulysses, dear to Jove,
The coursers stay'd, and, leaping to the ground,
The son of Tydeus in Ulysses' hands

The arms of Dolon placed foul with his blood.
Then vaulted light into his seat again.
He lash'd the steeds, they, not unwilling, flew
To the deep-bellied barks, as to their home.
First Nestor heard the sound, and thus he said.
Friends! Counsellors! and leaders of the Greeks!
False shall I speak, or true?—but speak I must.
The echoing sound of hoofs alarms my ear.
Oh, that Ulysses, and brave Diomede
This moment might arrive drawn into camp
By Trojan steeds! But ah, the dread I feel!
Lest some disaster have for ever quell'd
In yon rude host those noblest of the Greeks.
He had not ended, when themselves arrived.
Both quick dismounted; joy at their return
Fill'd every bosom; each with kind salute
Cordial, and right-hand welcome greeted them,
And first Gerenian Nestor thus enquired.
Oh Chief by all extoll'd, glory of Greece,
Ulysses! how have ye these steeds acquired?
In yonder host? or met ye as ye went
Some God who gave them to you? for they show
A lustre dazzling as the beams of day.
Old as I am, I mingle yet in fight
With Ilium's sons,—lurk never in the fleet—
Yet saw I at no time, or have remark'd
Steeds such as these; which therefore I believe
Perforce, that ye have gained by gift divine;
For cloud-assembler Jove, and azure-eyed
Minerva, Jove's own daughter, love you both.
To whom Ulysses, thus. discrete, replied.
Neleian Nestor, glory of the Greeks!

A God, so willing, could have given us steeds
Superior, for their bounty knows no bounds.
But, venerable Chief! these which thou seest
Are Thracians new-arrived. Their master lies
Slain by the valiant Diomede, with twelve
The noblest of his warriors at his side.
A thirteenth [6] also, at small distance hence
We slew, by Hector and the Chiefs of Troy
Sent to inspect the posture of our host.
He said; then, high in exultation, drove
The coursers o'er the trench, and with him pass'd
The glad Achaians; at the spacious tent
Of Diomede arrived, with even thongs
They tied them at the cribs where stood the steeds
Of Tydeus' son, with winnow'd wheat supplied.
Ulysses in his bark the gory spoils
Of Dolon placed, designing them a gift
To Pallas. Then, descending to the sea,
Neck, thighs, and legs from sweat profuse they cleansed,
And, so refresh'd and purified, their last
Ablution in bright tepid baths perform'd.
Each thus completely laved, and with smooth oil
Anointed, at the well-spread board they sat,
And quaff'd, in honour of Minerva, wine
Delicious, from the brimming beaker drawn.

[6] Homer did not here forget himself, though some have altered τρις to τετρακαιδεκατον.—Rhesus for distinction sake is not numbered with his people.—See Villoisson *in loco*.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Agamemnon distinguishes himself. He is wounded, and retires. Diomede is wounded by Paris; Ulysses by Socus. Ajax with Menelaus flies to the relief of Ulysses, and Eurypylus, soon after, to the relief of Ajax. While he is employed in assisting Ajax, he is shot in the thigh by Paris, who also wounds Machaon. Nestor conveys Machaon from the field. Achilles dispatches Patroclus to the tent of Nestor, and Nestor takes that occasion to exhort Patroclus to engage in battle, cloathed in the armour of Achilles.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XI.

Aurora from Tithonus' side arose
With light for heaven and earth, when Jove dispatch'd
Discord, the fiery signal in her hand
Of battle bearing, to the Grecian fleet.
High on Ulysses' huge black ship she stood
The centre of the fleet, whence all might hear,
The tent of Telamon's huge son between,
And of Achilles; for confiding they
In their heroic fortitude, their barks
Well-poised had station'd utmost of the line.
There standing, shrill she sent a cry abroad
Among the Achaians, such as thirst infused
Of battle ceaseless into every breast.
All deem'd, at once, war sweeter, than to seek
Their native country through the waves again.
Then with loud voice Atrides bade the Greeks
Gird on their armour, and himself his arms
Took radiant. First around his legs he clasp'd
His shining greaves with silver studs secured,
Then bound his corslet to his bosom, gift
Of Cynyras long since; for rumour loud
Had Cyprus reached of an Achaian host
Assembling, destined to the shores of Troy,

Wherefore, to gratify the King of men,
He made the splendid ornament his own.
Ten rods of steel cœrulean all around
Embraced it, twelve of gold, twenty of tin;
Six [1] spiry serpents their uplifted heads
Cœrulean darted at the wearer's throat,
Splendour diffusing as the various bow
Fix'd by Saturnian Jove in showery clouds,
A sign to mortal men. He slung his sword
Athwart his shoulders; dazzling bright it shone
With gold emboss'd, and silver was the sheath
Suspended graceful in a belt of gold.
His massy shield o'ershadowing him whole,
High-wrought and beautiful, he next assumed.
Ten circles bright of brass around its field
Extensive, circle within circle, ran;
The central boss was black, but hemm'd about
With twice ten bosses of resplendent tin.
There, dreadful ornament! the visage dark
Of Gorgon scowl'd, border'd by Flight and Fear.
The loop was silver, and a serpent form
Cœrulean over all its surface twined,
Three heads erecting on one neck, the heads
Together wreath'd into a stately crown.
His helmet quatre-crested [2], and with studs

[1] Τρεις ἑκατερθ',—Three on a side. This is evidently the proper punctuation, though it differs from that of all the editions that I have seen. I find it no where but in the *Venetian Scholium*.

[2] Quâtre-crested. So I have rendered τετραφαληρον, which literally signifies having four cones. The cone was a tube into which the crest was inserted. The word quâtre-crested may need a precedent for its justification, and seems to have a sufficient one in the cinque-spotted cowslip of Shakspeare.

Fast rivetted around he to his brows
Adjusted, whence tremendous waved his crest
Of mounted hair on high. Two spears he seized
Ponderous, brass-pointed, and that flash'd to heaven.
Sounds[3] like clear thunder, by the spouse of Jove
And by Minerva raised to extol the King
Of opulent Mycenæ, roll'd around.
At once each bade his charioteer his steeds
Hold fast beside the margin of the trench
In orderly array; the foot all arm'd
Rush'd forward, and the clamour of the host
Rose infinite into the dawning skies.
First, at the trench, the embattled infantry[4]
Stood ranged; the chariots followed close behind;
Dire was the tumult by Saturnian Jove
Excited, and from ether down he shed
Blood-tinctured dews among them, for he meant
That day to send full many a warrior bold
To Pluto's dreary realm, slain premature.
Opposite, on the rising-ground, appear'd
The Trojans; them majestic Hector led,
Noble Polydamas, Æneas raised
To Godlike honours in all Trojan hearts,
And Polybus, with whom Antenor's sons
Agenor, and young Acamas advanced.
Hector the splendid orb of his broad shield
Bore in the van, and as a comet now
Glares through the clouds portentous, and again,

[3] This seems the proper import of *εγδουπησαν*. Jupiter is called *εριγδουπος*.

[4] The Translator follows Clarke in this interpretation of a passage to us not very intelligible.

Obscured by gloomy vapours, disappears,
So Hector, marshalling his host, in front
Now shone, now vanish'd in the distant rear.
All-cased he flamed in brass, and on the sight
Flash'd as the lightnings of Jove Ægis-arm'd.
As reapers, toiling opposite, lay bare
Some rich man's furrows, while the sever'd grain,
Barley or wheat, sinks as the sickle moves,
So Greeks and Trojans springing into fight
Slew mutual; foul retreat alike they scorn'd,
Alike in fierce hostility their heads
Both bore aloft, and rush'd like wolves to war.
Discord, spectatress terrible, that sight
Beheld exulting; she, of all the Gods,
Alone was present; not a Power beside
There interfered, but each his bright abode
Quiescent occupied wherever built
Among the windings of the Olympian heights;
Yet blamed they all the storm-assembler King
Saturnian, for his purposed aid to Troy.
The eternal father reck'd not; he, apart,
Seated in solitary pomp, enjoy'd
His glory, and from on high the towers survey'd
Of Ilium and the fleet of Greece, the flash
Of gleaming arms, the slayer and the slain.

While morning lasted, and the light of day
Increased, so long the weapons on both sides
Flew in thick vollies, and the people fell.
But, what time his repast the woodman spreads
In some umbrageous vale, his sinewy arms
Wearied with hewing many a lofty tree,
And his wants satisfied, he feels at length

The pinch of appetite to pleasant food,
Then was it, that encouraging aloud
Each other, in their native virtue strong,
The Greecians through the phalanx burst of Troy.
Forth sprang the monarch first; he slew the Chief
Bianor, nor himself alone, but slew
Oïleus also driver of his steeds.
Oïleus, with a leap alighting, rush'd
On Agamemnon; he his fierce assault
Encountering, with a spear met full his front.
Nor could his helmet's ponderous brass sustain
That force, but both his helmet and his scull
It shatter'd, and his martial rage repress'd.
The King of men, stripping their corslets, bared
Their shining breasts, and left them. Isus, next,
And Antiphus he flew to slay, the sons
Of Priam both, and in one chariot borne,
This spurious, genuine that. The bastard drove,
And Antiphus, a warrior high-renown'd,
Fought from the chariot; them Achilles erst
Feeding their flocks on Ida had surprized
And bound with osiers, but for ransom loosed.
Of these, imperial Agamemnon, first,
Above the pap pierced Isus; next, he smote
Antiphus with his sword beside the ear,
And from his chariot cast him to the ground.
Conscious of both, their glittering arms he stripp'd,
For he had seen them when from Ida's heights
Achilles led them to the Greecian fleet.
As with resistless fangs the lion breaks
The young in pieces of the nimble hind,
Entering her lair, and takes their feeble lives;

She, though at hand, can yield them no defence,
But through the thick wood, wing'd with terror, starts
Herself away, trembling at such a foe;
So them the Trojans had no power to save,
Themselves all driven before the host of Greece.
Next, on Pisandrus, and of dauntless heart
Hippolochus he rush'd; they were the sons
Of brave Antimachus, who with rich gifts
By Paris bought, inflexible withheld
From Menelaus still his lovely bride.
His sons, the monarch, in one chariot borne
Encounter'd; they (for they had lost the reins)
With trepidation and united force
Essay'd to check the steeds; astonishment
Seized both; Atrides with a lion's rage
Came on, and from the chariot thus they sued.
Oh spare us! son of Atreus, and accept
Ransom immense. Antimachus our sire
Is rich in various treasure, gold and brass,
And temper'd steel, and, hearing the report
That in Achaia's fleet his sons survive,
He will requite thee with a glorious price.
So they, with tears and gentle terms the King
Accosted, but no gentle answer heard.
Are ye indeed the offspring of the Chief
Antimachus, who when my brother once
With Godlike Laertiades your town
Enter'd ambassador, his death advised
In council, and to let him forth no more?
Now rue ye both the baseness of your sire.
He said, and from his chariot to the plain
Thrust down Pisandrus, piercing with keen lance

His bosom, and supine he smote the field.
Down leap'd Hippolochus, whom on the ground
He slew; cut sheer his hands, and lopp'd his head,
And roll'd it like a mortar[5] through the ranks.
He left the slain, and where he saw the field
With thickest battle cover'd, thither flew
By all the Greecians follow'd bright in arms.
The scatter'd infantry constrained to fly,
Fell by the infantry; the charioteers,
While with loud hoofs their steeds the dusty soil
Excited, o'er the charioteers their wheels
Drove brazen-fellied, and the King of men
Incessant slaughtering, called his Argives[6] on.
As when fierce flames some ancient forest seize,
From side to side in flakes the various wind
Rolls them, and to the roots devour'd, the trunks
Fall prostrate under fury of the fire,
So under Agamemnon fell the heads
Of flying Trojans. Many a courser proud
The empty chariots through the paths of war
Whirl'd rattling, of their charioteers deprived;
They breathless press'd the plain, now fitter far
To feed the vultures than to cheer their wives.

Conceal'd, meantime, by Jove, Hector escaped
The dust, darts, deaths, and tumult of the field,
And Agamemnon to the swift pursuit
Call'd loud the Greecians. Through the middle plain
Beside the sepulchre of Ilus, son

[5] ὁλμος.

[6] The Greecians at large are indiscriminately called Danaï, Argives, and Achaians, in the original. The Phthians in particular—Hellenes. They were the troops of Achilles.

Of Dardanus, and where the fig-tree stood,
The Trojans flew, panting to gain the town,
While Agamemnon pressing close the rear,
Shout after shout terrific sent abroad,
And his victorious hands reek'd, red with gore.
But at the beech-tree and the Scæan gate
Arrived, the Trojans halted, waiting there
The rearmost fugitives; they o'er the field
Came like a herd, which in the dead of night
A lion drives; all fly, but one is doom'd
To death inevitable; her with jaws
True to their hold he seizes, and her neck
Breaking, embowels her, and laps the blood;
So, Atreus' royal son, the hindmost still
Slaying, and still pursuing, urged them on.
Many supine, and many prone, the field
Press'd, by the son of Atreus in their flight
Dismounted; for no weapon raged as his.
But now, at last, when he should soon have reach'd
The lofty walls of Ilium, came the Sire
Of Gods and men descending from the skies,
And on the heights of Ida fountain-fed,
Sat arm'd with thunders. Calling to his foot
Swift Iris golden-pinion'd, thus he spake.
Iris! away. Thus speak in Hector's ears.
While yet he shall the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The Trojan ranks, so long let him abstain
From battle, leaving to his host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son by spear or shaft
Wounded shall climb his chariot, with such force

I will endue Hector, that he shall slay
Till he have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
He spake, nor rapid Iris disobey'd
Storm-wing'd embassadress, but from the heights
Of Ida stoop'd to Ilium. There she found
The son of royal Priam by the throng
Of chariots and of steeds compass'd about.
She, standing at his side, him thus bespake.
Oh, son of Priam! as the Gods discrete!
I bring thee counsel from the Sire of all.
While yet thou shalt the son of Atreus see
Fierce warring in the van, and mowing down
The warrior ranks, so long he bids thee pause
From battle, leaving to thy host the task
Of bloody contest furious with the Greeks.
But soon as Atreus' son, by spear or shaft
Wounded, shall climb his chariot, Jove will then
Endue thee with such force, that thou shalt slay
Till thou have reach'd the ships, and till, the sun
Descending, sacred darkness cover all.
So saying, swift-pinion'd Iris disappear'd.
Then Hector from his chariot at a leap
Came down all arm'd, and, shaking his bright spears,
Ranged every quarter, animating loud
The legions, and rekindling horrid war.
Back roll'd the Trojan ranks, and faced the Greeks;
The Greeks their host to closer phalanx drew;
The battle was restored, van fronting van
They stood, and Agamemnon into fight
Sprang foremost, panting for superior fame.
Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell!
What Trojan first, or what ally of Troy

Opposed the force of Agamemnon's arm?
Iphidamas, Antenor's valiant son,
Of loftiest stature, who in fertile Thrace
Mother of flocks was nourish'd. Cisseus him
His grandsire, father of Theano praised
For loveliest features, in his own abode
Rear'd yet a child, and when at length he reach'd
The measure of his glorious manhood firm
Dismiss'd him not, but, to engage him more,
Gave him his daughter. Wedded, he his bride
As soon deserted, and with galleys twelve
Following the rumour'd voyage of the Greeks,
The same course steer'd; but at Percope moor'd,
And marching thence, arrived on foot at Troy.
He first opposed Atrides. They approach'd.
The spear of Agamemnon wander'd wide;
But him Iphidamas on his broad belt
Beneath the corslet struck, and, bearing still
On his spear-beam, enforced it; but ere yet
He pierced the broider'd zone, his point, impress'd
Against the silver, turn'd, obtuse as lead.
Then royal Agamemnon in his hand
The weapon grasping, with a lion's rage
Home drew it to himself, and from his gripe
Wresting it, with his faulchion keen his neck
Smote full, and stretch'd him lifeless at his foot.
So slept Iphidamas among the slain;
Unhappy! from his virgin bride remote,
Associate with the men of Troy in arms
He fell, and left her beauties unenjoy'd.
He gave her much, gave her an hundred beeves,
And sheep and goats a thousand from his flocks
Promised, for numberless his meadows ranged;

But Agamemnon, son of Atreus, him
Slew and despoil'd, and through the Greecian host
Proceeded, laden with his gorgeous arms.
Coön that sight beheld, illustrious Chief,
Antenor's eldest born, but with dim eyes
Through anguish for his brother's fall. Unseen
Of noble Agamemnon, at his side
He cautious stood, and with a spear his arm,
Where thickest flesh'd, below his elbow, pierced,
Till opposite the glittering point appear'd.
A thrilling horror seized the King of men
So wounded; yet though wounded so, from fight
He ceased not, but on Coön rush'd, his spear
Grasping, well-thriven growth[7] of many a wind.
He by the foot drew off Iphidamas,
His brother, son of his own sire, aloud
Calling the Trojan leaders to his aid,
When him so occupied with his keen point
Atrides pierced his bossy shield beneath.
Expiring on Iphidamas he fell
Prostrate, and Agamemnon lopp'd his head.
Thus, under royal Agamemnon's hand,
Antenor's sons their destiny fulfill'd,
And to the house of Ades journey'd both.
Through other ranks of warriors then he pass'd,
Now with his spear, now with his faulchion arm'd,
And now with missile force of massy stones,
While yet his warm blood sallied from the wound.
But when the wound grew dry, and the blood ceased,
Anguish intolerable undermined
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.

[7] Ανεμοτρεφες—literally—wind-nourished.

As when a labouring woman's arrowy throes
Seize her intense, by Juno's daughters dread
The birth-presiding Ilithyæ deep
Infixt, dispensers of those pangs severe;
So, anguish insupportable subdued
Then all the might of Atreus' royal son.
Up-springing to his seat, instant he bade
His charioteer drive to the hollow barks,
Heart-sick himself with pain; yet, ere he went,
With voice loud-echoing hail'd the Danaï.
Friends! counsellors and leaders of the Greeks!
Now drive, yourselves, the battle from your ships.
For me the Gods permit not to employ
In fight with Ilium's host the day entire.
He ended, and the charioteer his steeds
Lash'd to the ships; they not unwilling flew,
Bearing from battle the afflicted King
With foaming chests and bellies grey with dust.
Soon Hector, noting his retreat, aloud
Call'd on the Trojans and allies of Troy.
Trojans and Lycians, and close-fighting sons
Of Dardanus! oh summon all your might;
Now, now be men! Their bravest is withdrawn!
Glory and honour from Saturnian Jove
On me attend; now full against the Greeks
Drive all your steeds, and win a deathless name.
He spake—and all drew courage from his word.
As when his hounds bright-tooth'd some hunter cheers
Against the lion or the forest-boar,
So Priameïan Hector cheer'd his host
Magnanimous against the sons of Greece,
Terrible as gore-tainted Mars. Among
The foremost warriors, with success elate

He strode, and flung himself into the fight
Black as a storm which sudden from on high
Descending, furrows deep the gloomy flood.
Then whom slew Priameïan Hector first,
Whom last, by Jove, that day, with glory crown'd?
Assæus, Dolops, Orus, Agelaüs,
Autonoüs, Hipponoüs, Æsymnus,
Opheltius and Opites first he slew,
All leaders of the Greeks, and, after these,
The people. As when whirlwinds of the West
A storm encounter from the gloomy South,
The waves roll multitudinous, and the foam
Upswept by wandering gusts fills all the air,
So Hector swept the Greecians. Then defeat
Past remedy and havoc had ensued,
Then had the routed Greecians, flying, sought
Their ships again, but that Ulysses thus
Summon'd the brave Tydides to his aid.
Whence comes it, Diomede, that we forget
Our wonted courage? Hither, O my friend!
And, fighting at my side, ward off the shame
That must be ours, should Hector seize the fleet.
To whom the valiant Diomede replied.
I will be firm; trust me thou shalt not find
Me shrinking; yet small fruit of our attempts
Shall follow, for the Thunderer, not to us,
But to the Trojan, gives the glorious day.
The Hero spake, and from his chariot cast
Thymbræus to the ground pierced through the pap,
While by Ulysses' hand his charioteer
Godlike Molion, fell. The warfare thus
Of both for ever closed, them there they left,

And plunging deep into the warrior-throng
Troubled the multitude. As when two boars
Turn desperate on the close-pursuing hounds,
So they, returning on the host of Troy,
Slew on all sides, and overtoil'd with flight
From Hector's arm, the Greeks meantime respired.
Two warriors, next, their chariot and themselves
They took, plebeians brave, sons of the seer
Percosian Merops in prophetic skill
Surpassing all; he both his sons forbad
The mortal field, but disobedient they
Still sought it, for their destiny prevail'd.
Spear-practised Diomede of life deprived
Both these, and stripp'd them of their glorious arms,
While by Ulysses' hand Hippodamus
Died and Hypeirochus. And now the son
Of Saturn, looking down from Ida, poised
The doubtful war, and mutual deaths they dealt.
Tydides plunged his spear into the groin
Of the illustrious son of Pæon, bold
Agastrophus. No steeds at his command
Had he, infatuate! but his charioteer
His steeds detain'd remote, while through the van
Himself on foot rush'd madly till he fell.
But Hector through the ranks darting his eye
Perceived, and with ear-piercing cries advanced
Against them, follow'd by the host of Troy.
The son of Tydeus, shuddering, his approach
Discern'd, and instant to Ulysses spake.
Now comes the storm! This way the mischief rolls!
Stand and repulse the Trojan. Now be firm.
He said, and hurling his long-shadow'd beam

Smote Hector. At his helmet's crown he aim'd,
Nor err'd, but brass encountering brass, the point
Glanced wide, for he had cased his youthful brows
In triple brass, Apollo's glorious gift.
Yet with rapidity at such a shock
Hector recoil'd into the multitude
Afar, where sinking to his knees, he lean'd
On his broad palm, and darkness veil'd his eyes.
But while Tydides follow'd through the van
His stormy spear, which in the distant soil
Implanted stood, Hector his scatter'd sense
Recovering, to his chariot sprang again,
And, diving deep into his host, escaped.
The noble son of Tydeus, spear in hand,
Rush'd after him, and as he went, exclaim'd.

Dog! thou hast now escaped; but, sure the stroke
Approach'd thee nigh, well-aim'd. Once more thy prayers
Which ever to Apollo thou prefer'st
Entering the clash of battle, have prevail'd,
And he hath rescued thee. But well beware
Our next encounter, for if also me
Some God befriend, thou diest. Now will I seek
Another mark, and smite whom next I may.

He spake, and of his armour stripp'd the son
Spear-famed of Pæon. Meantime Paris, mate
Of beauteous Helen, drew his bow against
Tydides; by a pillar of the tomb
Of Ilus, ancient senator revered,
Conceal'd he stood, and while the Hero loosed
His corslet from the breast of Pæon's son
Renown'd, and of his helmet and his targe
Despoil'd him; Paris, arching quick his bow,

No devious shaft dismiss'd, but his right foot
Pierced through the sole, and fix'd it to the ground.
Transported from his ambush forth he leap'd
With a loud laugh, and, vaunting, thus exclaim'd:
Oh shaft well shot! it galls thee. Would to heaven
That it had pierced thy heart, and thou hadst died!
So had the Trojans respite from their toils
Enjoy'd, who, now, shudder at sight of thee
Like she-goats when the lion is at hand.
To whom, undaunted, Diomede replied.
Archer shrew-tongued! spie-maiden! man of curls[8]!
Should'st thou in arms attempt me face to face,
Thy bow and arrows should avail thee nought.
Vain boaster! thou hast scratch'd my foot,—no more—
And I regard it as I might the stroke
Of a weak woman or a simple child.
The weapons of a dastard and a slave
Are ever such. More terrible are mine,
And whom they pierce, though slightly pierced, he dies.
His wife her cheeks rends inconsolable,
His babes are fatherless, his blood the glebe
Incarnadines, and where he bleeds and rots
More birds of prey than women haunt the place.
He ended, and Ulysses, drawing nigh,
Shelter'd Tydides; he behind the Chief
Of Ithaca sat drawing forth the shaft,
But pierced with agonizing pangs the while.

[8] In the original—κὲρα αγλαὲ.—All that I pretend to know of this expression is that it is ironical, and may relate either to the head-dress of Paris, or to his archership. To translate it is impossible; to paraphrase it in a passage of so much emotion, would be absurd. I have endeavoured to supply its place by an appellation in point of contempt equal.

Then, climbing to his chariot-seat, he bade
Sthenelus hasten to the hollow ships,
Heart-sick with pain. And now alone was seen
Spear-famed Ulysses; not an Argive more
Remain'd, so universal was the rout,
And groaning, to his own great heart he said.
Alas! what now awaits me? if, appall'd
By multitudes, I fly, much detriment;
And if alone they intercept me here,
Still more; for Jove hath scatter'd all the host.
Yet why these doubts? for know I not of old
That only dastards fly, and that the voice
Of honour bids the famed in battle stand,
Bleed they themselves, or cause their foes to bleed?
While busied in such thought he stood, the ranks
Of Trojans fronted with broad shields, enclosed
The hero with a ring, hemming around
Their own destruction. As when dogs, and swains
In prime of manhood, from all quarters rush
Around a boar, he from his thicket bolts,
The bright tusk whetting in his crooked jaws;
They press him on all sides, and from beneath
Loud gnashings hear, yet, firm, his threats defy;
Like them the Trojans on all sides assail'd
Ulysses dear to Jove. First with his spear
He sprang impetuous on a valiant chief,
Whose shoulder with a downright point he pierced,
Deïopites; Thoön next he slew,
And Ennomus, and from his coursers' backs
Alighting quick, Chersidamas; beneath
His bossy shield the gliding weapon pass'd
Right through his navel; on the plain he fell

Expiring, and with both hands clench'd the dust.
Them slain he left, and Charops wounded next,
Brother of Socus, generous Chief, and son
Of Hippasus; brave Socus to the aid
Of Charops flew, and, godlike, thus began.
Illustrious chief, Ulysses! strong to toil
And rich in artifice! Or boast to-day
Two sons of Hippasus, brave warriors both,
Of armour and of life bereft by thee,
Or to my vengeful spear resign thy own!
So saying, Ulysses' oval disk he smote.
Through his bright disk the stormy weapon flew,
Transpierced his twisted mail, and from his side
Drove all the skin, but to his nobler parts
Found entrance none, by Pallas turn'd aslant.
Ulysses, conscious of his life untouch'd,
Retired a step from Socus, and replied.
Ah hapless youth; thy fate is on the wing;
Me thou hast forced indeed to cease a while
From battle with the Trojans, but I speak
Thy death at hand; for vanquish'd by my spear,
This self-same day thou shalt to me resign
Thy fame, thy soul to Pluto steed-renown'd.
He ceased; then Socus turn'd his back to fly,
But, as he turn'd, his shoulder-blades between
He pierced him, and the spear urged through his breast.
On his resounding arms he fell, and thus
Godlike Ulysses gloried in his fall.
Ah, Socus, son of Hippasus, a chief
Of fame equestrian! swifter far than thou
Death follow'd thee, and thou hast not escaped.
Ill-fated youth! thy parents' hands thine eyes

Shall never close, but birds of ravenous maw
Shall tear thee, flapping thee with frequent wing,
While me the noble Greecians shall entomb!
So saying, the valiant Socus' spear he drew
From his own flesh, and through his bossy shield.
The weapon drawn, forth sprang the blood, and left
His spirit faint. Then Ilium's dauntless sons,
Seeing Ulysses' blood, exhorted glad
Each other, and, with force united, all
Press'd on him. He, retiring, summon'd loud
His followers. Thrice, loud as a mortal may,
He call'd, and valiant Menelaus thrice
Hearing the voice, to Ajax thus remark'd.
Illustrious son of Telamon! The voice
Of Laertiades comes o'er my ear
With such a sound, as if the hardy chief,
Abandon'd of his friends, were overpower'd
By numbers intercepting his retreat.
Haste! force we quick a passage through the ranks.
His worth demands our succour, for I fear
Lest sole conflicting with the host of Troy,
Brave as he is, he perish, to the loss
Unspeakable and long regret of Greece.
So saying, he went, and Ajax, godlike Chief,
Follow'd him. At the voice arrived, they found
Ulysses Jove-beloved compass'd about
By Trojans, as the lynxes in the hills,
Adust for blood, compass an antler'd stag
Pierced by an archer; while his blood is warm
And his limbs pliable, from him he 'scapes;
But when the feather'd barb hath quell'd his force,
In some dark hollow of the mountain's side,

The hungry troop devour him; chance, the while,
Conducts a lion thither, before whom
All vanish, and the lion feeds alone;
So swarm'd the Trojan powers, numerous and bold,
Around Ulysses, who with wary skill
Heroic combated his evil day.
But Ajax came cover'd with his broad shield
That seem'd a tower, and at Ulysses' side
Stood fast; then fled the Trojans wide-dispersed,
And Menelaus led him by the hand
Till his own chariot to his aid approach'd.
But Ajax, springing on the Trojans, slew
Doryclus, from the loins of Priam sprung,
But spurious. Pandocus he wounded next,
Then wounded Pyrasus, and after him
Pylartes and Lysander. As a flood
Runs headlong from the mountains to the plain
After long showers from Jove; many a dry oak
And many a pine the torrent sweeps along,
And, turbid, shoots much soil into the sea,
So, glorious Ajax troubled wide the field,
Horse and man slaughtering, whereof Hector yet
Heard not; for on the left of all the war
He fought beside Scamander, where around
Huge Nestor, and Idomeneus the brave,
Most deaths were dealt, and loudest roar'd the fight.
There Hector toil'd, feats wonderful of spear
And horsemanship atchieving, and the lines
Of many a phalanx desolating wide.
Nor even then had the bold Greeks retired,
But that an arrow triple-barb'd, dispatch'd
By Paris, Helen's mate, against the Chief

Machaon warring with distinguish'd force,
Pierced his right shoulder. For his sake alarm'd,
The valour-breathing Greecians fear'd, lest he
In that disasterous field should also fall.
At once, Idomeneus of Crete approach'd
The noble Nestor, and him thus bespake.
Arise, Nelcian Nestor! Pride of Greece!
Ascend thy chariot, and Machaon placed
Beside thee, bear him, instant, to the fleet.
For one, so skill'd in medicine, and to free
The inherent barb, is worth a multitude.
He said, nor the Gerenian hero old
Aught hesitated, but into his seat
Ascended, and Machaon, son renown'd
Of Æsculapius, mounted at his side.
He lash'd the steeds, they not unwilling sought
The hollow ships, long their familiar home.
Cebriones, meantime, the charioteer
Of Hector, from his seat the Trojan ranks
Observing sore discomfited, began.
Here are we busied, Hector! on the skirts
Of roaring battle, and meantime I see
Our host confused, their horses and themselves
All mingled. Telamonian Ajax there
Routs them; I know the hero by his shield.
Haste, drive we thither, for the carnage most
Of horse and foot conflicting furious, there
Rages, and infinite the shouts arise.
He said, and with shrill-sounding scourge the steeds
Smote ample-maned; they, at the sudden stroke
Through both hosts whirl'd the chariot, shields and men
Trampling; with blood the axle underneath

All redden'd, and the chariot-rings with drops
From the horse-hoofs, and from the fellied wheels.
Full on the multitude he drove, on fire
To burst the phalanx, and confusion sent
Among the Greeks, for nought[9] he shunn'd the spear.
All quarters else with faulchion or with lance,
Or with huge stones he ranged, but cautious shunn'd
The encounter of the Telamonian Chief.
But the eternal father throned on high
With fear fill'd Ajax; panic-fixt he stood,
His seven-fold shield behind his shoulder cast,
And hemm'd by numbers, with an eye askant,
Watchful retreated. As a beast of prey
Retiring, turns and looks, so he his face
Turn'd oft, retiring slow, and step by step.
As when the watch-dogs and assembled swains
Have driven a tawny lion from the stalls,
Then, interdicting him his wish'd repast,
Watch all the night, he, famish'd, yet again
Comes furious on, but speeds not, kept aloof
By frequent spears from daring hands, but more
By flash of torches, which, though fierce, he dreads,
Till, at the dawn, sullen he stalks away;
So from before the Trojans Ajax stalk'd
Sullen, and with reluctance slow retired,
His brave heart trembling for the fleet of Greece.
As when (the boys o'erpower'd) a sluggish ass,
On whose tough sides they have spent many a staff,

[9] This interpretation of—*μιννυθα δε χαζετο δερος*—is taken from the Scholium by Villoisson. It differs from those of Clarke, Eustathius, and another Scholiast quoted by Clarke, but seems to suit the context much better than either.

Enters the harvest, and the spiry ears
Crops persevering; with their rods the boys
Still ply him hard, but all their puny might
Scarce drives him forth when he hath browzed his fill,
So, there, the Trojans and their foreign aids
With glittering lances keen huge Ajax urged,
His broad shield's centre smiting. He, by turns,
With desperate force the Trojan phalanx dense
Facing, repulsed them, and by turns he fled,
But still forbad all inroad on the fleet.
Trojans and Greeks between, alone, he stood
A bulwark. Spears from daring hands dismiss'd
Some, piercing his broad shield, there planted stood,
While others, in the midway falling, spent
Their disappointed rage deep in the ground.
Eurypylus, Evæmon's noble son,
Him seeing, thus, with weapons overwhelm'd
Flew to his side, his glittering lance dismiss'd,
And Apisaon, son of Phausias, struck
Under the midriff; through his liver pass'd
The ruthless point, and, falling, he expired.
Forth sprang Eurypylus to seize the spoil;
Whom soon as godlike Alexander saw
Despoiling Apisaon of his arms,
Drawing incontinent his bow, he sent
A shaft to his right thigh; the brittle reed
Snapp'd, and the rankling barb stuck fast within.
Terrified at the stroke, the wounded Chief
To his own band retired, but, as he went,
With echoing voice call'd on the Danaï—
Friends! Counsellors, and leaders of the Greeks!

Turn ye and stand, and from his dreadful lot
Save Ajax whelm'd with weapons; 'scape, I judge,
He cannot from the roaring fight, yet oh
Stand fast around him; save, if save ye may,
Your champion huge, the Telamonian Chief!
So spake the wounded warrior. They at once
With sloping bucklers, and with spears erect,
To his relief approach'd. Ajax with joy
The friendly phalanx join'd, then turn'd and stood.
Thus burn'd the embattled field as with the flames
Of a devouring fire. Meantime afar
From all that tumult the Neleian mares
Bore Nestor, foaming as they ran, with whom
Machaon also rode, leader revered.
Achilles mark'd him passing; for he stood
Exalted on his huge ship's lofty stern,
Spectator of the toil severe, and flight
Deplorable of the defeated Greeks.
He call'd his friend Patroclus. He below
Within his tent the sudden summons heard
And sprang like Mars abroad, all unaware
That in that sound he heard the voice of fate.
Him first Menœtius' gallant son address'd.
What would Achilles? Wherefore hath he call'd?
To whom Achilles swiftest of the swift:
Brave Menœtiades! my soul's delight!
Soon will the Greecians now my knees surround
Suppliant, by dread extremity constrain'd.
But fly Patroclus, haste, oh dear to Jove!
Enquire of Nestor, whom he hath convey'd
From battle, wounded? Viewing him behind,

I most believed him Æsculapius' son
Machaon, but the steeds so swiftly pass'd
My galley, that his face escaped my note.
He said, and prompt to gratify his friend,
Forth ran Patroclus through the camp of Greece.
Now when Neleian Nestor to his tent
Had brought Machaon, they alighted both,
And the old hero's friend Eurymedon
Released the coursers. On the beach awhile
Their tunics sweat-imbued in the cool air
They ventilated, facing full the breeze,
Then on soft couches in the tent reposed.
Meantime, their beverage Hecamede mix'd,
The old King's bright-hair'd captive, whom he brought
From Tenedos, what time Achilles sack'd
The city, daughter of the noble Chief
Arsinoüs, and selected from the rest
For Nestor, as the honourable meed
Of counsels always eminently wise.
She, first, before them placed a table bright,
With feet cœrulean; thirst-provoking sauce
She brought them also in a brazen tray,
Garlick and honey new, and sacred meal.
Beside them, next, she placed a noble cup
Of labour exquisite, which from his home
The ancient King had brought with golden studs
Embellish'd; it presented to the grasp
Four ears; two golden turtles, perch'd on each,
Seem'd feeding, and two turtles [10] form'd the base.

[10] I have interpreted the very ambiguous words δυω ὑ ὑπο πυθμενες ἡσαν according to Athenæus as quoted by Clarke,

That cup once fill'd, all others must have toil'd
To move it from the board, but it was light
In Nestor's hand; he lifted it with ease.
The graceful virgin in that cup a draught
Mix'd for them, Pramnian wine and savoury cheese
Of goat's milk, grated with a brazen rasp,
Then sprinkled all with meal. The draught prepared,
She gave it to their hand; they, drinking, slaked
Their fiery thirst, and with each other sat
Conversing friendly, when the Godlike youth
By brave Achilles sent, stood at the door.
  Him seeing, Nestor from his splendid couch
Arose, and by the hand leading him in,
Entreated him to sit, but that request
Patroclus, on his part refusing, said,
  Oh venerable King! no seat is here
For me, nor may thy courtesy prevail.
He is irascible, and to be fear'd
Who bade me ask what Chieftain thou hast brought
From battle, wounded; but untold I learn;
I see Machaon, and shall now report
As I have seen; oh ancient King revered!
Thou know'st Achilles fiery, and propense
Blame to impute even where blame is none.
  To whom the brave Gerenian thus reply'd.
Why feels Achilles for the wounded Greeks
Such deep concern? He little knows the height
To which our sorrows swell. Our noblest lie

and his interpretation of them is confirmed by the Scholium in the Venetian edition of the Iliad, lately published by Villoisson.

By spear or arrow wounded in the fleet.
Diomede, warlike son of Tydeus, bleeds,
Gall'd by a shaft; Ulysses, glorious Chief,
And Agamemnon[11] suffer by the spear;
Eurypylus is shot into the thigh,
And here lies still another newly brought
By me from fight, pierced also by a shaft.
What then? How strong soe'er to give them aid
Achilles feels no pity of the Greeks.
Waits he till every vessel on the shore
Fired, in despite of the whole Argive host,
Be sunk in its own ashes, and ourselves
All perish, heaps on heaps? For in my limbs
No longer lives the agility of my youth.
Oh, for the vigour of those days again,
When Elis, for her cattle which we took,
Strove with us, and Itymoneus I slew,
Brave offspring of Hypirochus; he dwelt
In Elis, and while I the pledges drove,
Stood for his herd, but fell among the first
By a spear hurl'd from my victorious arm.
Then fled the rustic multitude, and we
Drove off abundant booty from the plain,
Herds fifty of fat beeves, large flocks of goats
As many, with as many sheep and swine,
And full thrice fifty mares of brightest hue,
All breeders, many with their foals beneath.
All these, by night returning safe, we drove

[11] It would have suited the dignity of Agamemnon's rank to have mentioned *his* wound first; but Nestor making this recital to the *friend of Achilles* names him slightly, and without any addition.

Into Neleian Pylus, and the heart
Rejoiced of Neleus, in a son so young
A warrior, yet enrich'd with such a prize.
At early dawn the heralds summon'd loud
The citizens, to prove their just demands
On fruitful Elis, and the assembled Chiefs
Division made, (for numerous were the debts
Which the Epeans, in the weak estate
Of the unpeopled Pylus, had incurr'd;
For Hercules, few years before, had sack'd [12]
Our city, and our mightiest slain. Ourselves
The gallant sons of Neleus, were in all
Twelve youths, of whom myself alone survived;
The rest all perish'd; whence, presumptuous grown,
The brazen-mail'd Epeans wrong'd us oft.)
An herd of beeves my father for himself
Selected, and a numerous flock beside,
Three hundred sheep, with shepherds for them all.
For he a claimant was of large arrears
From sacred Elis. Four unrivall'd steeds
With his own chariot to the games he sent,
That should contend for the appointed prize
A tripod; but Augeias, King of men,
Detain'd the steeds, and sent the charioteer
Defrauded home. My father, therefore, fired
At such foul outrage both of deeds and words,
Took much, and to the Pylians gave the rest
For satisfaction of the claims of all.
While thus we busied were in these concerns,

[12] It is said that the Thebans having war with the people of Orchomenos, the Pylians assisted the latter, for which cause Hercules destroyed their city.—See Scholium per Villoisson.

And in performance of religious rites
Throughout the city, came the Epeans arm'd,
Their whole vast multitude both horse and foot
On the third day; came also clad in brass
The two Molions, inexpert as yet
In feats of arms, and of a boyish age.
There is a city on a mountain's head,
Fast by the banks of Alpheus, far remote,
The utmost town which sandy Pylus owns,
Named Thryoëssa, and, with ardour fired
To lay it waste, that city they besieged.
Now when their host had traversed all the plain,
Minerva from Olympus flew by night
And bade us arm; nor were the Pylians slow
To assemble, but impatient for the fight.
Me, then, my father suffer'd not to arm,
But hid my steeds, for he supposed me raw
As yet, and ignorant how war is waged.
Yet, even thus, unvantaged and on foot,
Superior honours I that day acquired
To theirs who rode, for Pallas led me on
Herself to victory. There is a stream
Which at Arena falls into the sea,
Named Minuëius; on that river's bank
The Pylian horsemen waited day's approach,
And thither all our foot came pouring down.
The flood divine of Alpheus thence we reach'd
At noon, all arm'd complete; there, hallow'd rites
We held to Jove omnipotent, and slew
A bull to sacred Alpheus, with a bull
To Neptune, and an heifer of the herd
To Pallas; then, all marshall'd as they were,

From van to rear our legions took repast,
And at the river's side slept on their arms.
Already the Epean host had round
Begirt the city, bent to lay it waste,
A task which cost them, first, both blood and toil.
For when the radiant sun on the green earth
Had risen, with prayer to Pallas and to Jove,
We gave them battle. When the Pylian host
And the Epeans thus were close engaged,
I first a warrior slew, Mulius the brave,
And seized his coursers. He the eldest-born
Of King Augeias' daughters had espoused
The golden Agamede; not an herb
The spacious earth yields but she knew its powers.
Him, rushing on me, with my brazen lance
I smote, and in the dust he fell; I leap'd
Into his seat, and drove into the van.
A panic seized the Epeans when they saw
The leader of their horse o'erthrown, a Chief
Surpassing all in fight. Black as a cloud
With whirlwind fraught, I drove impetuous on,
Took fifty chariots, and at side of each
Lay two slain warriors, with their teeth the soil
Grinding, all vanquish'd by my single arm.
I had slain also the Molions, sons
Of Actor, but the Sovereign of the deep
Their own authentic Sire, in darkness dense
Involving both, convey'd them safe away.
Then Jove a victory of prime renown
Gave to the Pylians; for we chased and slew
And gather'd spoil o'er all the champain spread
With scatter'd shields, till we our steeds had driven

To the Buprasian fields laden with corn,
To the Olenian rock, and to a town
In fair Colona situate, and named
Alesia. There it was that Pallas turn'd
Our people homeward; there I left the last
Of all the slain, and he was slain by me.
Then drove the Achaians from Buprasium home
Their coursers fleet, and Jove, of Gods above,
Received most praise, Nestor of men below.
Such once was I. But brave Achilles shuts
His virtues close, an unimparted store;
Yet even he shall weep, when all the host,
His fellow-warriors once, shall be destroy'd.
But recollect, young friend! the sage advice
Which when thou camest from Phthia to the aid
Of Agamemnon, on that selfsame day
Menœtius gave thee. We were present there,
Ulysses and myself, both in the house,
And heard it all; for to the house we came
Of Peleus in our journey through the land
Of fertile Greece, gathering her states to war.
We found thy noble sire Menœtius there,
Thee and Achilles; ancient Peleus stood
To Jove the Thunderer offering in his court
Thighs of an ox, and on the blazing rites
Libation pouring from a cup of gold.
While ye on preparation of the feast
Attended both, Ulysses and myself
Stood in the vestibule; Achilles flew
Toward us, introduced us by the hand,
And, seating us, such liberal portion gave

To each, as hospitality requires.
Our thirst, at length, and hunger both sufficed,
I, foremost speaking, ask'd you to the wars,
And ye were eager both, but from your sires
Much admonition, ere ye went, received.
Old Peleus charged Achilles to aspire
To highest praise, and always to excel.
But thee, thy sire Menœtius thus advised.
" My son! Achilles boasts the nobler birth,
But Thou art elder; He in strength excels
Thee far; Thou, therefore, with discretion rule
His inexperience; thy advice impart
With gentleness; instruction wise suggest
Wisely, and thou shalt find him apt to learn."
So thee thy father taught, but, as it seems,
In vain. Yet even now essay to move
Warlike Achilles; if the Gods so please,
Who knows but that thy reasons may prevail
To rouse his valiant heart? men rarely scorn
The earnest intercession of a friend.
But if some prophecy alarm his fears,
And from his Goddess mother he have aught
Received, who may have learnt the same from Jove,
Thee let him send at least, and order forth
With thee the Myrmidons; a dawn of hope
Shall thence, it may be, on our host arise.
And let him send thee to the battle clad
In his own radiant armour; Troy, deceived
By such resemblance, shall abstain perchance
From conflict, and the weary Greeks enjoy
Short respite; it is all that war allows.

Fresh as ye are, ye, by your shouts alone,
May easily repulse an army spent
With labour from the camp and from the fleet.
Thus Nestor, and his mind bent to his words.
Back to Æacides through all the camp
He ran; and when, still running, he arrived
Among Ulysses' barks, where they had fix'd
The forum, where they minister'd the laws,
And had erected altars to the Gods,
There him Eurypylus, Evæmon's son,
Illustrious met, deep-wounded in his thigh,
And halting back from battle. From his head
The sweat, and from his shoulders ran profuse,
And from his perilous wound the sable blood
Continual stream'd; yet was his mind composed.
Him seeing, Menœtiades the brave
Compassion felt, and, mournful, thus began.
Ah hapless senators and Chiefs of Greece!
Left ye your native country that the dogs
Might fatten on your flesh at distant Troy?
But tell me, Hero! say, Eurypylus!
Have the Achaians power still to withstand
The enormous force of Hector, or is this
The moment when his spear must pierce us all?
To whom Eurypylus, discrete, replied.
Patroclus, dear to Jove! there is no help,
No remedy. We perish at our ships.
The warriors, once most strenuous of the Greeks,
Lie wounded in the fleet by foes whose might
Increases ever. But thyself afford
To me some succour; lead me to my ship;
Cut forth the arrow from my thigh; the gore

With warm ablution cleanse, and on the wound
Smooth unguents spread, the same as by report
Achilles taught thee; taught, himself, their use
By Chiron, Centaur, justest of his kind.
For Podalirius and Machaon both
Are occupied. Machaon, as I judge,
Lies wounded in his tent, needing like aid
Himself, and Podalirius in the field
Maintains sharp conflict with the sons of Troy.
To whom Menœtius' gallant son replied.
Hero! Eurypylus! how shall we act
In this perplexity? what course pursue?
I seek the brave Achilles, to whose ear
I bear a message from the ancient Chief
Gerenian Nestor, guardian of the Greeks.
Yet will I not, even for such a cause,
My friend! abandon thee in thy distress.
He ended, and his arms folding around
The warrior bore him thence into his tent.
His servant, on his entrance, spread the floor
With hides, on which Patroclus at his length
Extended him, and with his knife cut forth
The rankling point; with tepid lotion, next,
He cleansed the gore, and with a bitter root
Bruised small between his palms, sprinkled the wound.
At once, the anodyne his pains assuaged,
The wound was dried within, and the blood ceased.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

The Trojans assail the ramparts, and Hector forces the gates.

THE ILIAD.

BOOK XII.

So was Menœtius' valiant son employ'd
Healing Eurypylus. The Greeks, meantime,
And Trojans with tumultuous fury fought.
Nor was the foss ordain'd long time to exclude
The host of Troy, nor yet the rampart built
Beside it for protection of the fleet;
For hecatomb the Greeks had offer'd none,
Nor prayer to heaven, that it might keep secure
Their ships with all their spoils. The mighty work
As in defiance of the Immortal Powers
Had risen, and could not therefore long endure.
While Hector lived, and while Achilles held
His wrathful purpose; while the city yet
Of royal Priam was unsack'd, so long
The massy structure stood; but when the best
And bravest of the Trojan host were slain,
And of the Grecian heroes, some had fallen
And some survived, when Priam's towers had blazed
In the tenth year, and to their native shores
The Greecians with their ships, at length, return'd,
Then Neptune, with Apollo leagued, devised
Its ruin; every river that descends
From the Idæan heights into the sea
They brought against it, gathering all their force,
Rhesus, Caresus, Rhodius, the wide-branch'd

Heptaporus, Æsepus, Granicus,
Scamander's sacred current, and thy stream
Simöis, whose banks with helmets and with shields
Were strew'd, and Chiefs of origin divine;
All these with refluent course Apollo drove
Nine days against the rampart, and Jove rain'd
Incessant, that the Greecian wall wave-whelm'd
Through all its length might sudden disappear.
Neptune with his tridental mace, himself,
Led them, and beam and buttress to the flood
Consigning, laid by the laborious Greeks,
Swept the foundation, and the level bank
Of the swift-rolling Hellespont restored.
The structure thus effaced, the spacious beach
He spread with sand as at the first; then bade
Subside the streams, and in their channels wind
With limpid course, and pleasant as before.
  Apollo thus and Neptune, from the first,
Design'd its fall; but now the battle raved
And clamours of the warriors all around
The strong-built turrets, whose assaulted planks
Rang, while the Greecians, by the scourge of Jove
Subdued, stood close within their fleet immured,
At Hector's phalanx-scattering force appall'd.
He, as before, with whirlwind fury fought.
As when the boar or lion fiery-eyed
Turns short, the hunters and the hounds among,
The close-imbattled troop him firm oppose,
And ply him fast with spears; he no dismay
Conceives or terror in his noble heart,
But by his courage falls; frequent he turns
Attempting bold the ranks, and where he points
Direct his onset, there the ranks retire;

So, through the concourse on his rolling wheels
Borne rapid, Hector animated loud
His fellow-warriors to surpass the trench.
But not his own swift-footed steeds would dare
That hazard; standing on the dangerous brink
They neigh'd aloud, for by its breadth the foss
Deterr'd them; neither was the effort slight
To leap that gulf, nor easy the attempt
To pass it through; steep were the banks profound
On both sides, and with massy piles acute
Thick-planted, interdicting all assault.
No courser to the rapid chariot braced
Had enter'd there with ease; yet strong desires
Possess'd the infantry of that emprize,
And thus Polydamas the ear address'd
Of dauntless Hector, standing at his side.

Hector, and ye the leaders of our host,
Both Trojans and allies! rash the attempt
I deem, and vain, to push our horses through,
So dangerous is the pass; rough is the trench
With pointed stakes, and the Achaian wall
Meets us beyond. No chariot may descend
Or charioteer fight there; strait are the bounds,
And incommodious, and his death were sure.
If Jove, high-thundering Ruler of the skies,
Will succour Ilium, and nought less intend
Than utter devastation of the Greeks,
I am content; now perish all their host
Inglorious, from their country far remote.
But should they turn, and should ourselves be driven
Back from the fleet impeded and perplex'd
In this deep foss, I judge that not a man,
'Scaping the rallied Greecians, should survive,

To bear the tidings of our fate to Troy.
Now, therefore, act we all as I advise.
Let every charioteer his coursers hold
Fast-rein'd beside the foss, while we on foot,
With order undisturb'd and arms in hand,
Shall follow Hector. If destruction borne
On wings of destiny this day approach
The Greecians, they will fly our first assault.
So spake Polydamas, whose safe advice
Pleased Hector; from his chariot to the ground
All arm'd he leap'd, nor would a Trojan there
(When once they saw the Hero on his feet)
Ride into battle, but, unanimous
Descending with a leap, all trod the plain.
Each gave command that at the trench his steeds
Should stand detain'd in orderly array;
Then, suddenly, the parted host became
Five bands, each following its appointed chief.
The bravest and most numerous, and whose hearts
Wish'd most to burst the barrier and to wage
The battle at the ships, with Hector march'd
And with Polydamas, whom follow'd, third,
Cebriones; for Hector had his steeds
Consign'd and chariot to inferior care.
Paris, Alcathoüs, and Agenor led
The second band, and, sons of Priam both,
Deïphobus and Helenus, the third;
With them was seen partner of their command,
The Hero Asius; from Arisba came
Asius Hyrtacides, to battle drawn
From the Selleïs banks by martial steeds
Hair'd fiery-red and of the noblest size.
The fourth, Anchises' mighty son controul'd,

Æneas; under him Antenor's sons,
Archilochus and Acamas, advanced,
Adept in all the practice of the field.
Last came the glorious powers in league with Troy
Led by Sarpedon; he with Glaucus shared
His high controul, and with the warlike Chief
Asteropæus; for of all his host
Them bravest he esteem'd, himself except
Superior in heroic might to all.
And now, (their shields adjusted each to each)
With dauntless courage fired, right on they moved
Against the Greecians; nor expected less
Than that beside their sable ships, the host
Should self-abandon'd fall an easy prey.

The Trojans, thus, with their confederate powers,
The counsel of the accomplish'd Prince pursued,
Polydamas, one Chief alone except,
Asius Hyrtacides. He scorn'd to leave
His charioteer and coursers at the trench,
And drove toward the fleet. Ah, madly brave!
His evil hour was come; he was ordain'd
With horse and chariot and triumphant shout
To enter wind-swept Ilium never more.
Deucalion's offspring, first, into the shades
Dismiss'd him; by Idomeneus he died.
Leftward he drove furious, along the road
By which the steeds and chariots of the Greeks
Return'd from battle; in that track he flew,
Nor found the portals by the massy bar
Secured, but open for reception safe
Of fugitives, and to a guard consign'd.
Thither he drove direct, and in his rear
His band shrill-shouting follow'd, for they judged

The Greeks no longer able to withstand
Their foes, but sure to perish in the camp.
Vain hope! for in the gate two Chiefs they found
Lapithæ-born, courageous offspring each
Of dauntless father; Polypœtes, this,
Sprung from Pirithöus; that, the warrior bold
Leonteus, terrible as gore-tainted Mars.
These two, defenders of the lofty gates,
Stood firm before them. As when two tall oaks
On the high mountains day by day endure
Rough wind and rain, by deep-descending roots
Of hugest growth fast-founded in the soil;
So they, sustain'd by conscious valour, saw,
Unmoved, high towering Asius on his way,
Nor fear'd him aught, nor shrank from his approach.
Right on toward the barrier, lifting high
Their season'd bucklers and with clamour loud
The band advanced, King Asius at their head,
With whom Iämenus, expert in arms,
Orestes, Thöon, Acamas the son
Of Asius, and Oenamäus, led them on.
Till now, the warlike pair, exhorting loud
The Greecians to defend the fleet, had stood
Within the gates; but soon as they perceived
The Trojans swift advancing to the wall,
And heard a cry from all the flying Greeks,
Both sallying, before the gates they fought
Like forest-boars, which hearing in the hills
The crash of hounds and huntsmen nigh at hand,
With start oblique lay many a saplin flat
Short-broken by the root, nor cease to grind
Their sounding tusks, till by the spear they die;
So sounded on the breasts of those brave Two

The smitten brass; for resolute they fought,
Embolden'd by their might who kept the wall,
And trusting in their own; they, in defence
Of camp and fleet and life, thick battery hurl'd
Of stones precipitated from the towers;
Frequent as snows they fell, which stormy winds,
Driving the gloomy clouds, shake to the ground,
Till all the fertile earth lies cover'd deep.
Such volley pour'd the Greeks, and such return'd
The Trojans; casques of hide, arid and tough,
And bossy shields rattled, by such a storm
Assail'd of millstone masses from above.
Then Asius, son of Hyrtacus, a groan
Indignant utter'd; on both thighs he smote
With disappointment furious, and exclaim'd,
Jupiter! even thou art false become,
And altogether such. Full sure I deem'd
That not a Grecian Hero should abide
One moment force invincible as ours,
And lo! as wasps ring-straked[1], or bees that build
Their dwellings in the highway's craggy side
Leave not their hollow home, but fearless wait
The hunter's coming, in their brood's defence,
So these, although two only, from the gates
Move not, or will, till either seized or slain.
So Asius spake, but speaking so, changed not
The mind of Jove on Hector's glory bent.
Others, as obstinate, at other gates
Such deeds perform'd, that to enumerate all
Were difficult, unless to power divine.
For fierce the hail of stones from end to end

[1] The word is of scripture use: see Gen. ch. xxx. where it describes the cattle of Jacob.

Smote on the barrier; anguish fill'd the Greeks,
Yet, by necessity constrain'd, their ships
They guarded still; nor less the Gods themselves,
Patrons of Greece, all sorrow'd at the sight.
At once the valiant Lapithæ began
Terrible conflict, and Pirithous' son
Brave Polypætes through his helmet pierced
Damasus; his resplendent point the brass
Sufficed not to withstand; entering, it crush'd
The bone within, and mingling all his brain
With his own blood, his onset fierce repress'd.
Pylon and Ormenus he next subdued.
Meantime Leonteus, branch of Mars, his spear
Hurl'd at Hippomachus, whom through his belt
He pierced; then drawing forth his faulchion keen,
Through all the multitude he flew to smite
Antiphates, and with a downright stroke
Fell'd him. Iämenus and Menon next
He slew, with brave Orestes, whom he heap'd,
All three together, on the fertile glebe.
While them the Lapithæ of their bright arms
Despoil'd, Polydamas and Hector stood
(With all the bravest youths and most resolved
To burst the barrier and to fire the fleet)
Beside the foss, pondering the event.
For, while they press'd to pass, they spied a bird
Sublime in air, an eagle. Right between
Both hosts he soar'd (the Trojan on his left)
A serpent bearing in his pounces clutch'd
Enormous, dripping blood, but lively still
And mindful of revenge; for from beneath
The eagle's breast, updarting fierce his head,
Fast by the throat he struck him; anguish-sick

The eagle cast him down into the space
Between the hosts, and, clanging loud his plumes,
As the wind bore him, floated far away.
Shudder'd the Trojans viewing at their feet
The spotted serpent ominous, and thus
Polydamas to dauntless Hector spake.
Ofttimes in council, Hector, thou art wont
To censure me, although advising well;
Nor ought the private citizen, I confess,
Either in council or in war to indulge
Loquacity, but ever to employ
All his exertions in support of thine.
Yet hear my best opinion once again.
Proceed we not in our attempt against
The Grecian fleet. For if in truth the sign
Respect the host of Troy ardent to pass,
Then, as the eagle soar'd both hosts between,
With Ilium's on his left, and clutch'd a snake
Enormous, dripping blood, but still alive,
Which yet he dropp'd suddenly, ere he reach'd
His eyry, or could give it to his young,
So we, although with mighty force we burst
Both gates and barrier, and although the Greeks
Should all retire, shall never yet the way
Tread honourably back by which we came.
No. Many a Trojan shall we leave behind
Slain by the Greecians in their fleet's defence.
An augur skilf'd in omens would expound
This omen thus, and faith would win from all.
To whom, dark-louring, Hector thus replied.
Polydamas! I like not thy advice;
Thou couldst have framed far better; but if this
Be thy deliberate judgement, then the Gods

Make thy deliberate judgement nothing worth,
Who bidd'st me disregard the Thunderer's firm
Assurance to myself announced[2], and make
The wild inhabitants of air my guides,
Which I alike despise, speed they their course
With right-hand flight toward the ruddy East,
Or leftward down into the shades of eve.
Consider *we* the will of Jove alone,
Sovereign of heaven and earth. Omens abound,
But the best omen is our country's cause.
Wherefore should fiery war *thy* soul alarm?
For were we slaughter'd, one and all, around
The fleet of Greece, *thou* need'st not fear to die,
Whose courage never will thy flight retard.
But if thou shrink thyself, or by smooth speech
Seduce one other from a soldier's part,
Pierced by this spear incontinent thou diest.
So saying he led them, who with deafening roar
Follow'd him. Then, from the Idæan hills
Jove hurl'd a storm which wafted right the dust
Into the fleet; the spirits too he quell'd
Of the Achaians, and the glory gave
To Hector and his host; they, trusting firm
In signs from Jove, and in their proper force,
Assay'd the barrier; from the towers they tore
The galleries, cast the battlements to ground,
And the projecting buttresses adjoin'd
To strengthen the vast work, with bars upheaved.
All these, with expectation fierce to break
The rampart, down they drew; nor yet the Greeks
Gave back, but, fencing close with shields the wall,

[2] Alluding to the message delivered to him from Jupiter by Iris.

Smote from behind them many a foe beneath.
Meantime from tower to tower the Ajaces moved
Exhorting all, with mildness some, and some
With harsh rebuke, whom they observed through fear
Declining base the labours of the fight.
Friends! Argives! warriors of whatever rank!
Ye who excel, and ye of humbler note!
And ye the last and least! (for such there are,
All have not magnanimity alike,)
Now have we work for all, as all perceive.
Turn not, retreat not to your ships, appall'd
By sounding menaces, but press the foe;
Exhort each other, and e'en now perchance
Olympian Jove, by whom the lightnings burn,
Shall grant us to repulse them, and to chase
The routed Trojans to their gates again.
So they vociferating to the Greeks,
Stirr'd them to battle. As the feathery snows
Fall frequent, on some wintry day, when Jove
Hath risen to shed them on the race of man,
And show his arrowy stores; he lulls the winds,
Then shakes them down continual, covering thick
Mountain tops, promontories, flowery meads,
And cultured valleys rich; the ports and shores
Receive it also of the hoary Deep,
But there the waves bound it, while all beside
Lies whelm'd beneath Jove's fast-descending shower,
So thick, from side to side, by Trojans hurl'd
Against the Greeks, and by the Greeks return'd
The stony vollies flew; resounding loud
Through all its length the battered rampart roar'd.
Nor yet had Hector and his host prevail'd
To burst the gates, and break the massy bar

Had not all-seeing Jove Sarpedon moved
His son, against the Greeks, furious as falls
The lion on some horned herd of beeves.
At once his polish'd buckler he advanced
With leafy brass o'erlaid; for with smooth brass
The forger of that shield its oval disk
Had plated, and with thickest hides throughout
Had lined it, stitch'd with circling wires of gold.
That shield he bore before him; firmly grasp'd
He shook two spears, and with determined strides
March'd forward. As the lion mountain-bred,
After long fast, by impulse of his heart
Undaunted urged, seeks resolute the flock
Even in the shelter of their guarded home;
He finds, perchance, the shepherds arm'd with spears,
And all their dogs awake, yet cannot leave
Untried the fence, but either leaps it light,
And entering tears the prey, or in the attempt
Pierced by some dexterous peasant, bleeds himself;
So high his courage to the assault impell'd
Godlike Sarpedon, and him fired with hope
To break the barrier; when to Glaucus thus,
Son of Hippolochus, his speech he turn'd.

Why, Glaucus, is the seat of honour ours,
Why drink we brimming cups, and feast in state?
Why gaze they all on us as we were Gods
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields
And spacious vineyards, where the Xanthus winds?
Distinguish'd thus in Lycia, we are call'd
To firmness here, and to encounter bold
The burning battle, that our fair report
Among the Lycians may be blazon'd thus—
No dastards are the potentates who rule

The bright-arm'd Lycians; on the fatted flock
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,
But they are also valiant, and the fight
Wage dauntless in the vaward of us all.
Oh Glaucus, if escaping safe the death
That threats us here, we also could escape
Old age, and to ourselves secure a life
Immortal, I would neither in the van
Myself expose, nor would encourage thee
To tempt the perils of the glorious field.
But since a thousand messengers of fate
Pursue us close, and man is born to die—
E'en let us on; the prize of glory yield,
If yield we must, or wrest it from the foe.
He said, nor cold refusal in return
Received from Glaucus, but toward the wall
Their numerous Lycian host both led direct.
Menestheus, son of Peteos, saw appall'd
Their dread approach, for to his tower they bent
Their threatening march. An eager look he cast
On the embodied Greeks, seeking some Chief
Whose aid might turn the battle from his van:
He saw, where never sated with exploits
Of war, each Ajax fought, near whom his eye
Kenn'd Teucer also, newly from his tent;
But vain his efforts were with loudest call
To reach their ears, such was the deafening din
Upsent to Heaven, of shields and crested helms,
And of the batter'd gates; for at each gate
They thundering stood, and urged alike at each
Their fierce attempt by force to burst the bars.
To Ajax therefore he at once dispatch'd
An herald, and Thöotes thus enjoin'd.

My noble friend, Thöotes! with all speed
Call either Ajax; bid them hither both;
Far better so; for havoc is at hand.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force against this tower
My station. But if also there they find
Laborious conflict pressing them severe,
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor was Thöotes slow to hear;
Beside the rampart of the mail-clad Greeks
Rapid he flew, and, at their side arrived,
To either Ajax, eager, thus began.
Ye leaders of the well-appointed Greeks,
The son of noble Peteos calls; he begs
With instant suit, that ye would share his toils,
However short your stay; the aid of both
Will serve him best, for havoc threatens there.
The Lycian leaders, ever in assault
Tempestuous, bend their force toward the tower
His station. But if also here ye find
Laborious conflict pressing you severe,
At least let Telamonian Ajax come,
And Teucer with his death-dispensing bow.
He spake, nor his request the towering son
Of Telamon denied, but quick his speech
To Ajax Oïliades address'd.
Ajax! abiding here, exhort ye both
(Heroic Lycomedes and thyself)
The Greeks to battle. Thither I depart
To aid our friends, which service once perform'd
Duly, I will incontinent return.
So saying, the Telamonian Chief withdrew,

With whom went Teucer, son of the same sire,
Pandion also, bearing Teucer's bow.
Arriving at the turret given in charge
To the bold Chief Menestheus, and the wall
Entering, they found their friends all sharply tried.
Black as a storm the senators renown'd
And leaders of the Lycian host assail'd
Buttress and tower, while opposite the Greeks
Withstood them, and the battle-shout began.
First, Ajax, son of Telamon, a friend
And fellow-warrior of Sarpedon slew,
Epicles. With a marble fragment huge
That crown'd the battlement's interior side,
He smote him. No man of our puny race,
Although in prime of youth, had with both hands
That weight sustain'd; but he the cumberous mass
Uplifted high, and hurl'd it on his head.
It burst his helmet, and his batter'd skull
Dash'd from all form. He from the lofty tower
Dropp'd downright, with a diver's plunge, and died.
But Teucer wounded Glaucus with a shaft,
Son of Hippolochus; he, climbing, bared
His arm, which Teucer, marking, from the wall
Transfix'd it, and his onset fierce repress'd;
For with a backward leap Glaucus withdrew
Sudden and silent, cautious lest the Greeks
Seeing him wounded should insult his pain.
Grief seized, at sight of his retiring friend,
Sarpedon, who forgat not yet the fight,
But piercing with his lance Alcmaon, son
Of Thestor, suddenly revulsed the beam,
Which following, Alcmaon to the earth

Fell prone, with clangor of his brazen arms.
Sarpedon, then, strenuous with both hands
Tugg'd, and down fell the battlement entire;
The wall, dismantled at the summit, stood
A ruin, and wide chasm was open'd through.
Then Ajax him and Teucer at one time
Struck both; an arrow struck from Teucer's bow
The belt that cross'd his bosom, by which hung
His ample shield; yet lest his son should fall
Among the ships, Jove turn'd the death aside.
But Ajax, springing to his thrust, a spear
Drove through his shield. Sarpedon at the shock
With backward step short interval recoil'd,
But not retired, for in his bosom lived
The hope of glory still, and, looking back
On all his godlike Lycians, he exclaim'd,
Oh Lycians! where is your heroic might?
Brave as I boast myself, I feel the task
Arduous, through the breach made by myself
To win a passage to the ships, alone.
Follow me all—Most labourers, most dispatch[3].
So he; at whose sharp reprimand abash'd
The embattled host to closer conflict moved,
Obedient to their counsellor and King.
On the other side the Greeks within the wall
Made firm the phalanx, seeing urgent need;
Nor could the valiant Lycians through the breach
Admittance to the Grecian fleet obtain,
Nor, since they first approach'd it, had the Greeks
With all their efforts, thrust the Lycians back.
But as two claimants of one common field,

[3] πλεόνων δέ τοι ἔργον ἄμεινον.—This is evidently proverbial, for which reason I have given it that air in the translation.

Each with his rod of measurement in hand,
Dispute the boundaries, litigating warm
Their right in some small portion of the soil,
So they, divided by the barrier, struck
With hostile rage the bull-hide bucklers round,
And the light targets on each other's breast.
Then many a wound the ruthless weapons made.
Pierced through the unarm'd back, if any turn'd,
He died, and numerous even through the shield.
The battlements from end to end with blood
Of Greecians and of Trojans on both sides
Were sprinkled; yet no violence could move
The stubborn Greeks, or turn their powers to flight.
So hung the war in balance, as the scales
Held by some woman scrupulously just,
A spinner; wool and weight she poises nice,
Hard-earning slender pittance for her babes,
Such was the poise in which the battle hung,
Till Jove himself superior fame, at length,
To Priamëian Hector gave, who sprang
First through the wall. In lofty sounds that reach'd
Their utmost ranks, he call'd on all his host,

Now press them, now ye Trojans steed-renown'd
Rush on! break through the Grecian rampart, hurl
At once devouring flames into the fleet.

Such was his exhortation; they his voice
All hearing, with close-order'd ranks direct
Bore on the barrier, and upswarming show'd
On the high battlement their glittering spears.
But Hector seized a stone; of ample base
But tapering to a point, before the gate
It stood. No two men, mightiest of a land
(Such men as now are mighty) could with ease

Have heaved it from the earth up to a wain;
He swung it easily alone; so light
The son of Saturn made it in his hand.
As in one hand with ease the shepherd bears
A ram's fleece home, nor toils beneath the weight,
So Hector, right toward the planks of those
Majestic folding-gates, close-jointed, firm
And solid, bore the stone. Two bars within
Their corresponding force combined transverse
To guard them, and one bolt secured the bars.
He stood fast by them, parting wide his feet
For 'vantage sake, and smote them in the midst.
He burst both hinges; inward fell the rock
Ponderous, and the portals roar'd; the bars
Endured not, and the planks, riven by the force
Of that huge mass, flew scatter'd on all sides.
In leap'd the godlike Hero at the breach,
Gloomy as night in aspect, but in arms
All-dazzling, and he grasp'd two quivering spears.
Him entering with a leap the gates, no force
Whate'er of opposition had repress'd,
Save of the Gods alone. Fire fill'd his eyes;
Turning, he bade the multitude without
Ascend the rampart; they his voice obey'd;
Part climb'd the wall, part pour'd into the gate;
The Greecians to their hollow galleys flew
Scatter'd, and tumult infinite arose.

END OF VOL. XI.

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